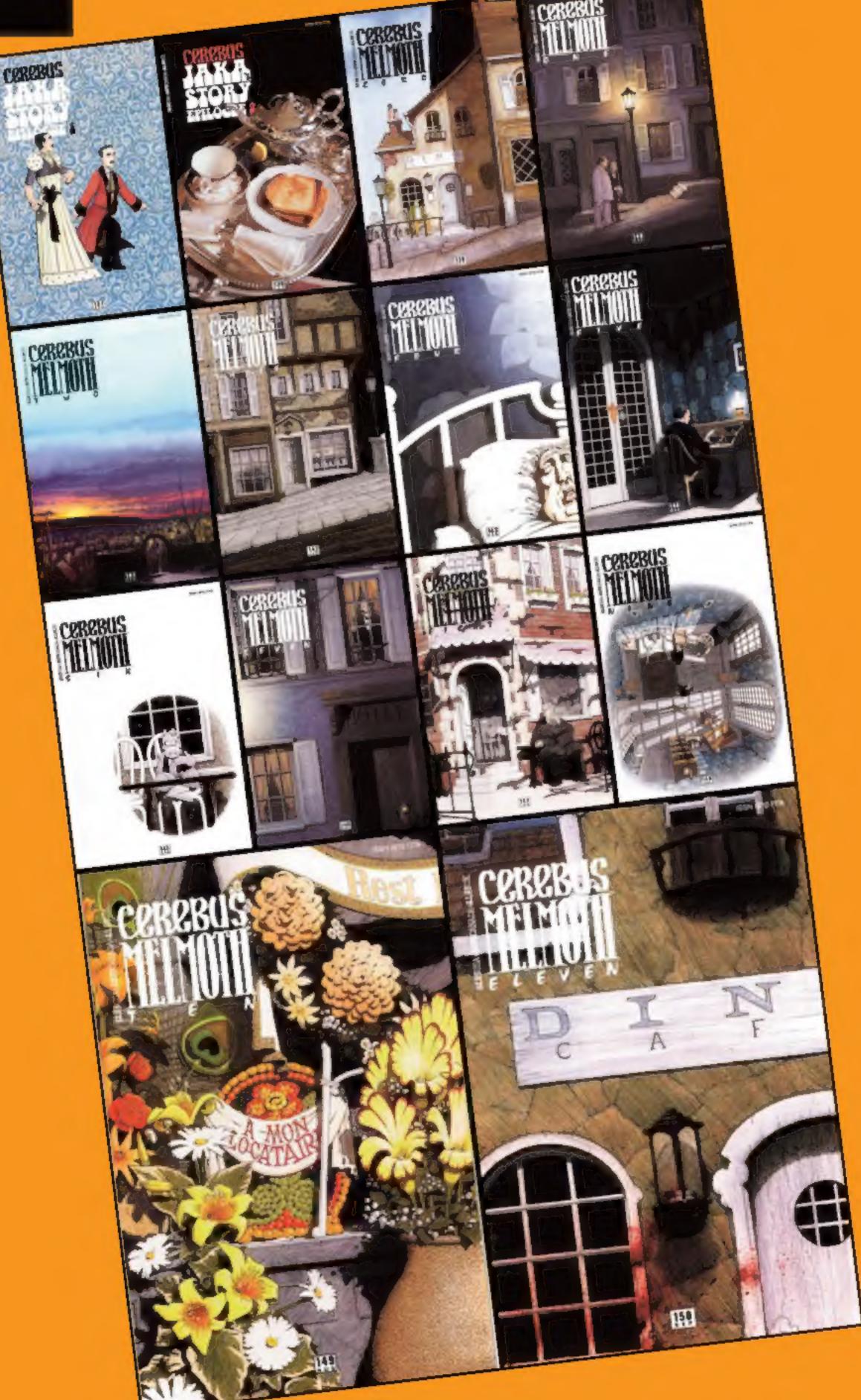


Volume 6



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to the attention of: Anyone reading this Digital Edition of a CEREBUS trade

(I don't have e-mail and can only be contacted by escargot mail at Box 1674 Stn. C Kitchener Ontario, CANADA N2G 4R2)

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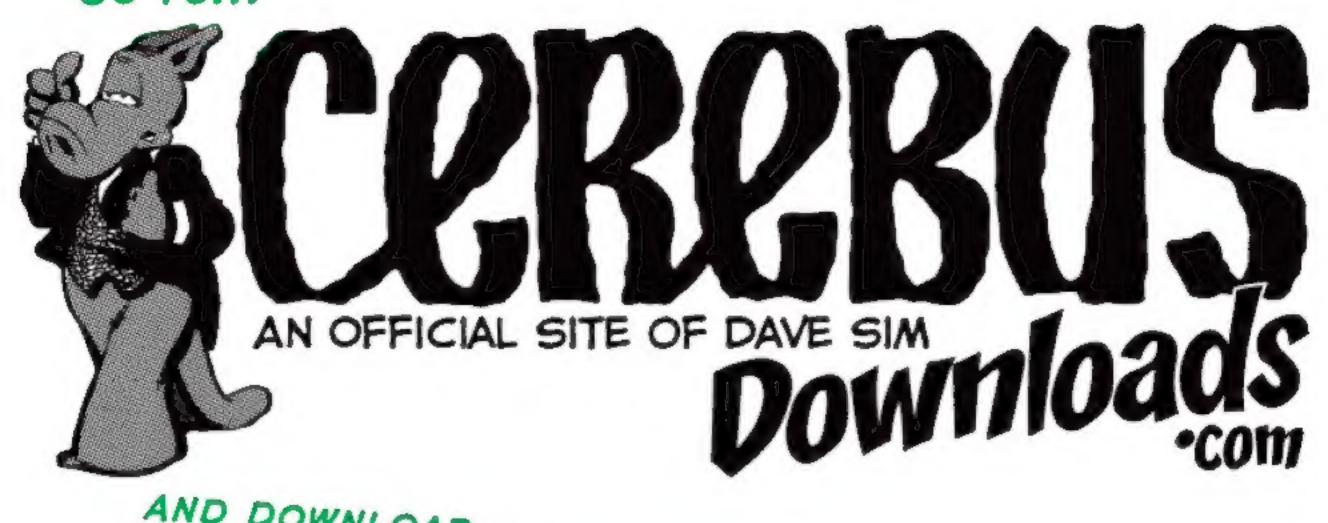
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Sincere thanks to everyone who has devoted that most valuable of human commodities -- their time -- to reading my and Gerhard's work.

Dave Sim, creator, writer, co-artist

Gerhard does prints and commissions and can be contacted at gerhardart.com

60 TO ...



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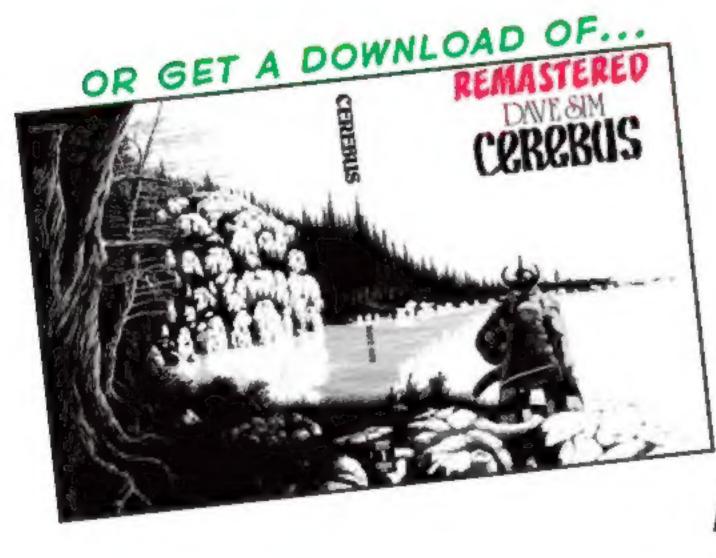
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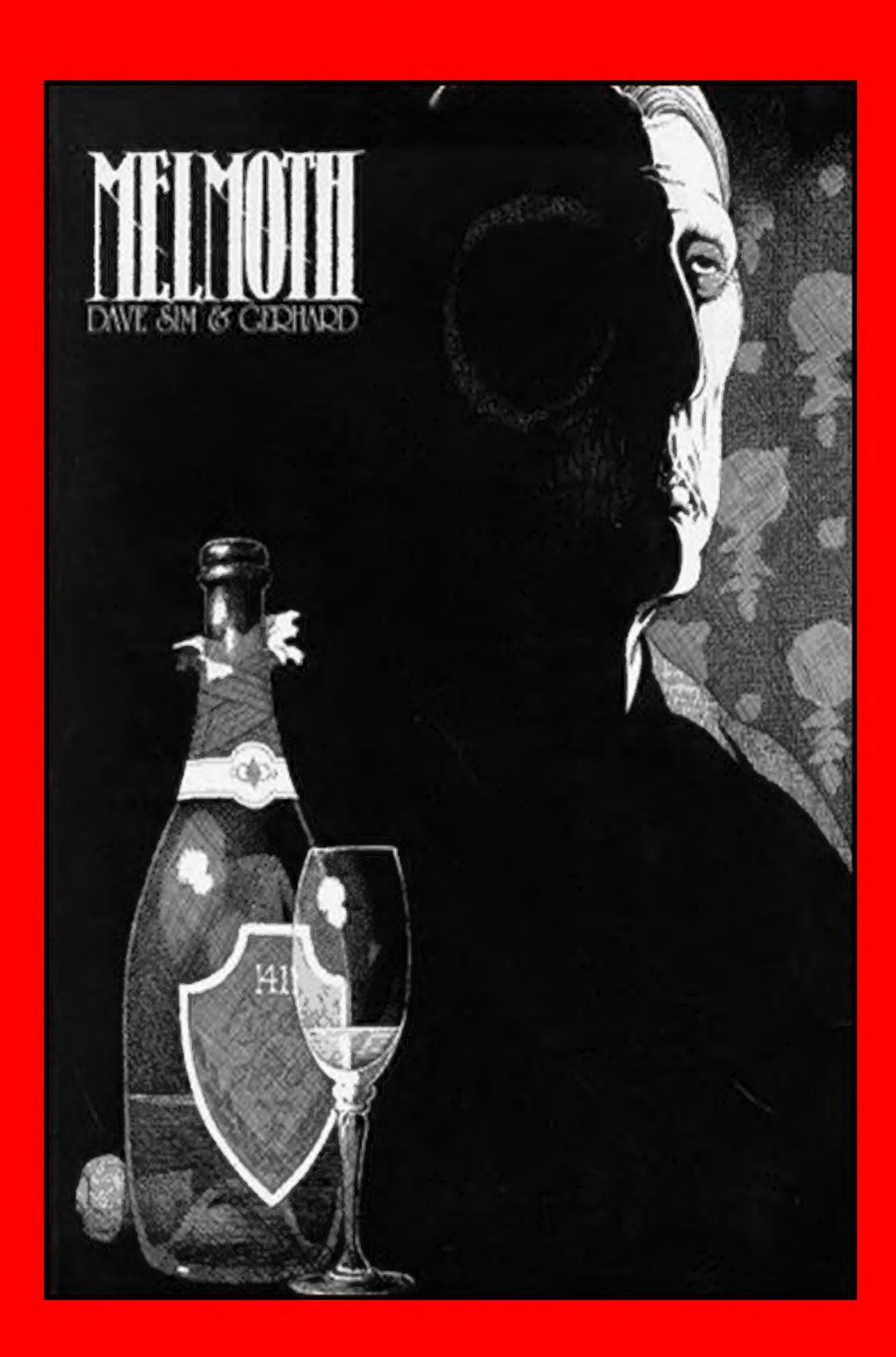
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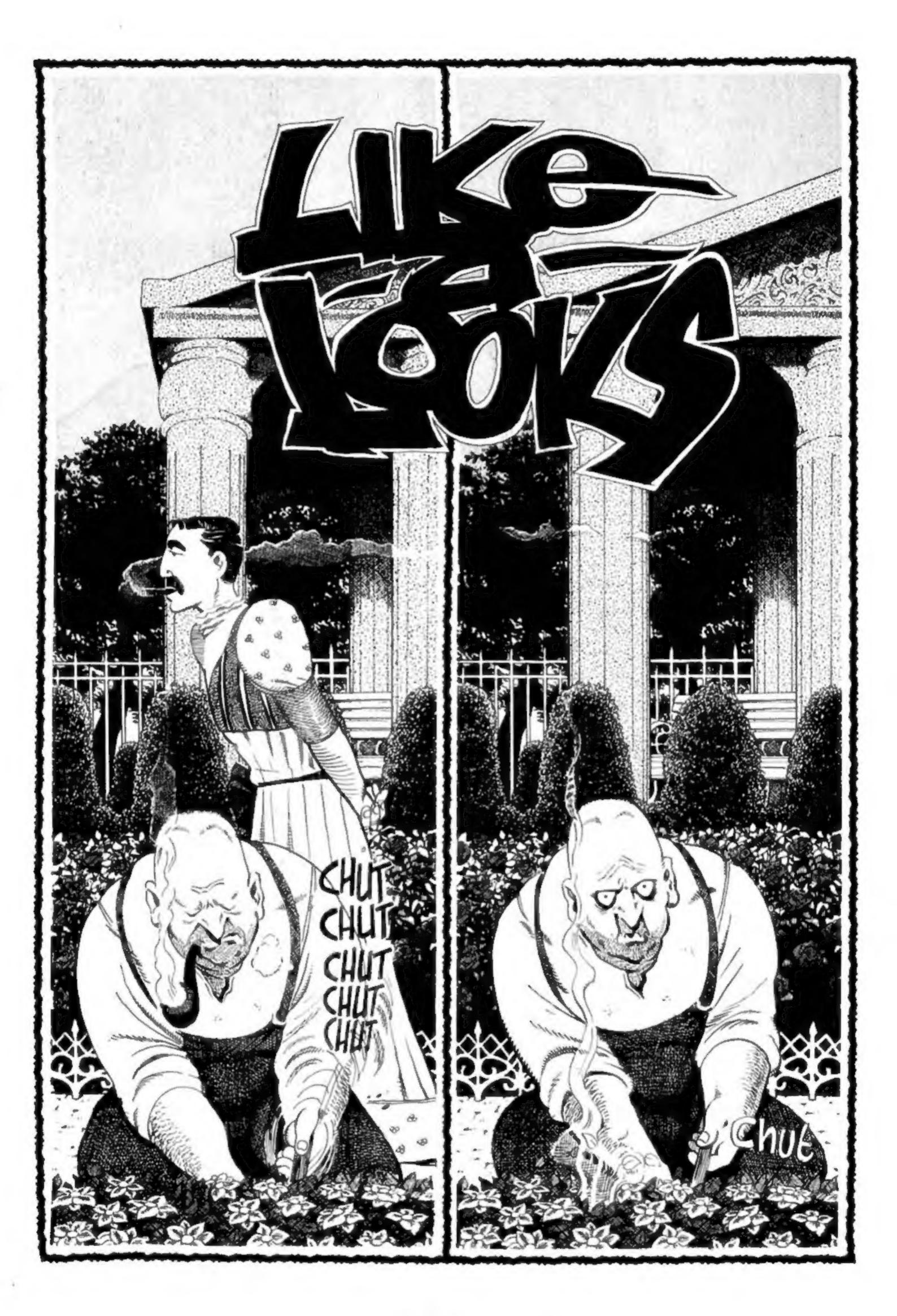




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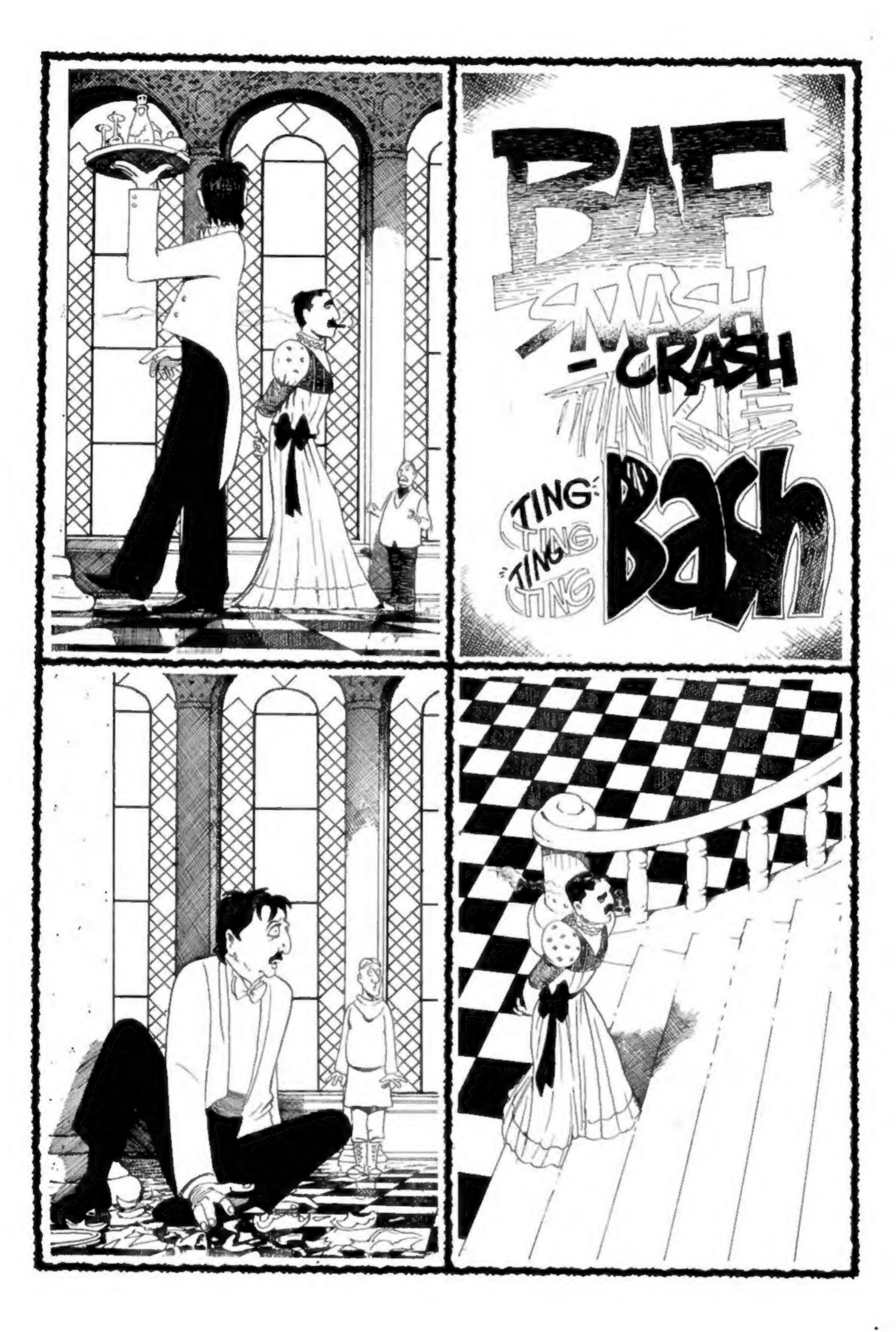


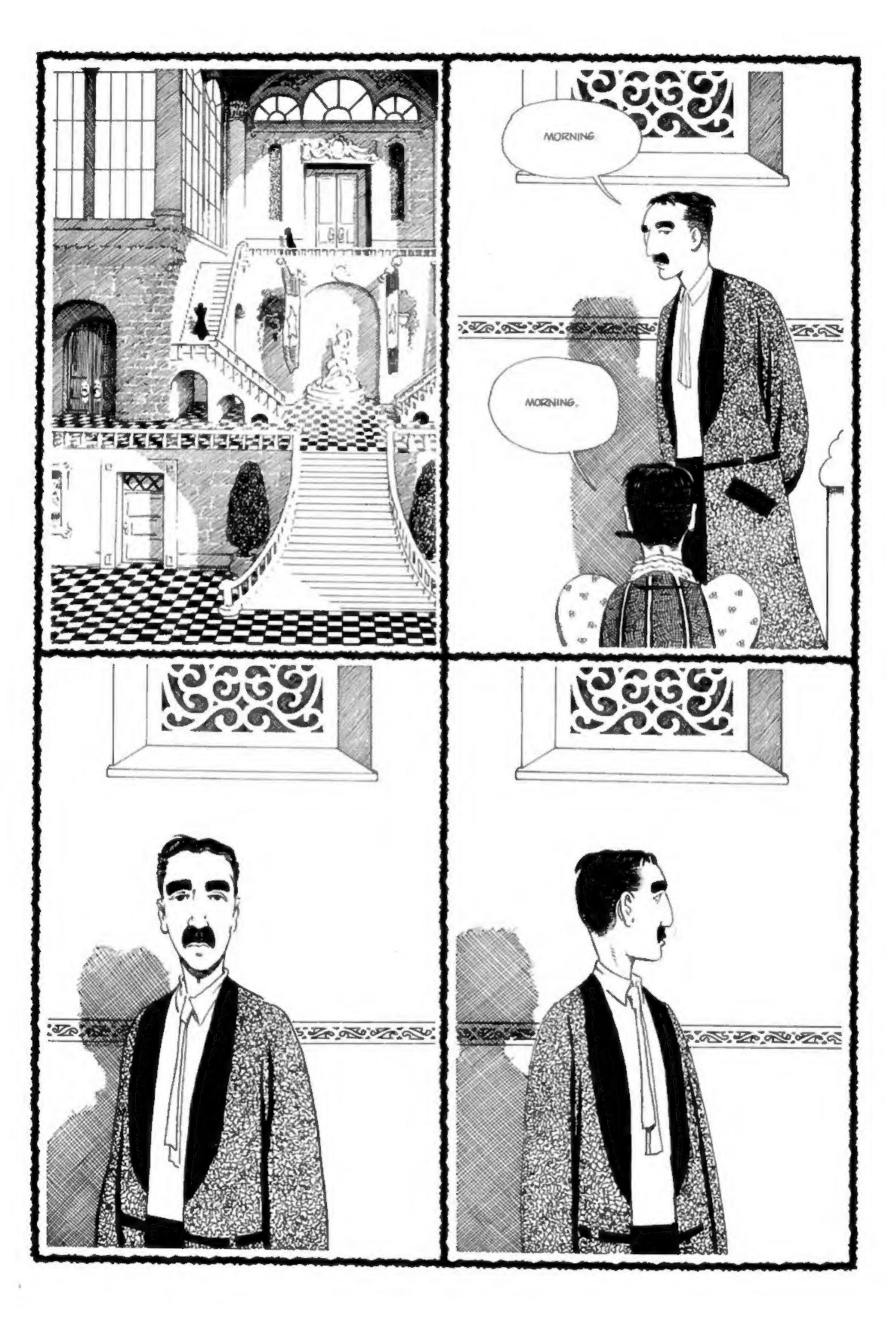


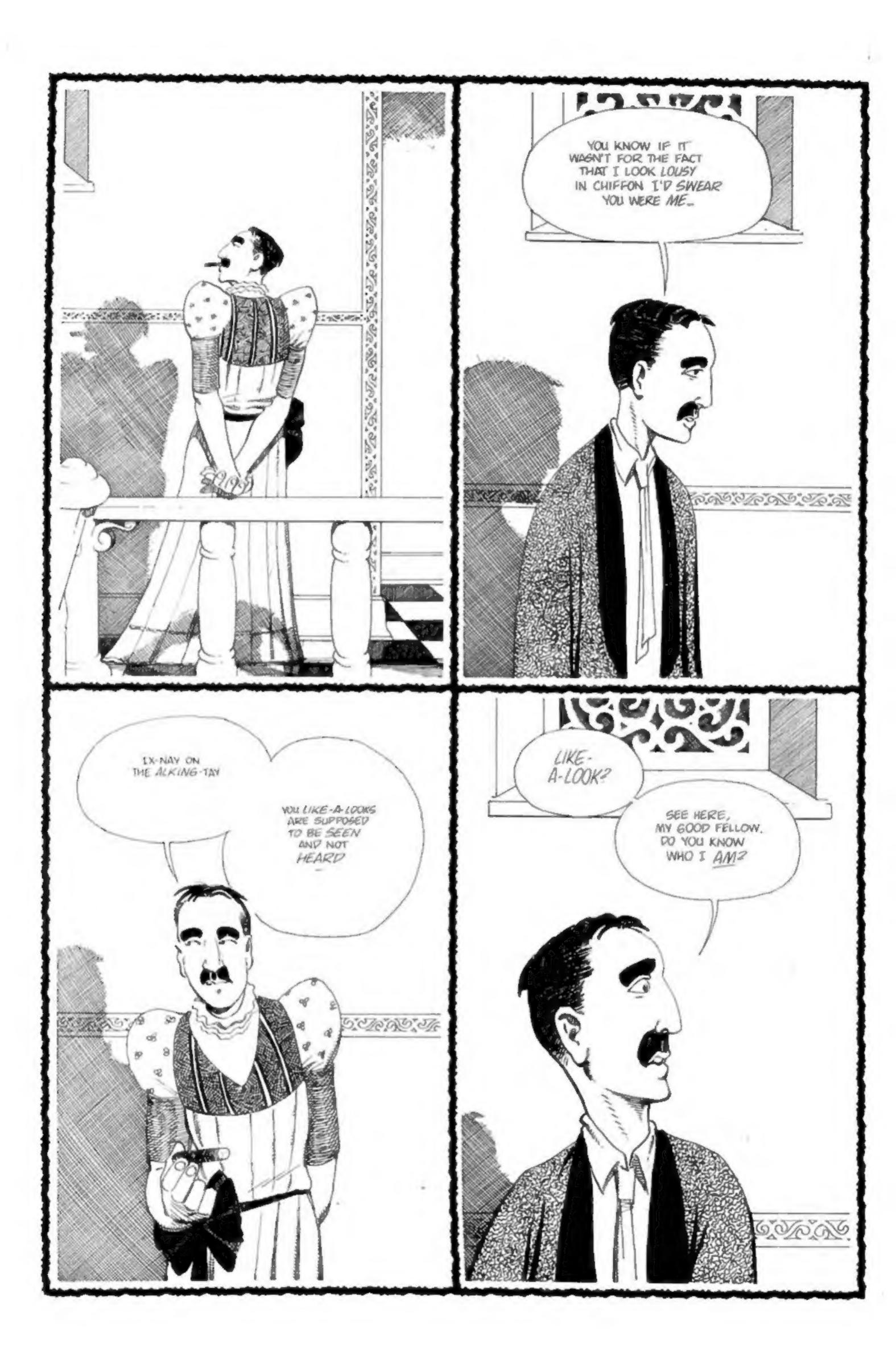












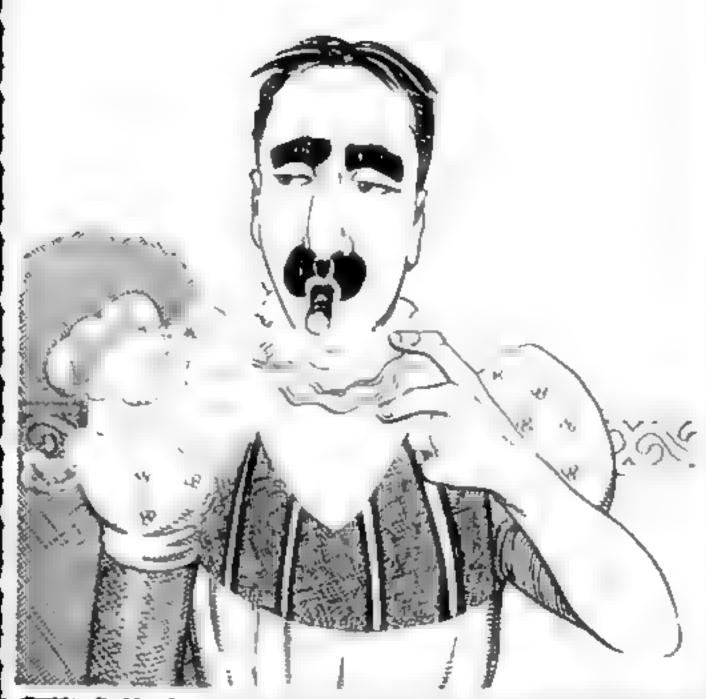






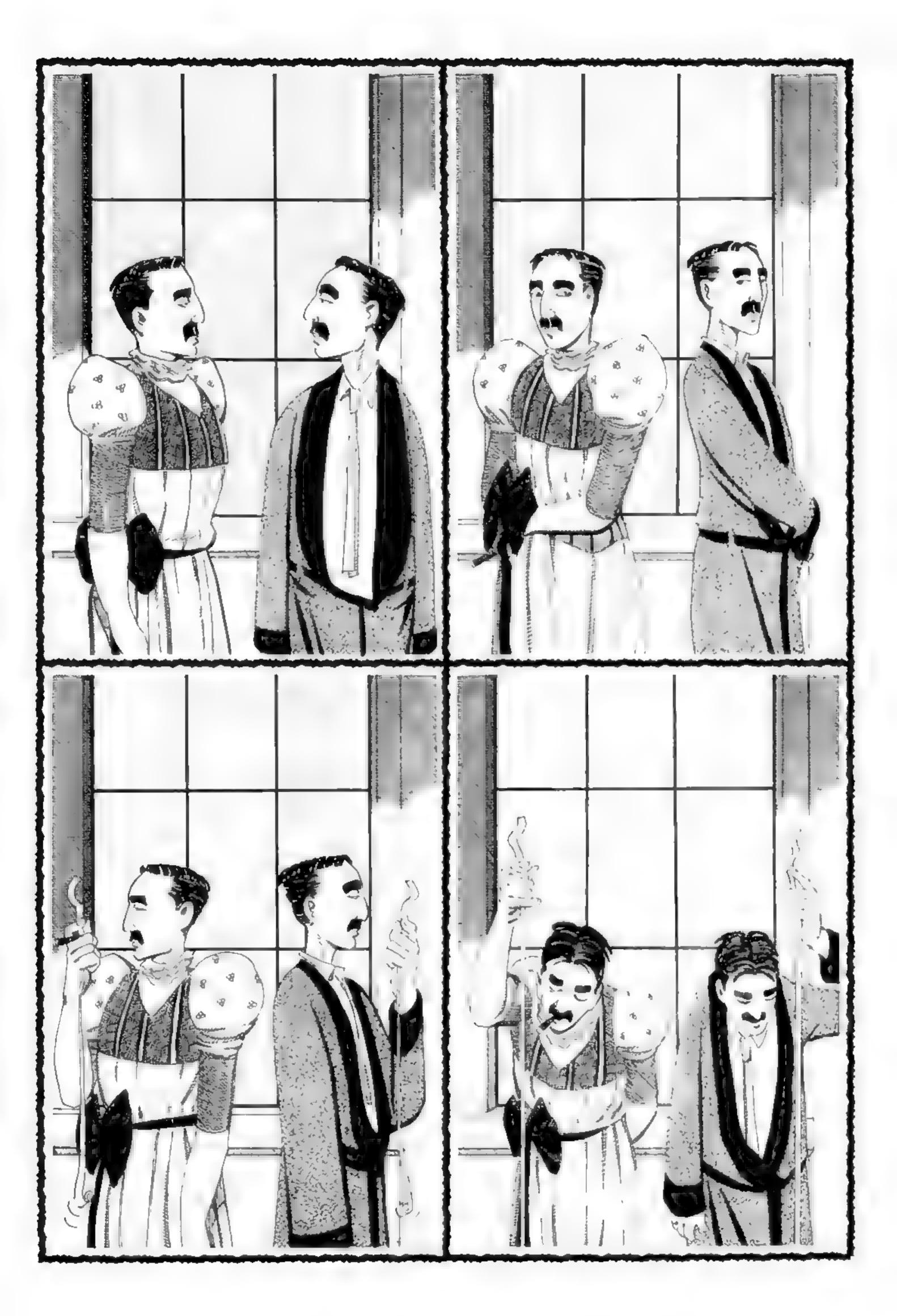


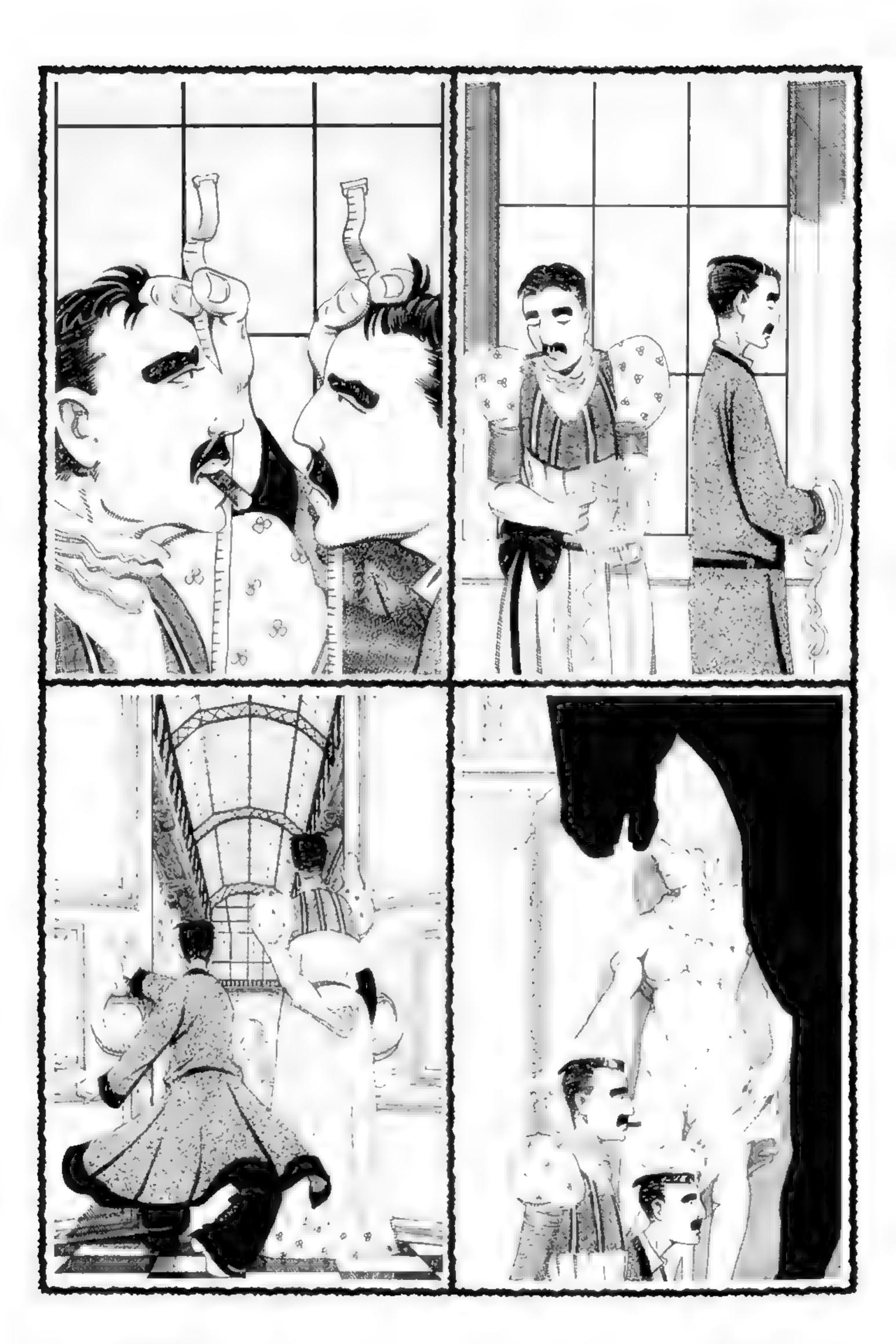


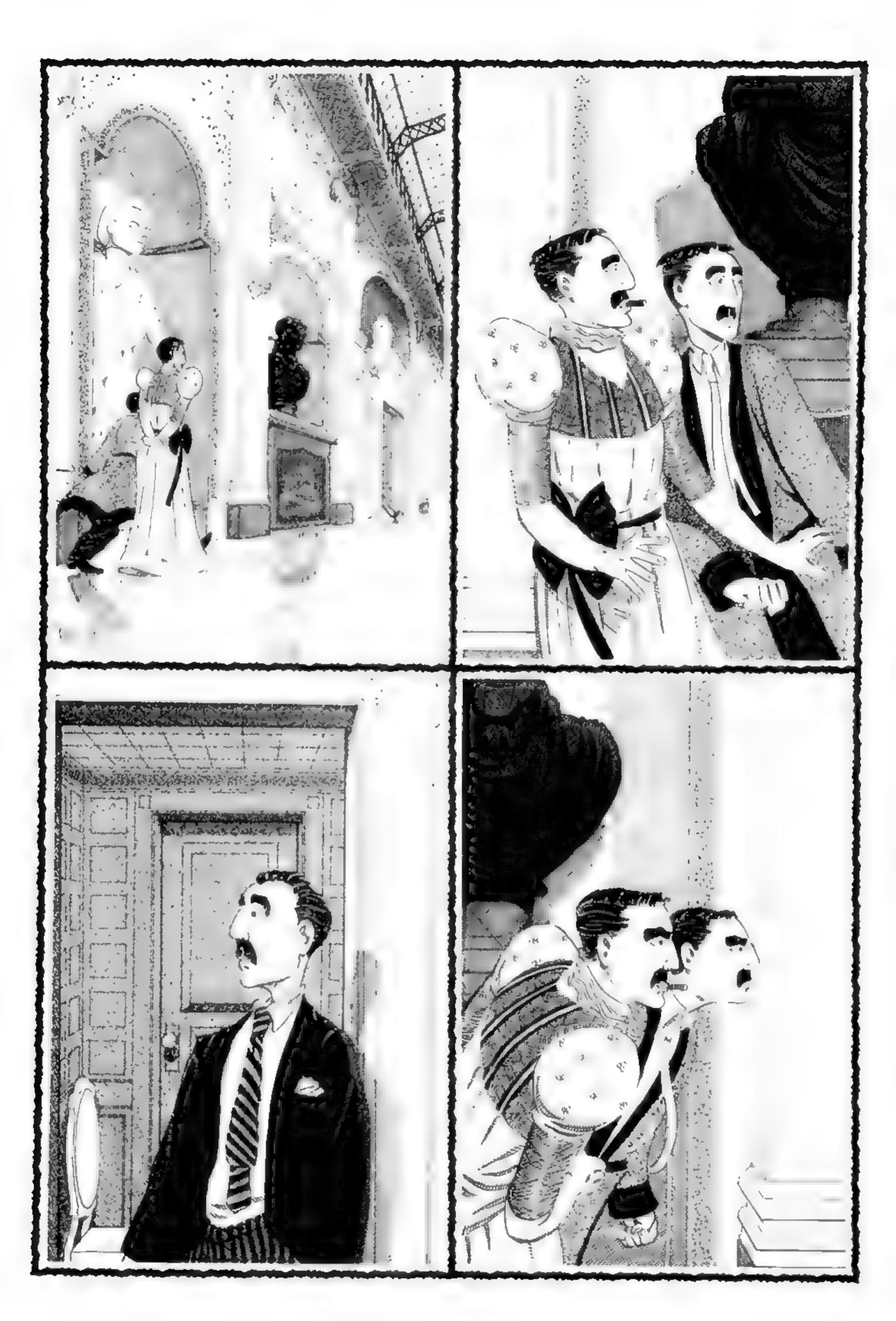




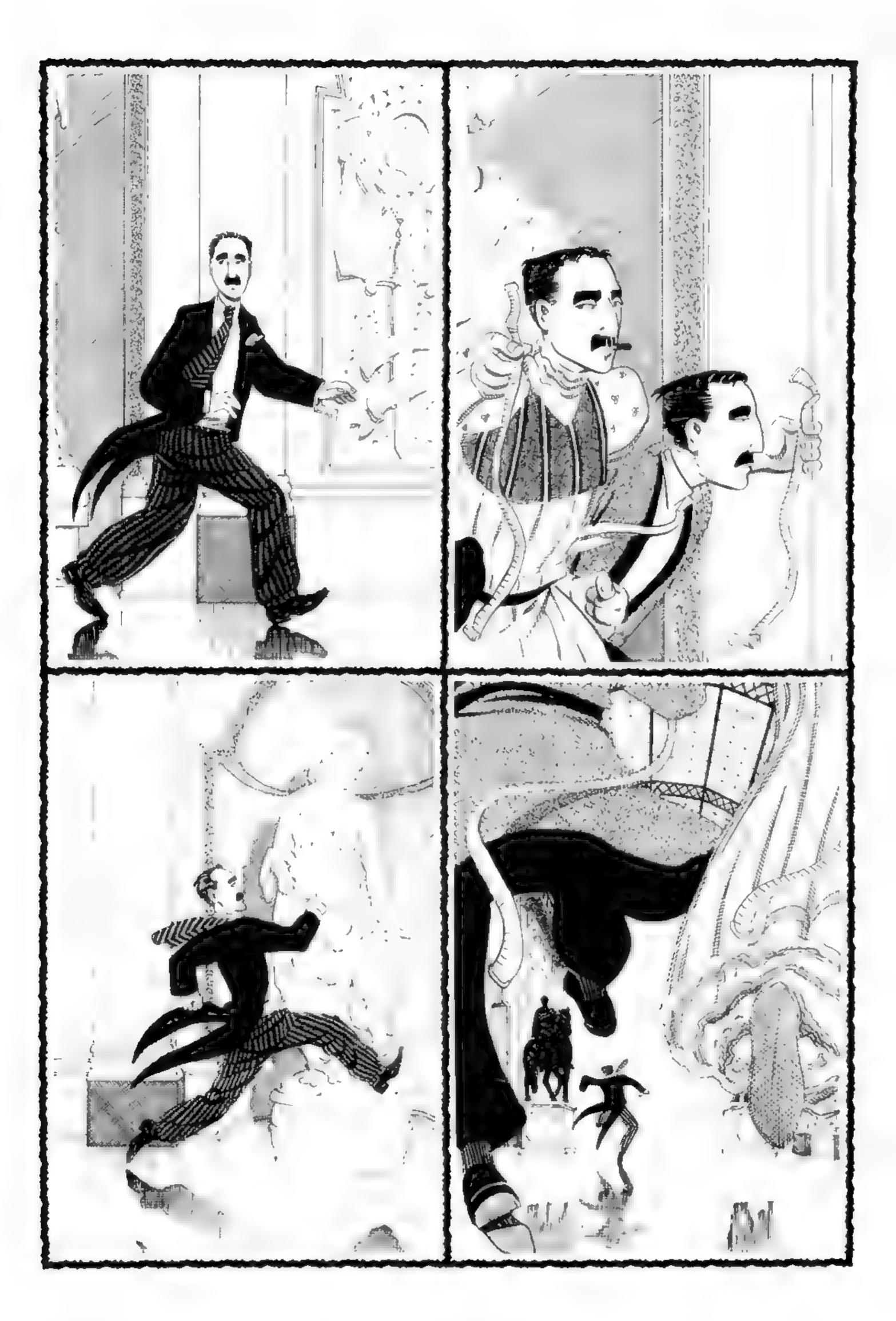






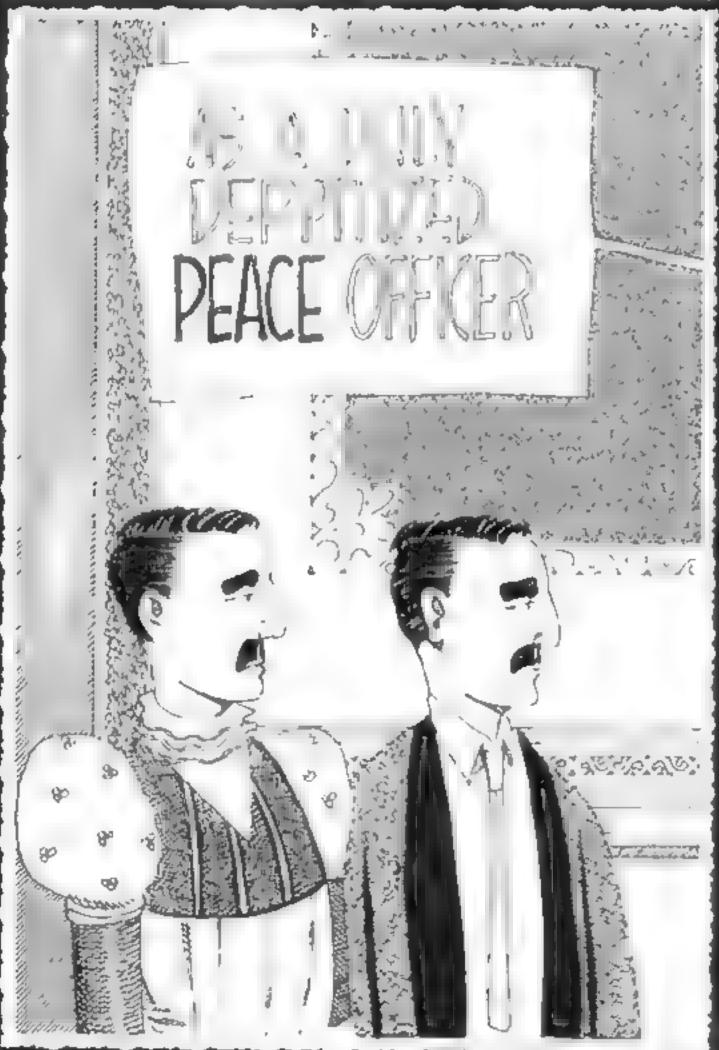


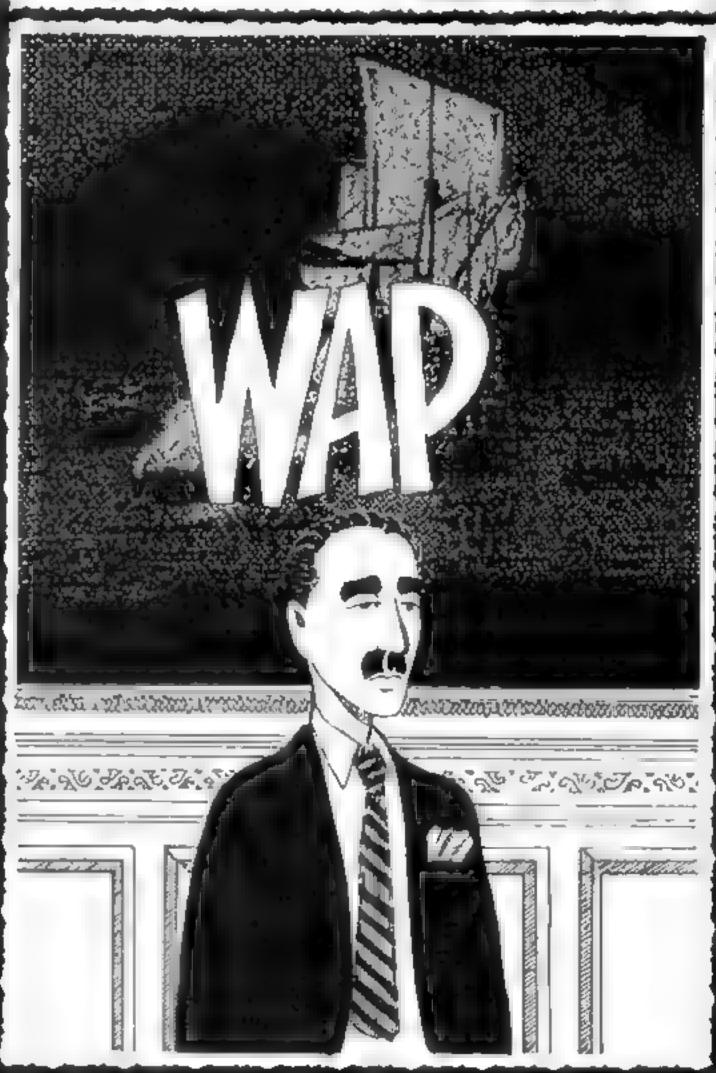


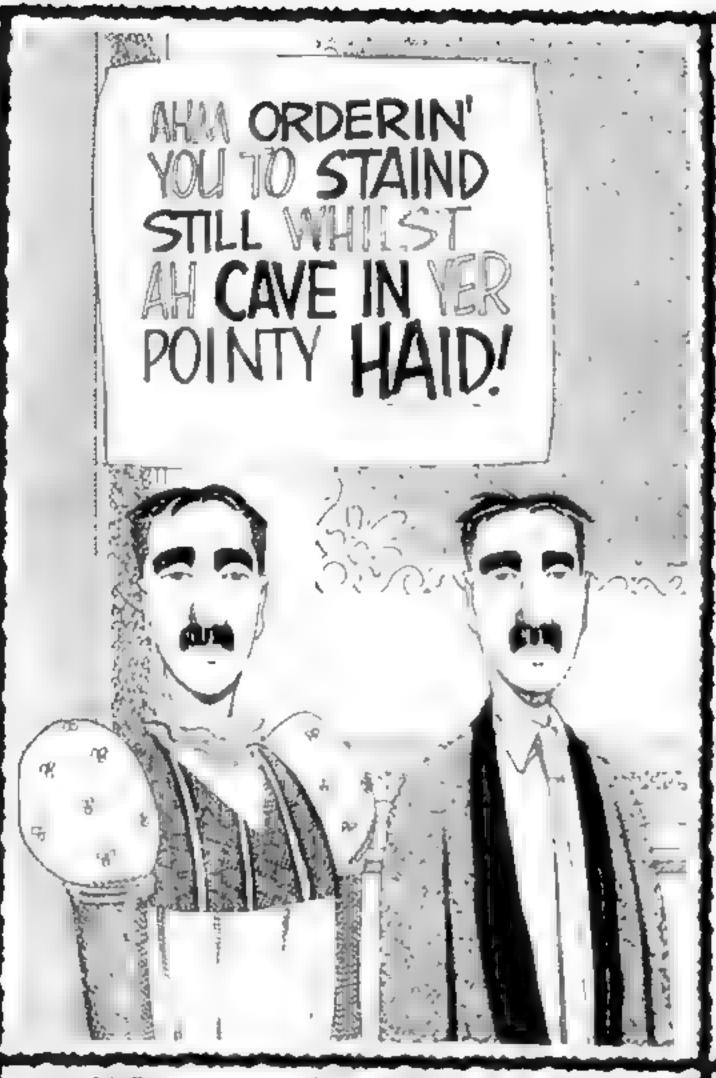


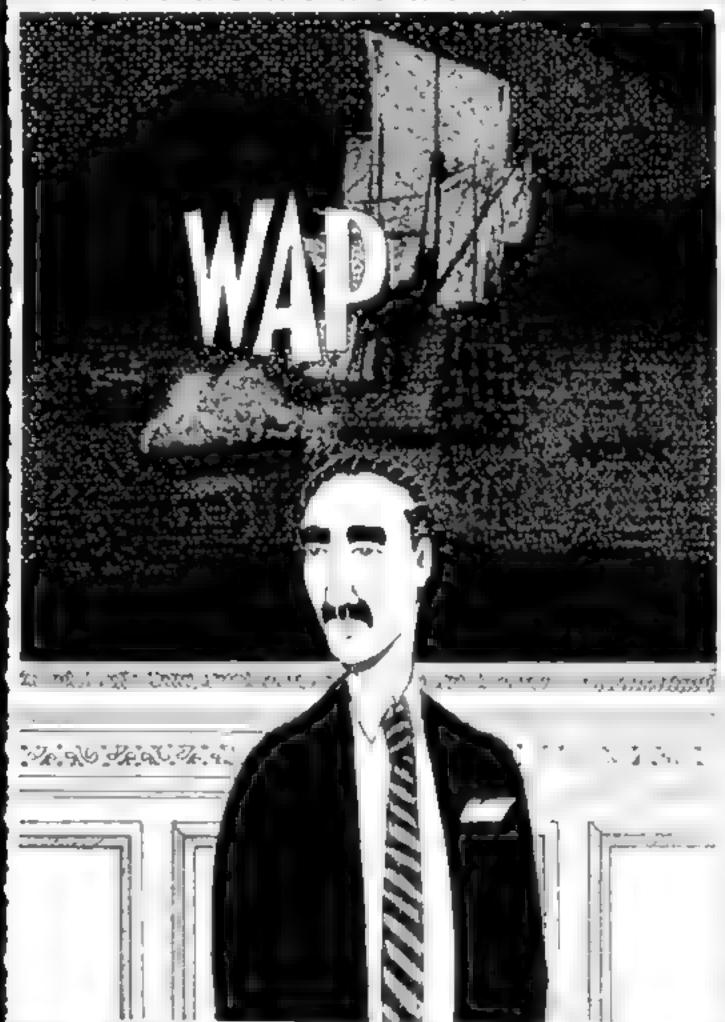




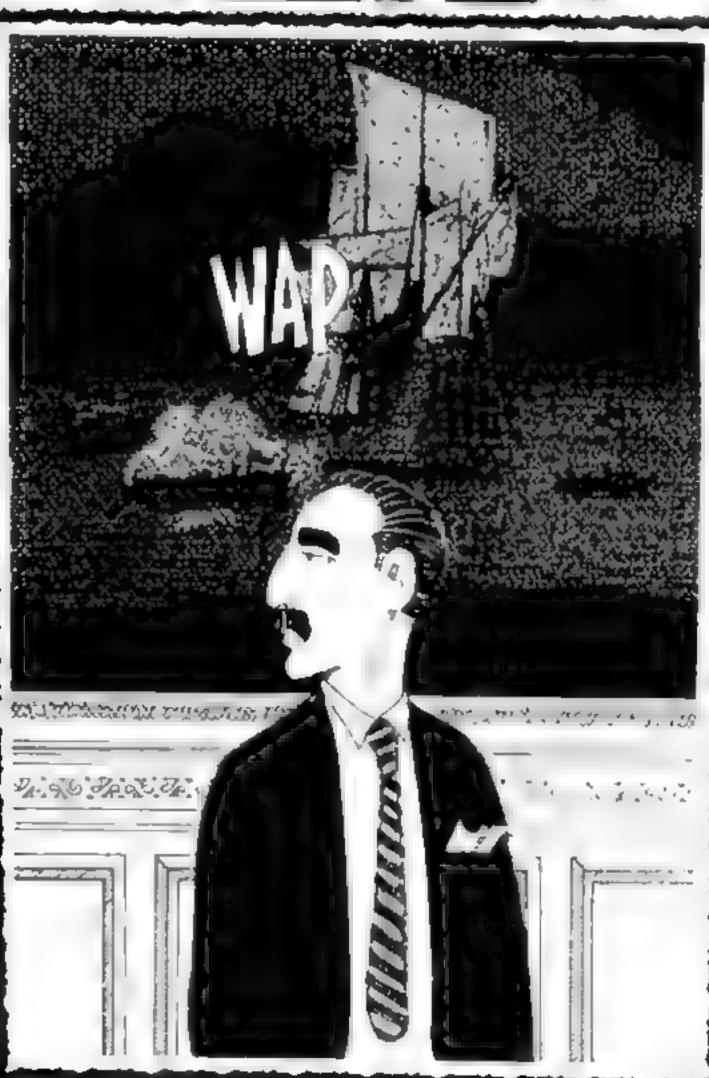


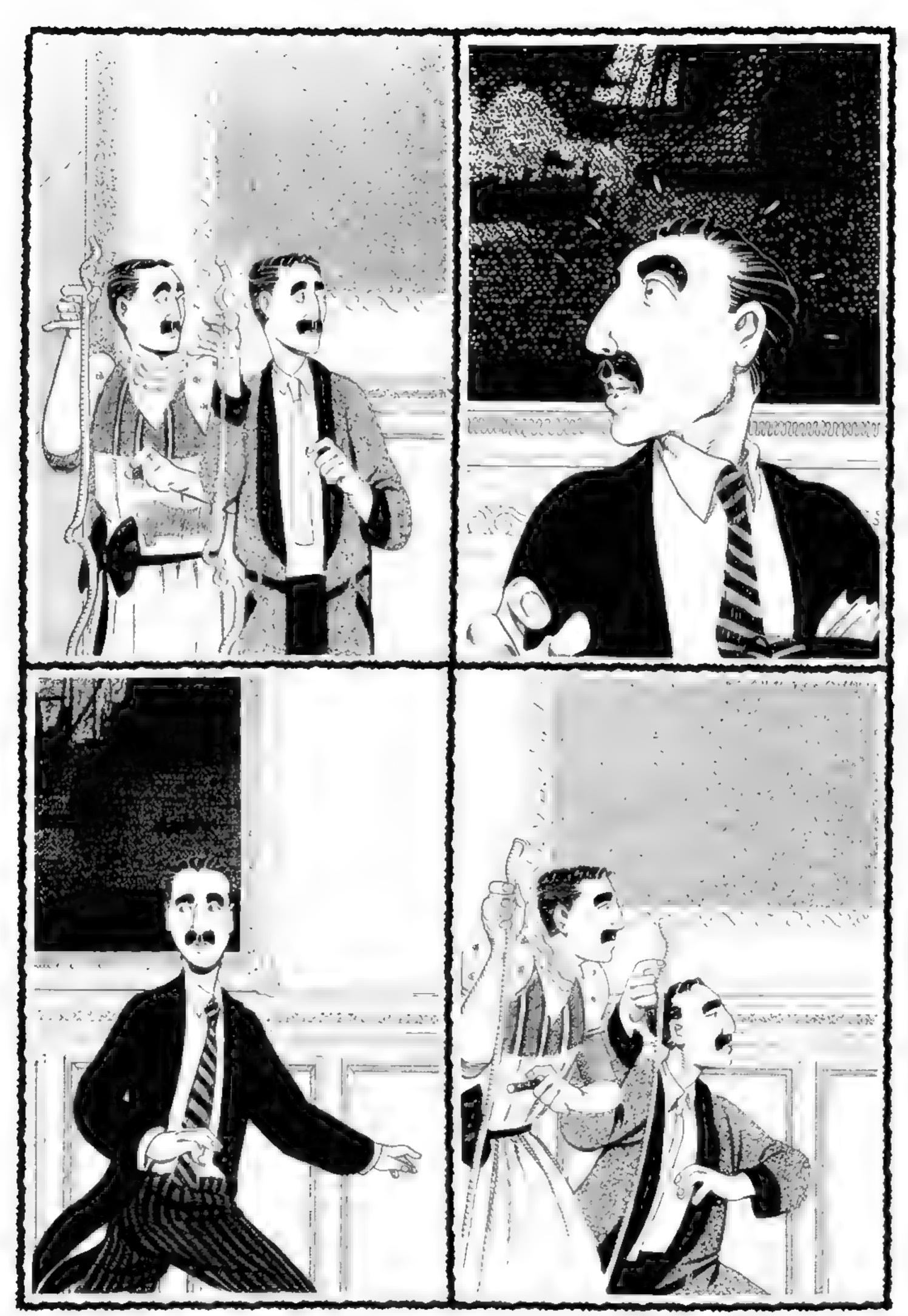






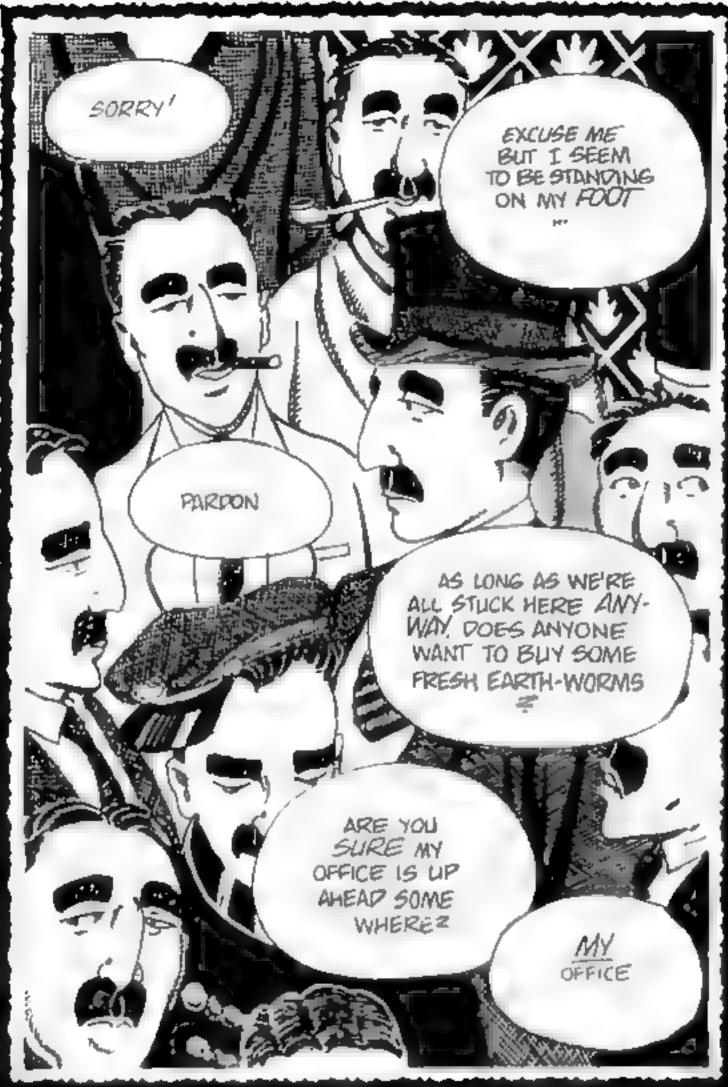


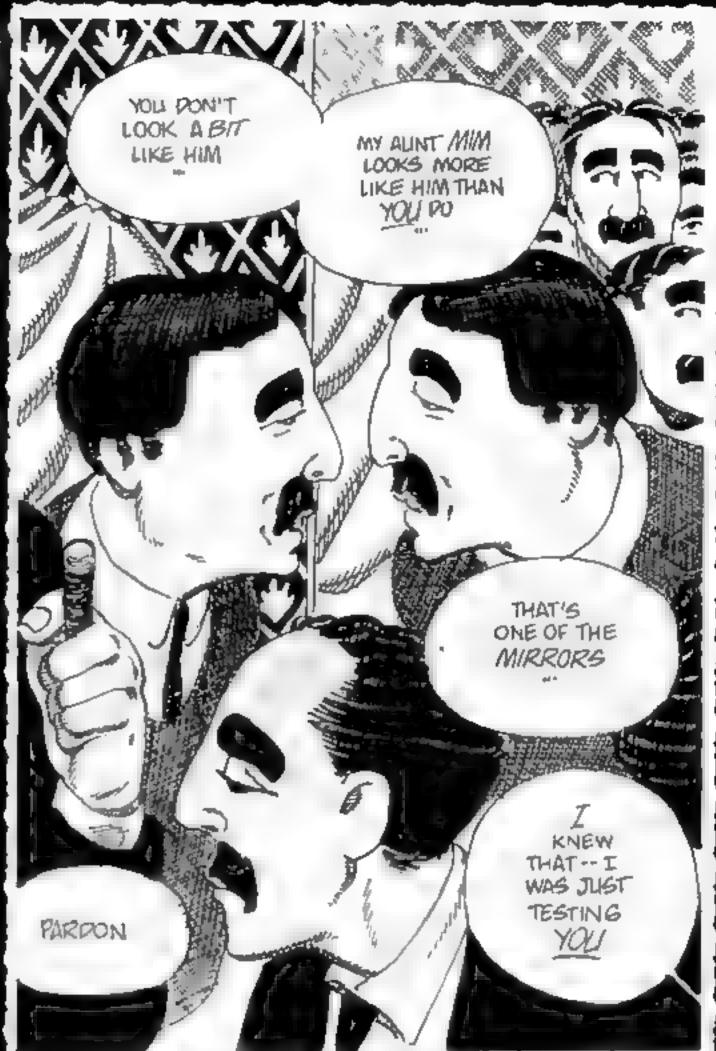


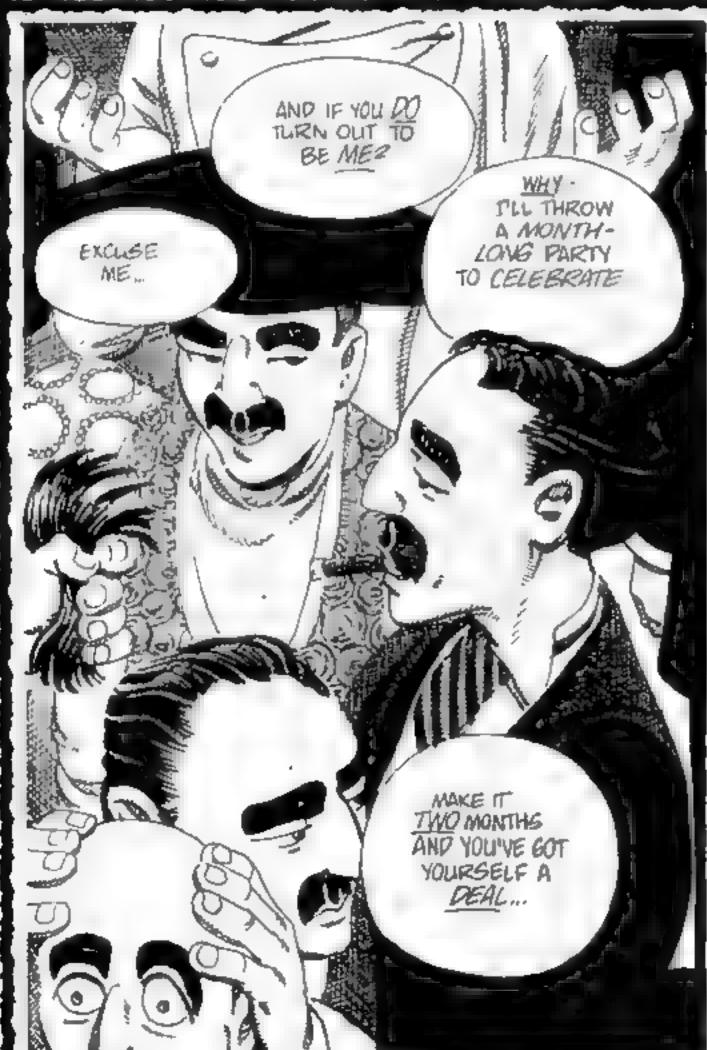


"Like-a-looks" concludes next issue.













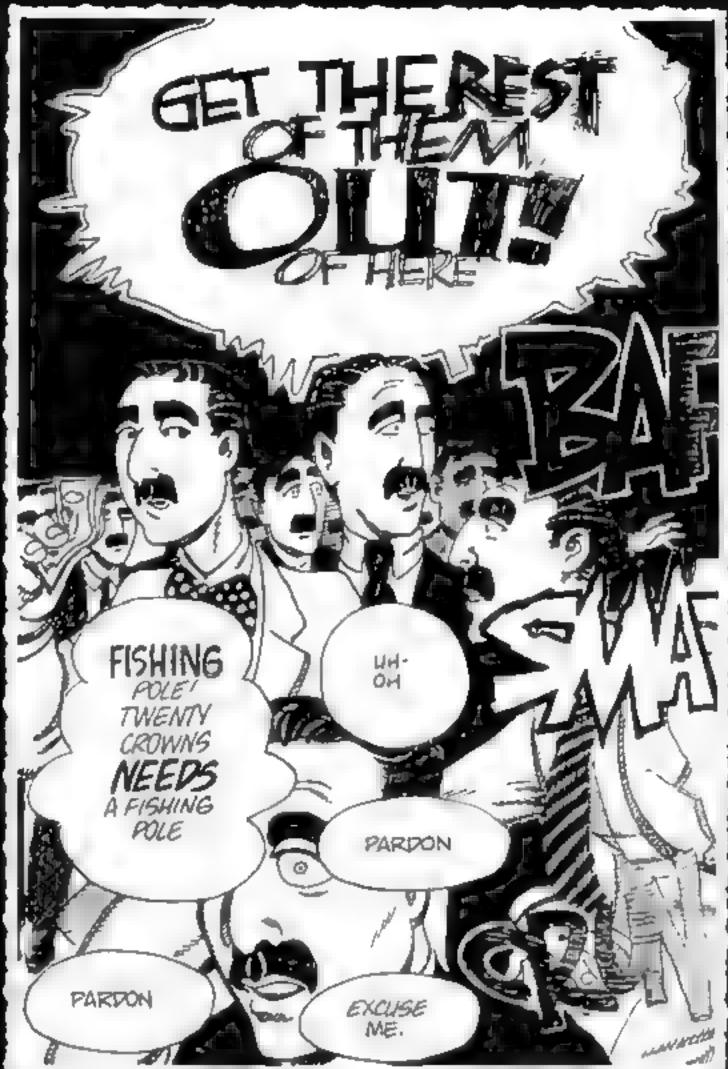






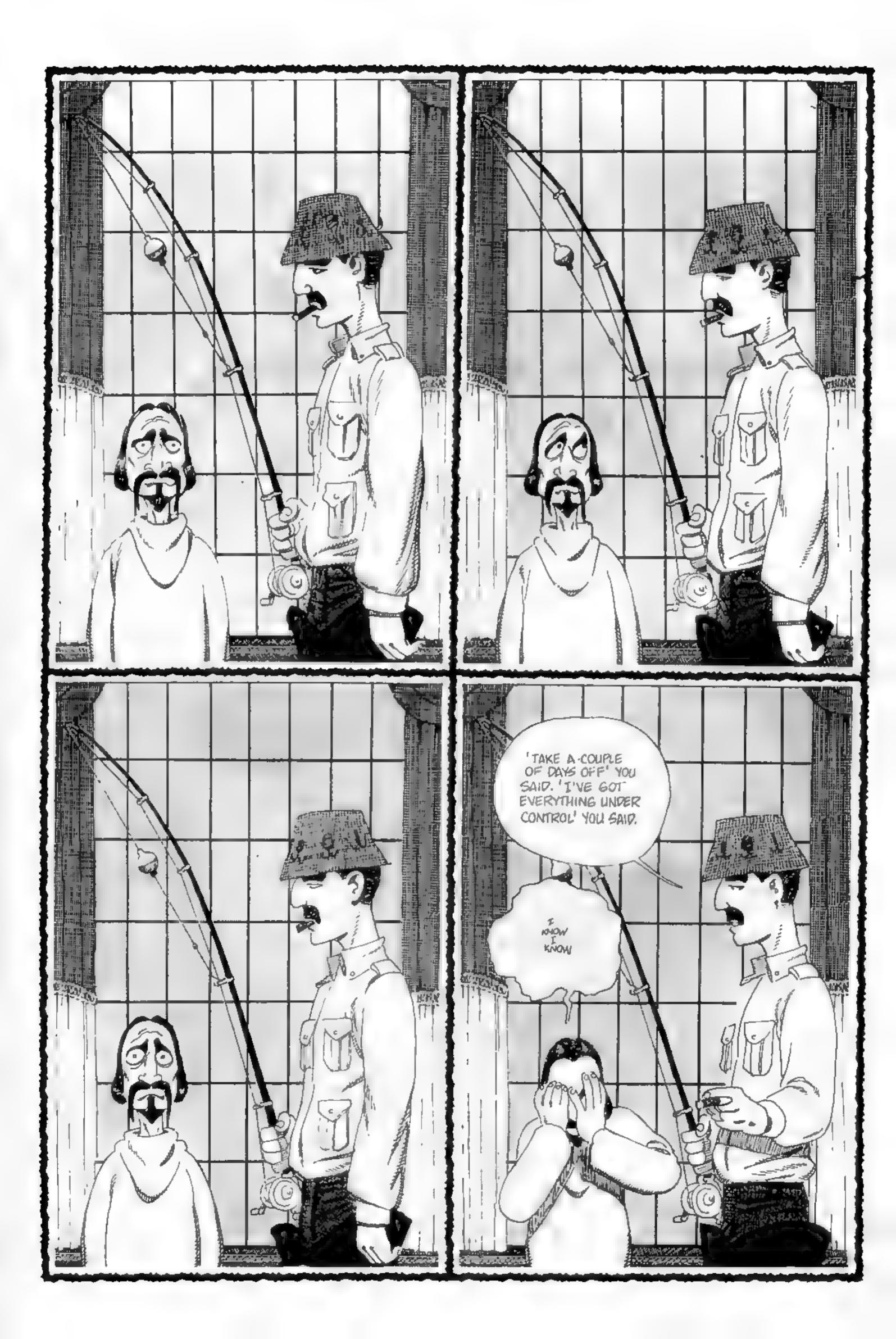




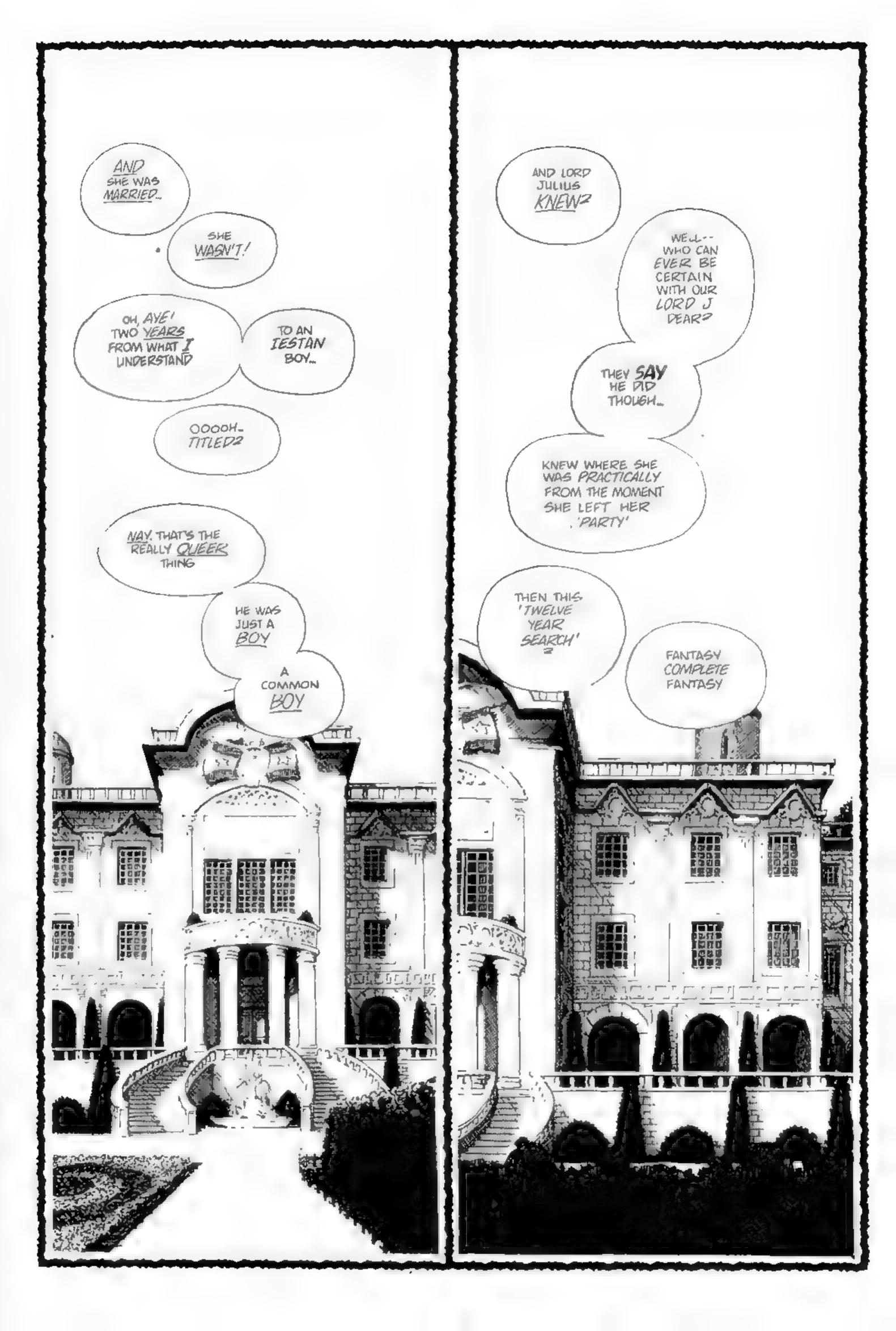


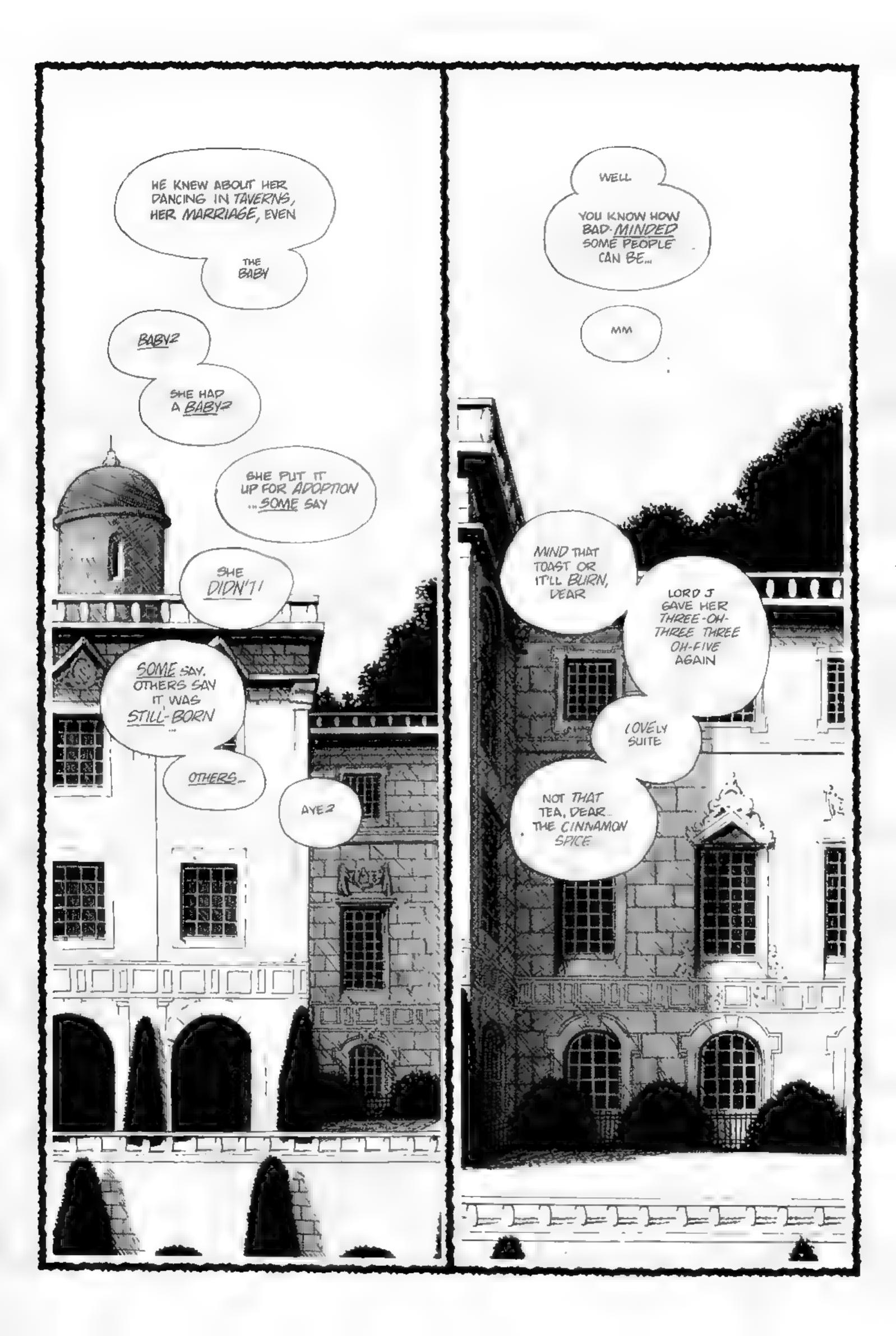




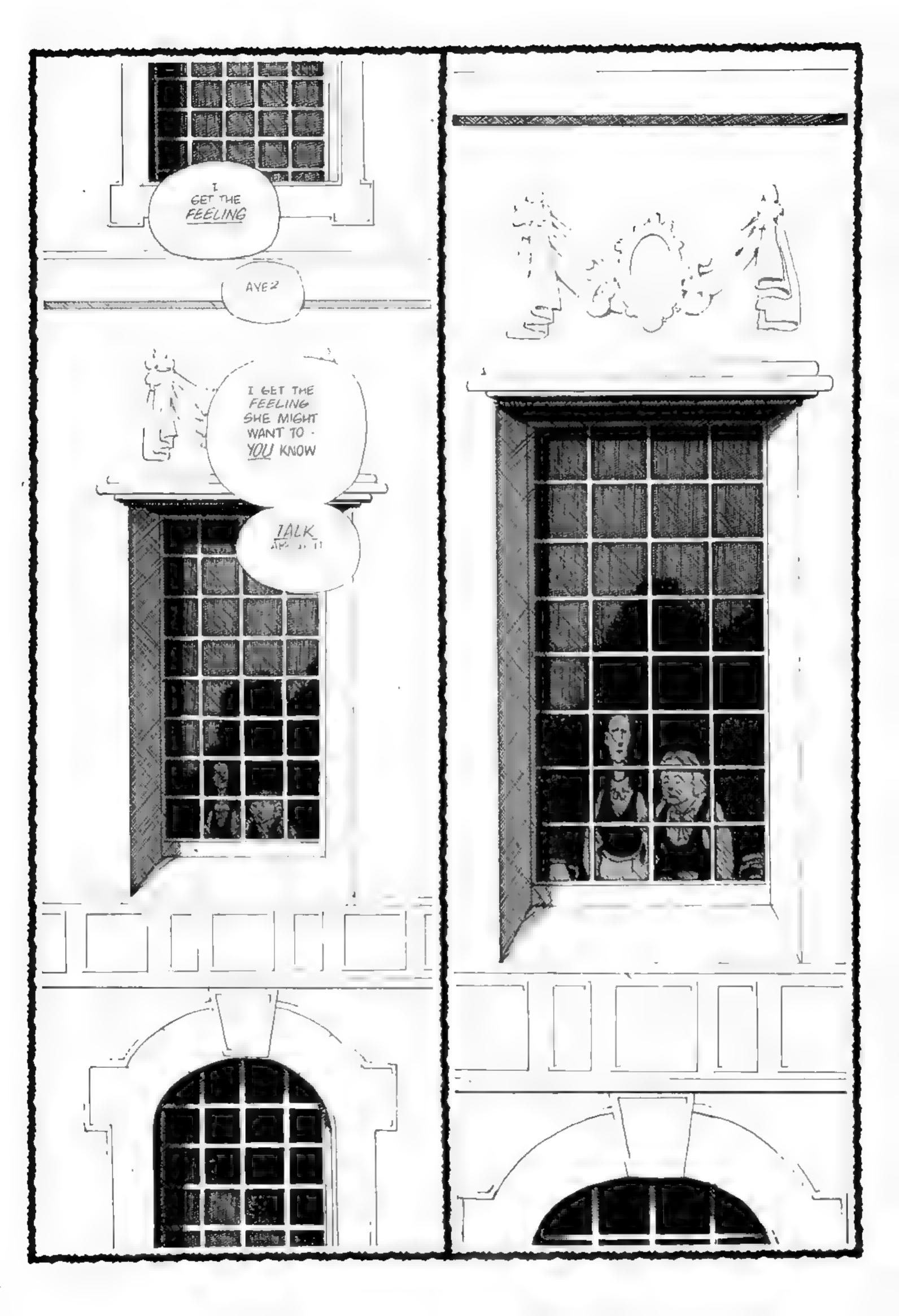


EPILOGUE

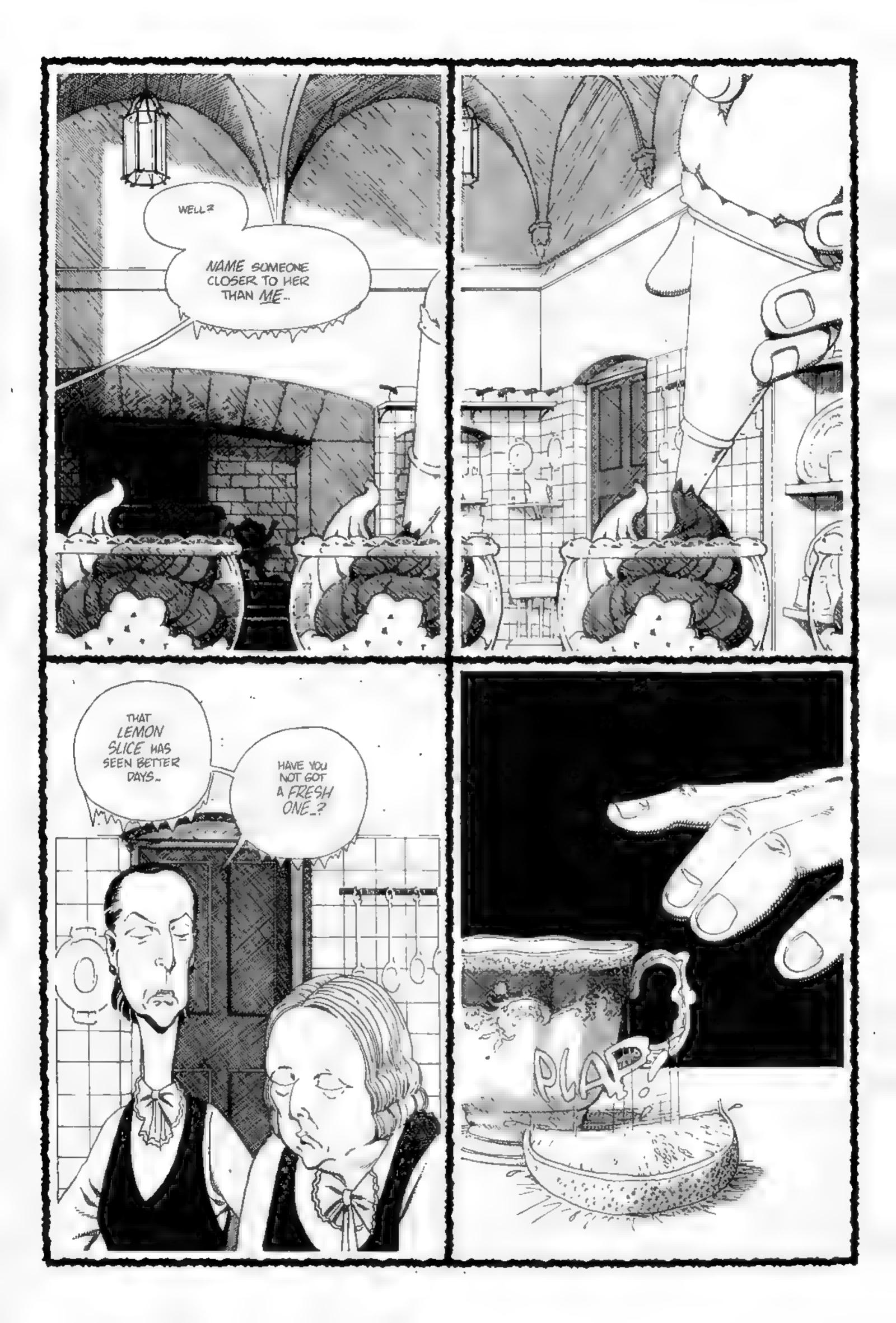


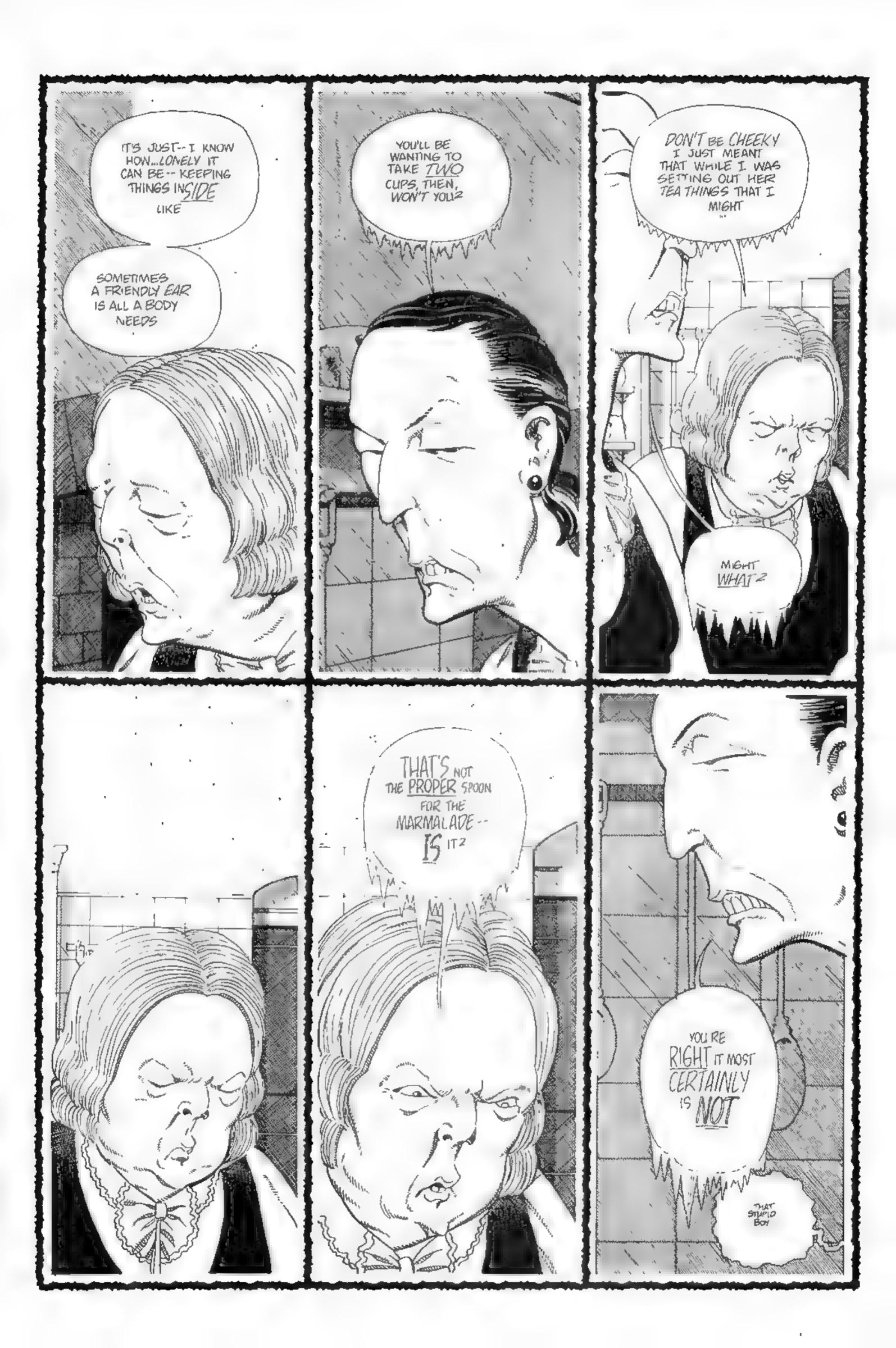




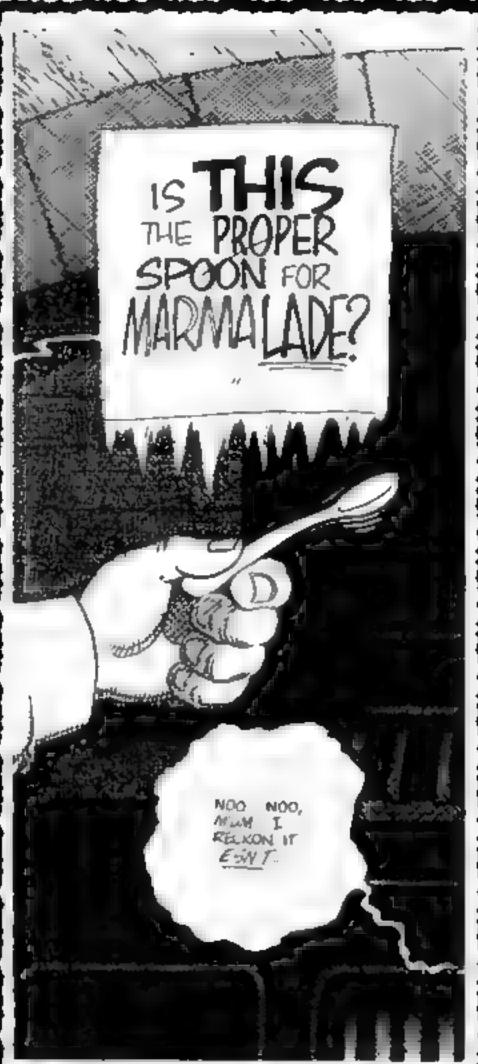




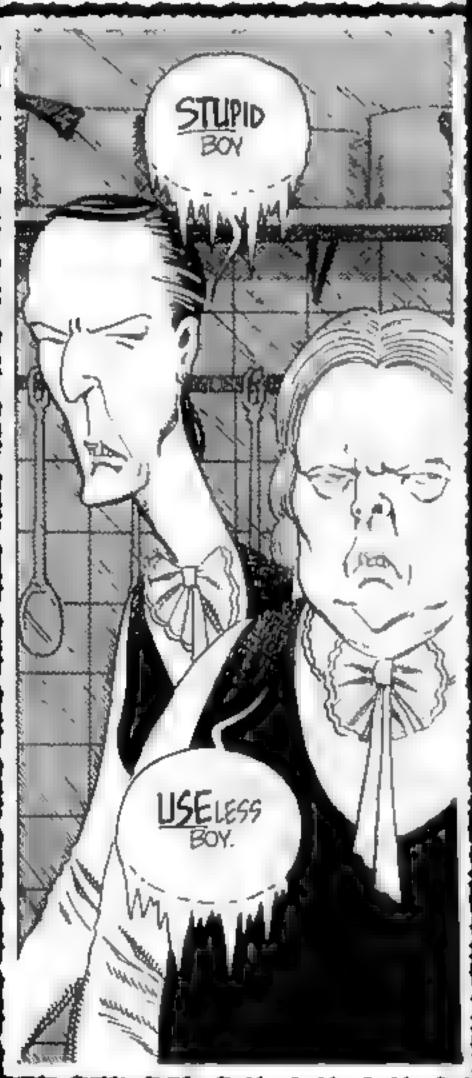


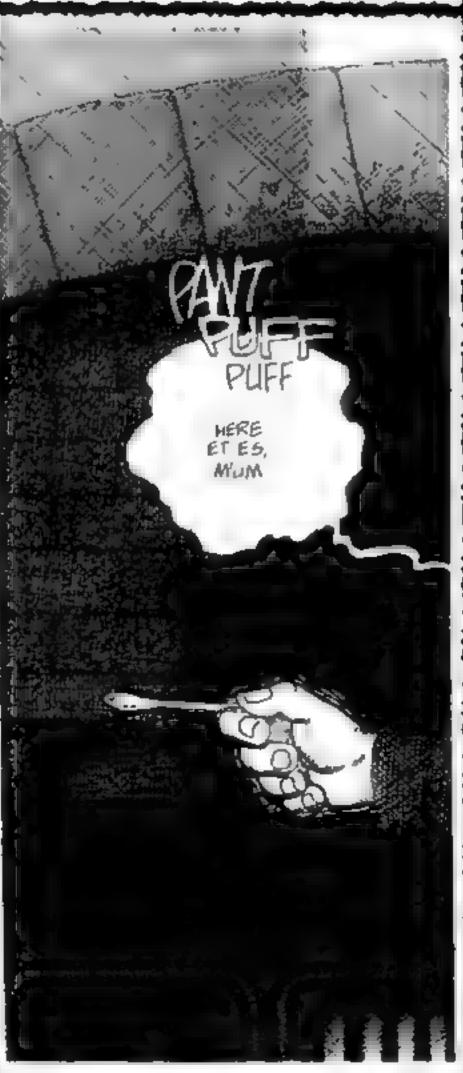




















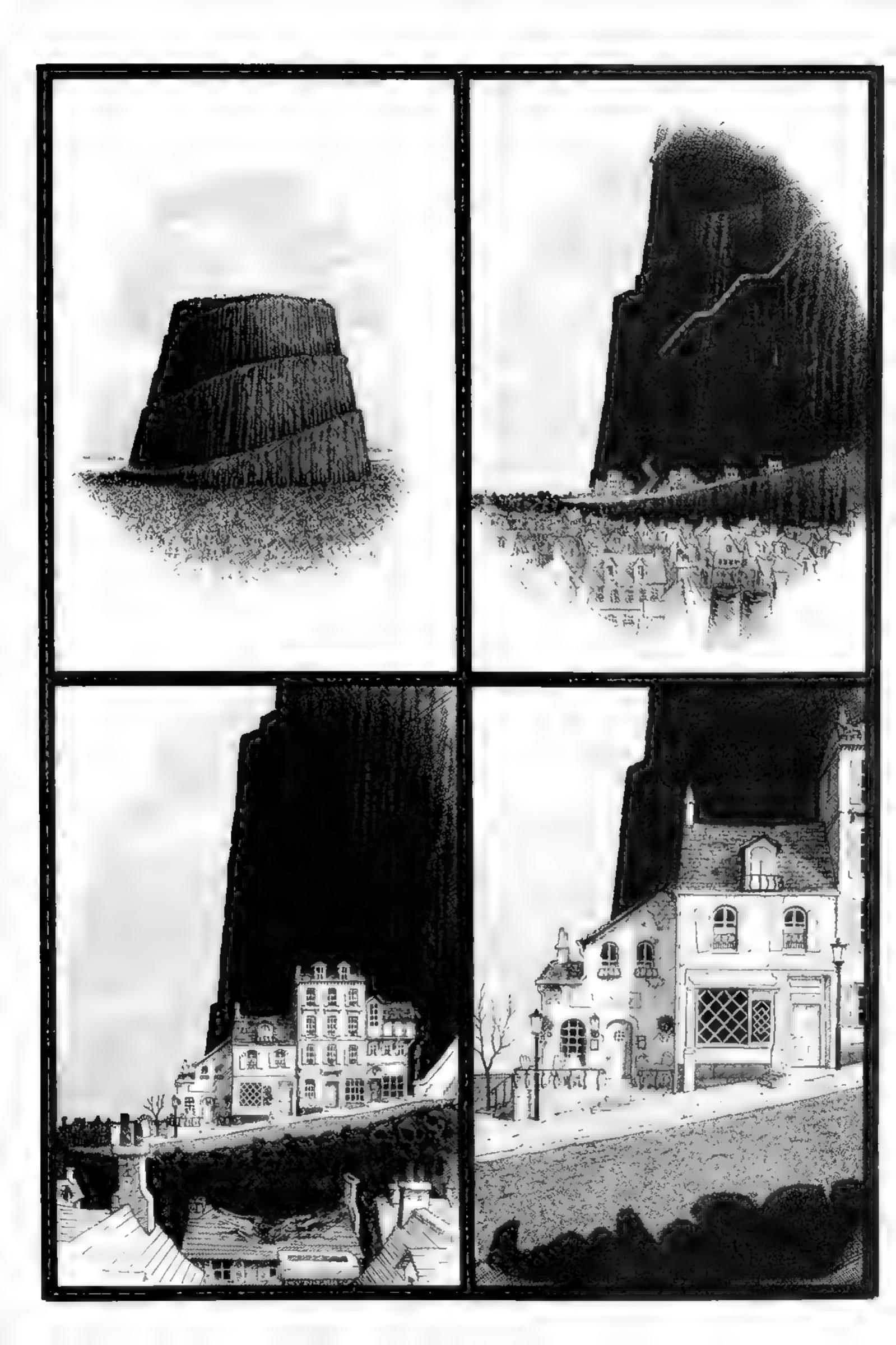


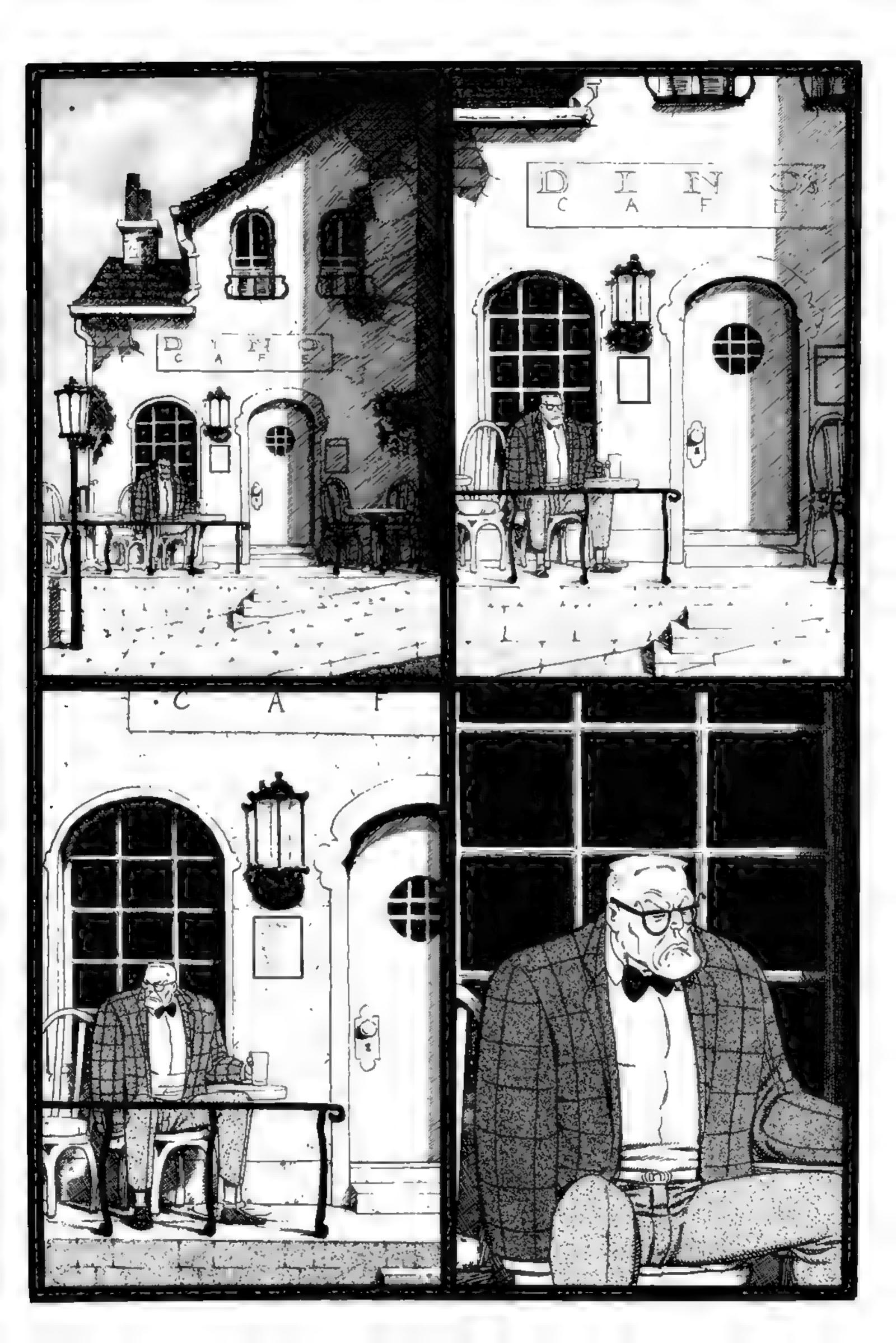


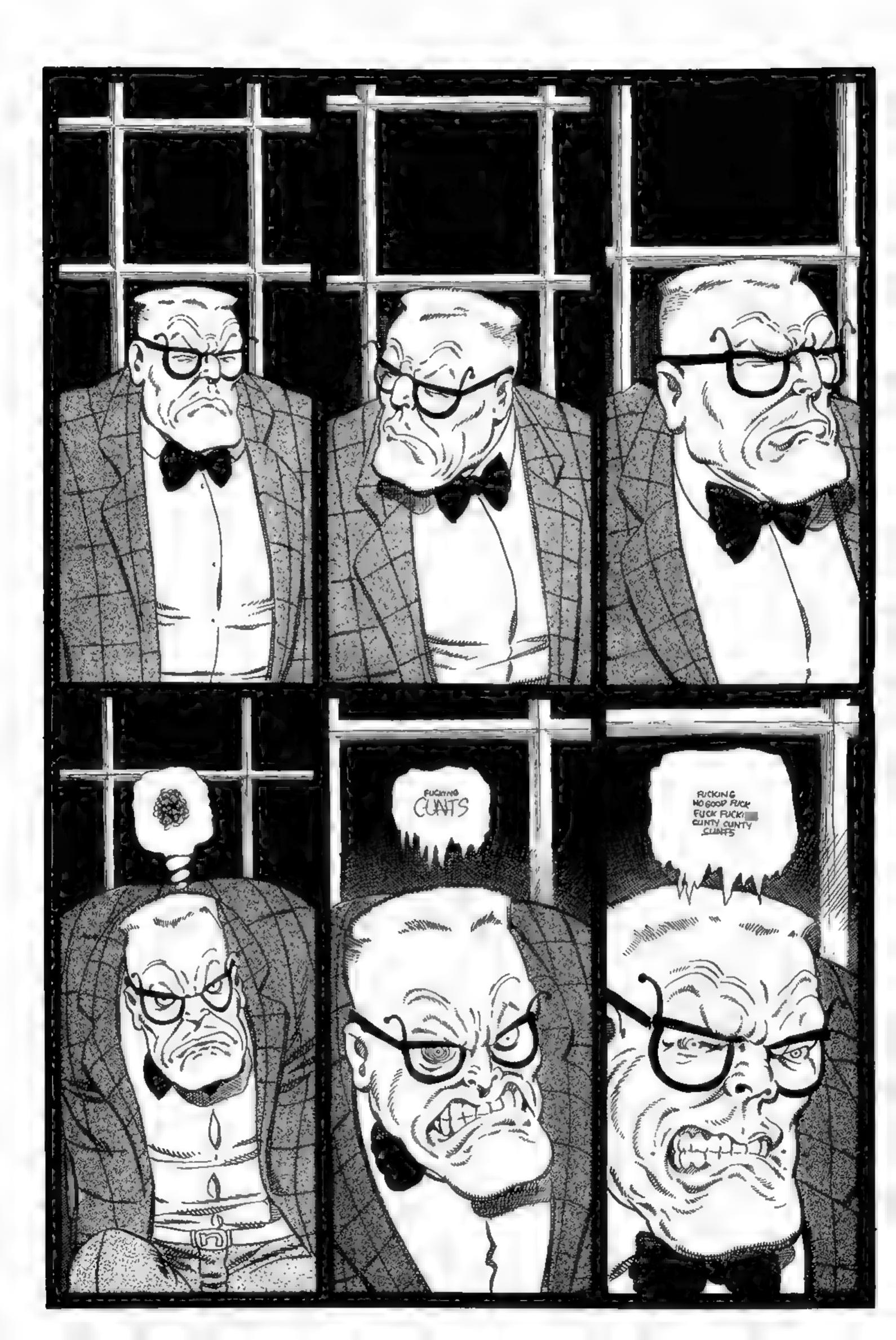


the lone figure in the distance, securing tarpaulins of Painu's ubiquitous burlap over the least hardy of the miniature Shen trees, she found herself wishing that someone might do the same for her; that some covering might be found which could enfold her and keep her safe from whatever uncertain events the future held in store.

PROLOGUE











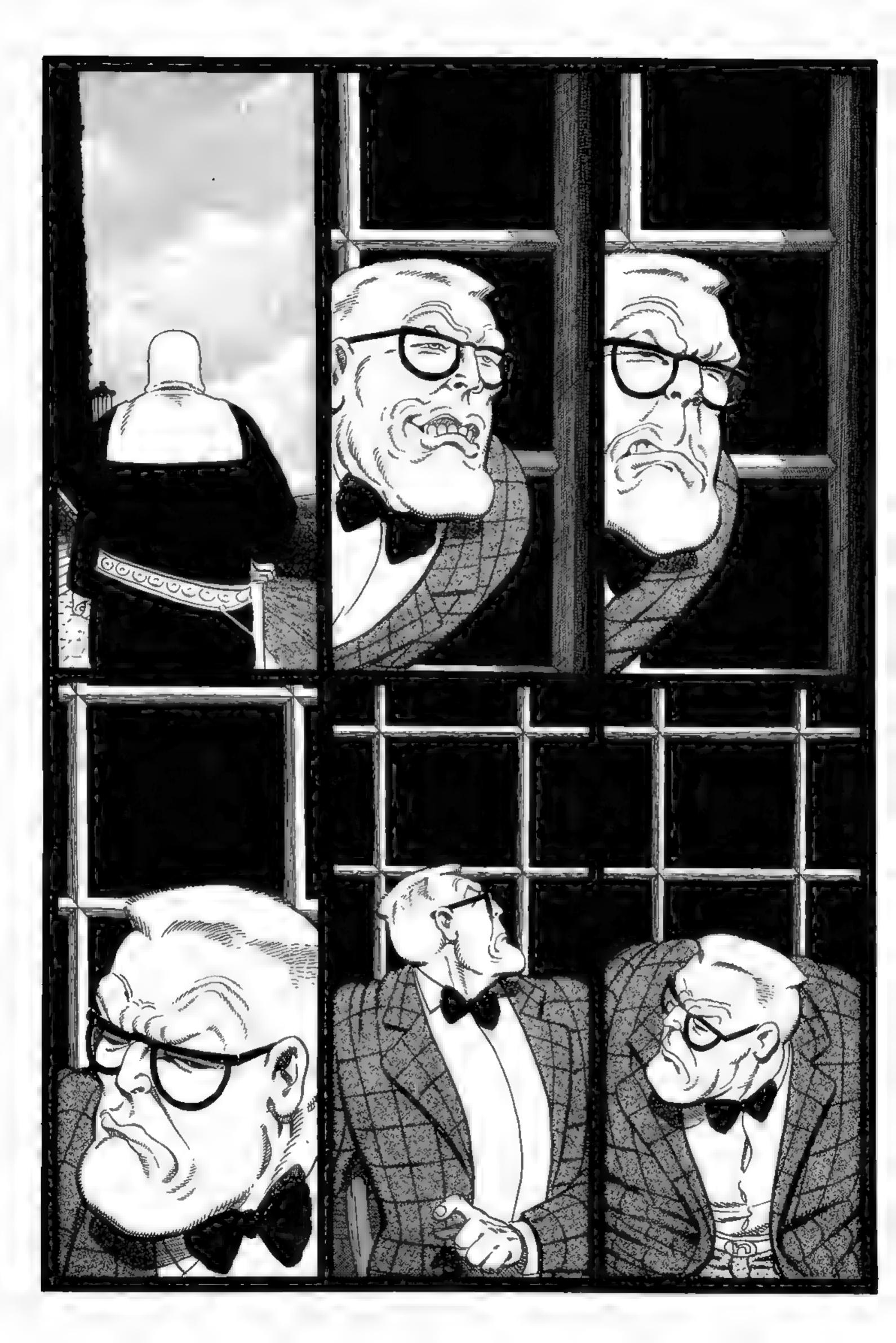








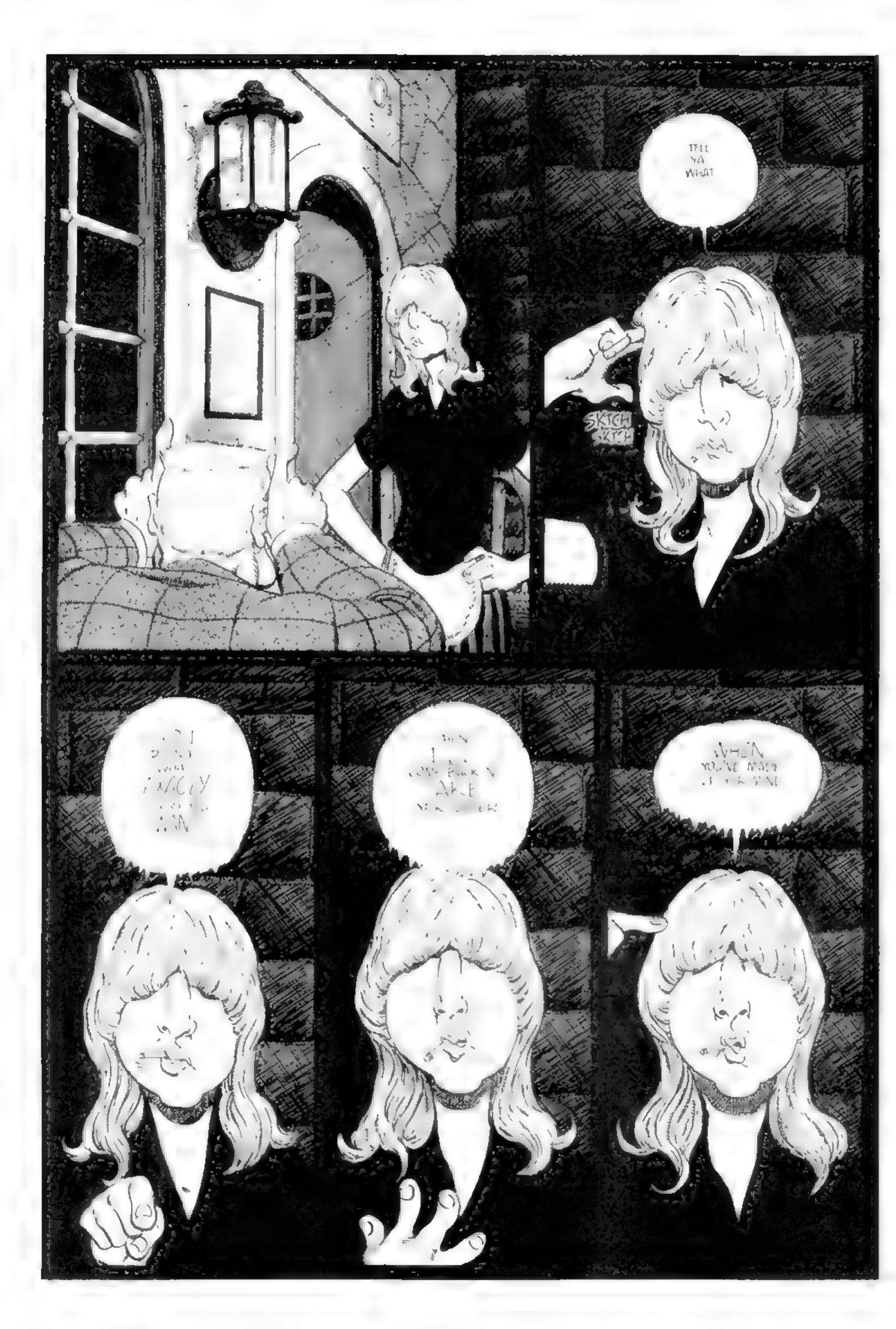






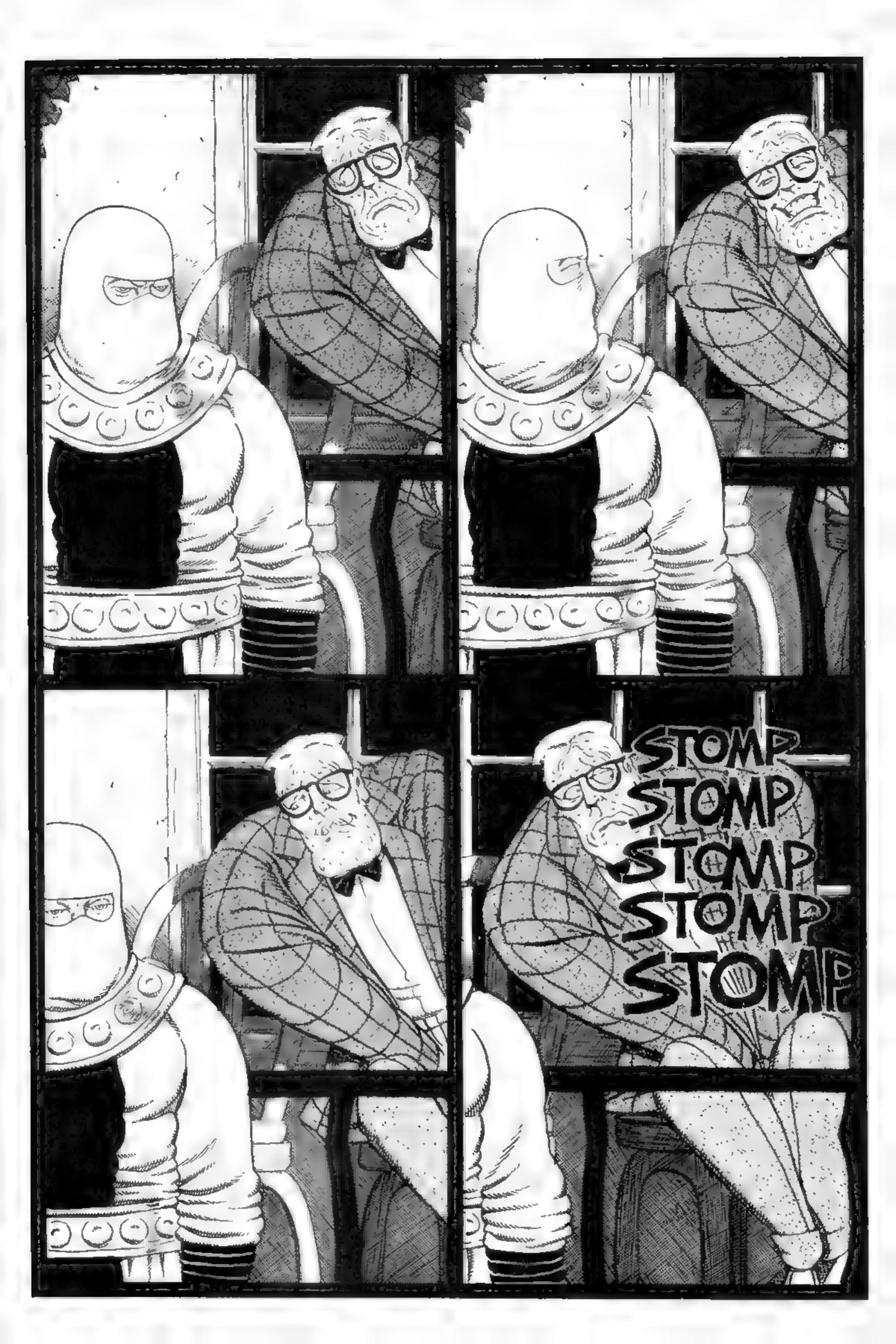










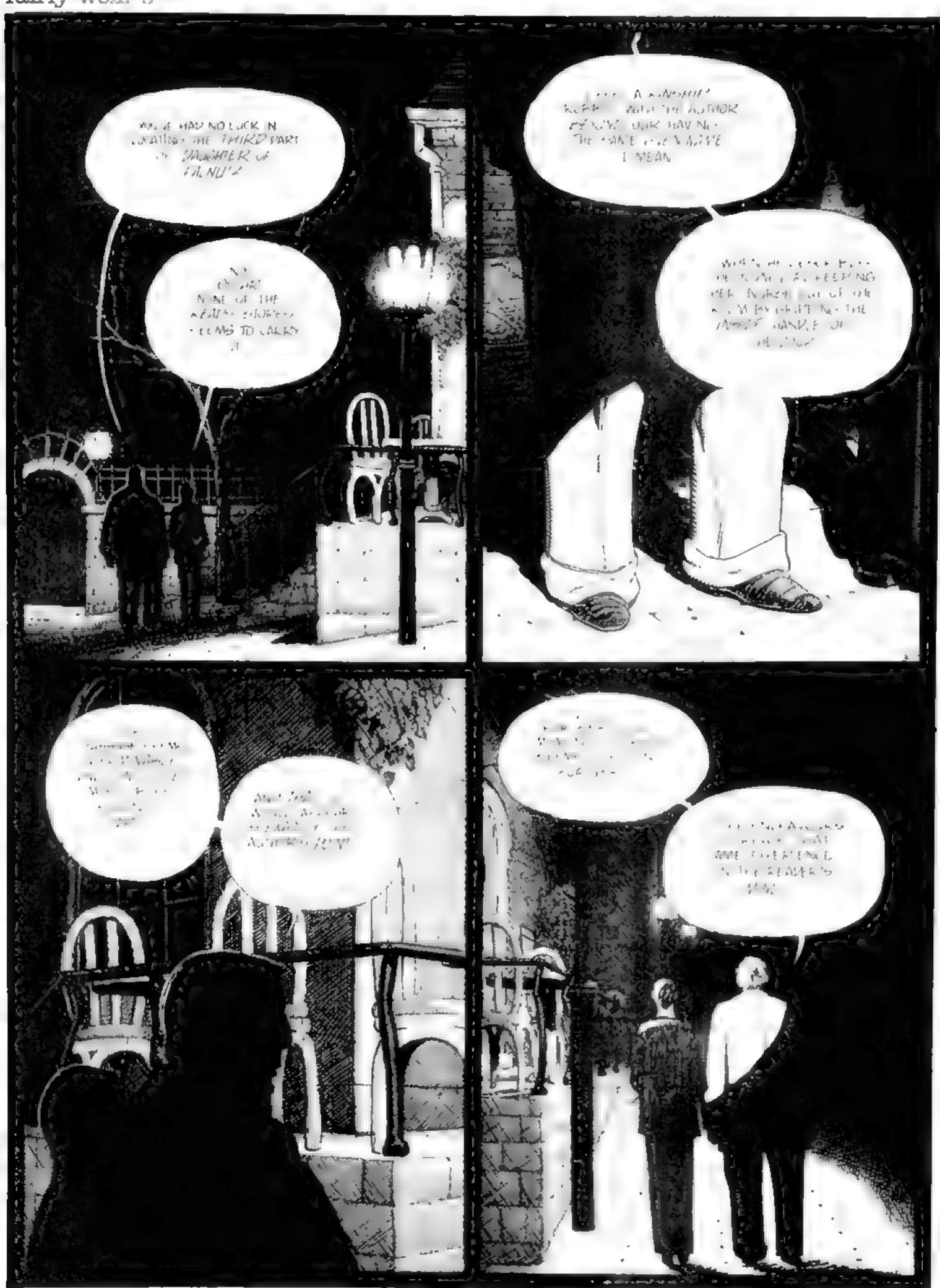




"Oscar Wilde, the crime of which you have been convicted is so bad that one has to put stern restraint upon oneself, from describing in language which I would rather not use, the sentiments which must rise to the breast of every man of honour who has heard the details of these terrible trials. It is no use for me to address you. People who can do these things must be dead to all sense of shame, and one cannot hope to produce any effect upon them. It is the worst case that I have ever tried. That you, Wilde, have been the centre of a circle of extensive corruption among young men, it is impossible to doubt. I shall under such circumstances be expected to pass the severest sentence that the law of England allows. In my judgement it is wholly inadequate for such a case as this. The sentence of the court is that you are to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for two years."

"Horrible
as are the dead
when they rise from
their tombs;
the living
who come out from
their tombs
are more
horrible
still."
Oscar Wilde

on drinking absinthe. He walked there and back with some difficulty but seemed fairly well.







THERE IT WAS
SURROUNDED BY
"SOLDIER OF PALNU"
"MERCHANT OF PALNU" I PRACTICALLY ALL OF WHOM OVER-LOOKED IT SEEMED TO BE BECAUSE OF THE LEANING AWAY FROM HER "WINDS OF PALNU" "PASSIONS OF PALNU" "RULER OF PALNU" "DAUGHTER OF PALNU" AND "TOWERS OF PALNU" AS IF LITERACY WERE SOME MANNER OF VIRULENT QUITE OF AN 50... ENDANGERED SPECIES.

AH YES. BLOODY MURDER THE 'MOUTH-BREATHING PUBLIC'S VORACIOUS APPETITE FOR THAT WHICH IT... EXPLICIT SEXUALITY OSTENSIBLY DEPLORES THE PECUNE IN QUALITY HAS BEEN PRECIPITOUS MINDLESS VIGILANTES YOU AREN'T SURPRISED ARE YOUR IN THE READS STURES, I MEAN FRANKLY YEG BUT CIRINISTS QUITE PERMISSIBLE TRAFFIC ONLY IN THE ACTUAL. FUR A LICENSED ROBBIE AUTHOR TO WRITE ABOUT ONE I THOUGHT THE CRINGS THAT IS WHY IT WHATEVER FISE IS A CAPITAL CRIME MUHT BY SAID OF TO BE A DANCER IN THEM WOULD . A TAVERN well

BUT THE IMPLIED THEY DON'T ONCE HE'S BEEN APPROVED AS A CRITICISMS CONNECTION JOLLY CHAP' BY IN 'DAUGHTER OF PALNU' EVERY MOTHER WHO HAS KNOWN HIM SINCE INFANCY TO THE CIRINISTS ...OF THE AUTHOR CHRIN IS THEIR ONLY HER<u>SEL</u>F CONCERN YOU'VE SEEN THE DON'T THEY HE COULD WRITE AVERAGE READS SEEA A RECIPE BOOK CUSTOMER, KOBBIE. DANGER 2 ON THE PREPARATION THIN. NERVOUS AND SERVING OF MYORIC. SPOTTED 'CIRINIST CUTLETS' FACE .. OF NO INTEREST OR CONCERN TO THEM MOVEMENT WHAT SO EVER.

DOES HE STRIKE YOU AS BEING ANY THREAT? EAGERLY
DEVOURING
SOME FABRICATED
TALE OF BLOODSOAKED MAYHEM.. ANY ONE-OR ANY THING2 HIS CLOSEST BRUSH WITH PANGER, THE OCCASIONAL CIKE A
BUSSFUL
SUCKLING
AT HIS
MOTHER'S
BREAST PAPER CUT



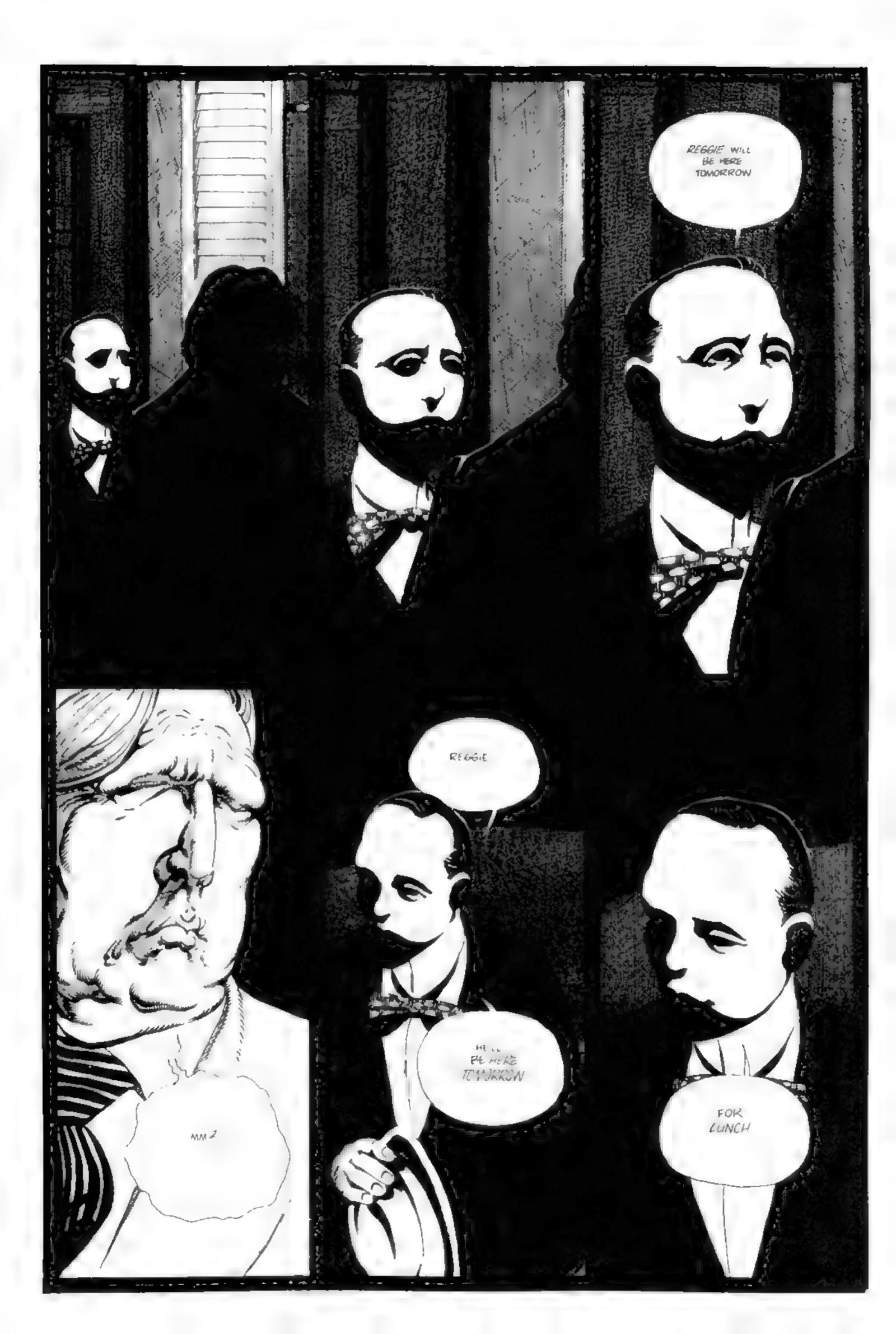
suddenly aged in face and remarked to Reggie next day how different he looked when up and dressed. He appeared company.



IN A SOCIETY WHERE DISSENTING VIEWPOINTS ARE SUPPRESSED, THOSE THOUGH I ONE OF THE HAPPIEST OF CIRIN'S MANY VIEWPOINTS ARE POTENT POURT SHE REALIZES AND DANGEROUS ... THE SIGNIFICANCE. 'HAPPY ACCIDENTS' (INSOFAR AS THE ENTRENCHMENT OF CIRINISM IS CONCERNED) COMPLETE FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION SIGNIFICANT HOW2 WHERE DISSENT IS TOLERATED, 17 RAPIDLY BECOMES PEOPLE MERELY
AMUSE THEMSELVES QUAINT AND IS VIEWED AS SHT HITW UN-SOPHISTICATED; EXPRESSION OF CONTRARY OPINION

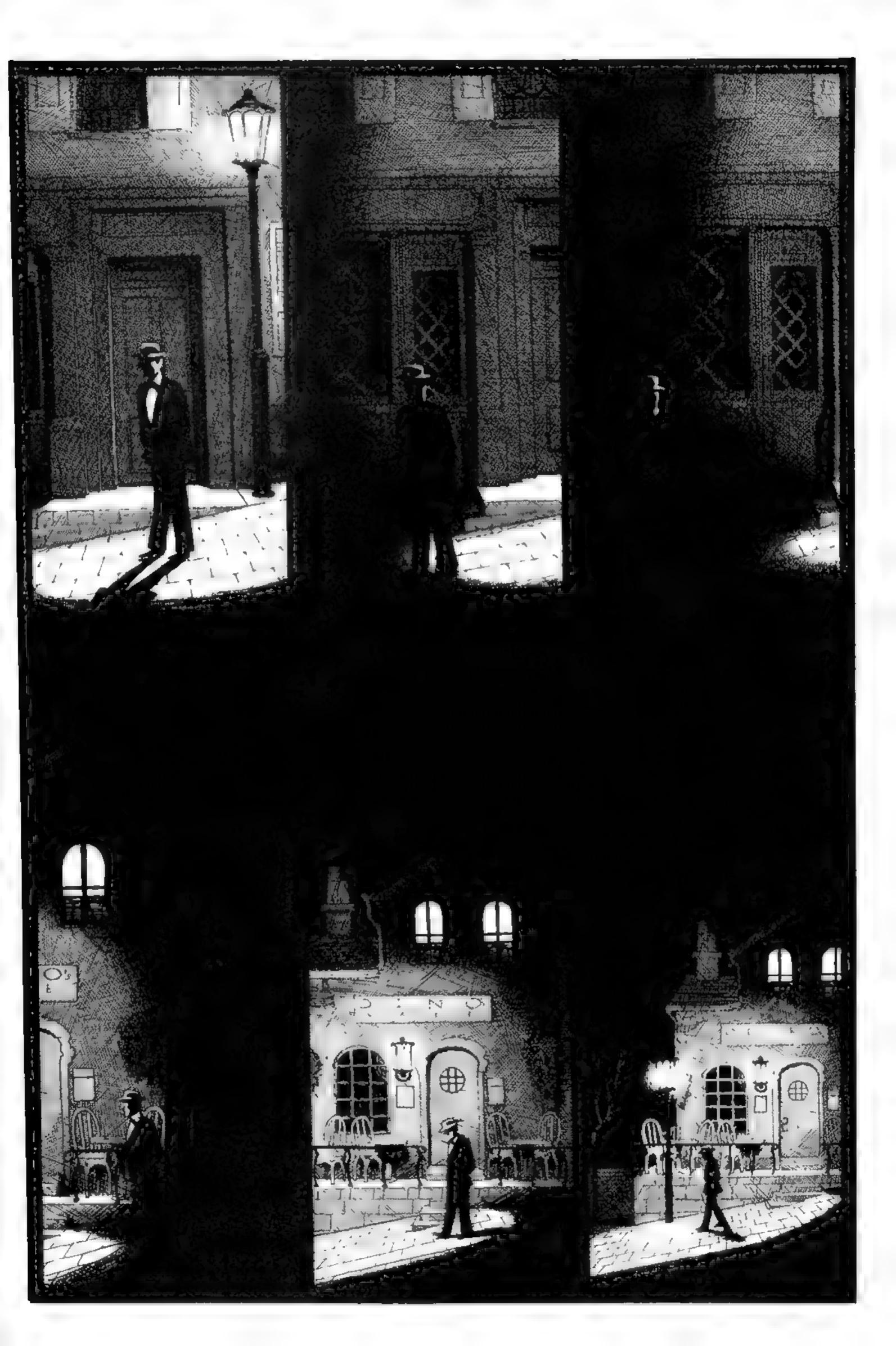
TRY OW' LEAVING THE FORCES OF IVEAU AND WEULDGIES . TRUE AS THEY WOULD OPPRESSION A NEW HAT OR BUILDANIÈRE MSEU ME. MOTH PERMANENT HIERARCHIES MSIEU ROSS ECONUMIC, KEUG OUG PROMETERS THE MEDICAL AS REALIZEY AND POLITICAL ラフVダウ,R THEN DUE FLANCES AWAKENESS AS OF ABSEDM THEFOR WHLY A. Mis LINER -INT A MENT PUT AN PRICENTED THE AN IN HOELF. AMPHION OF THE 60(17) CATTEN' CUNSON SATE THEIR

























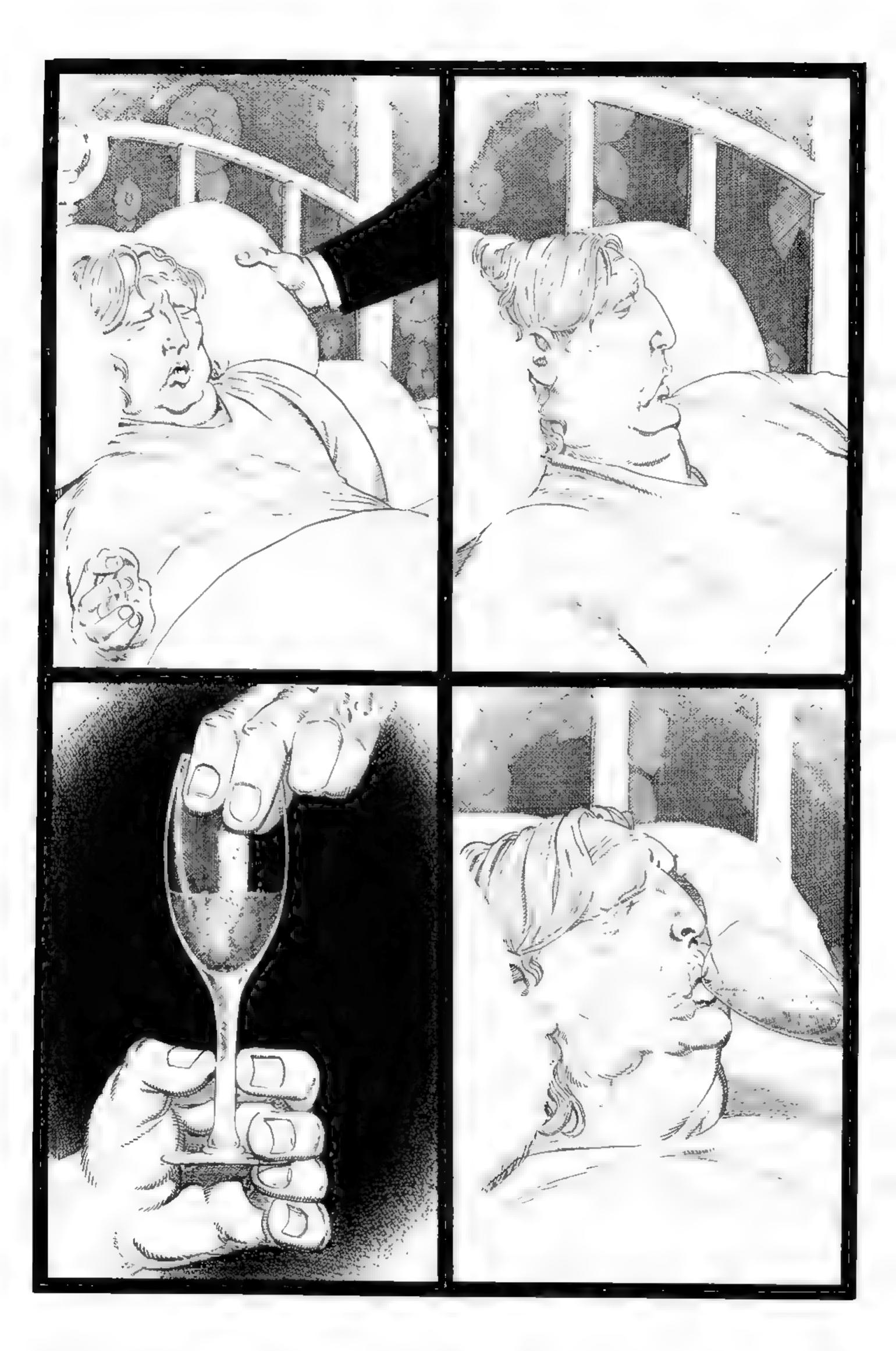
He appeared comparatively well in bed.

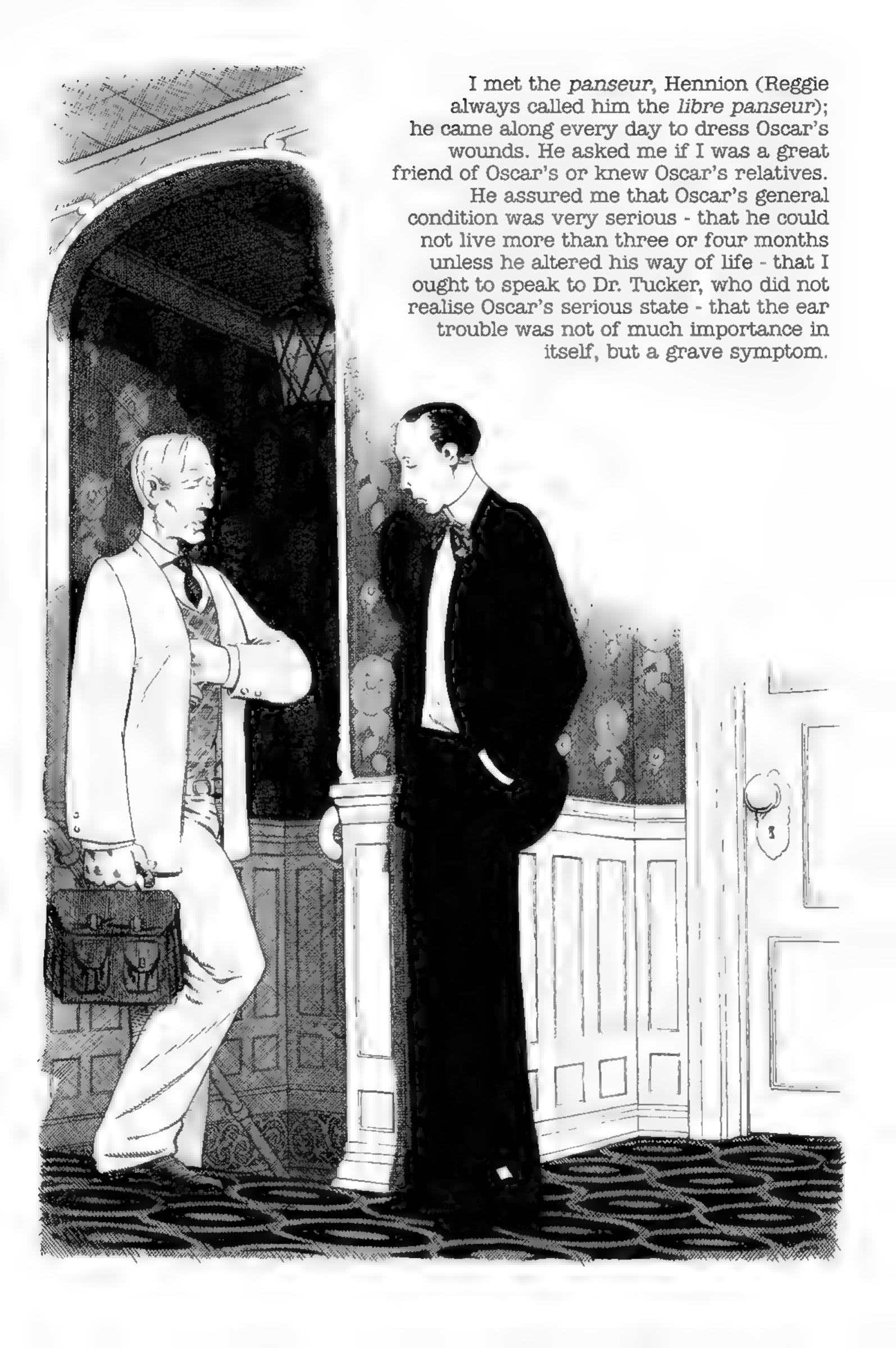
Next day I was not surprised to find Oscar suffering with a cold and great pain in his ear, and though he assured me his sufferings were dreadful, at the same time he shouted with laughter and told many stories against the doctor and himself.



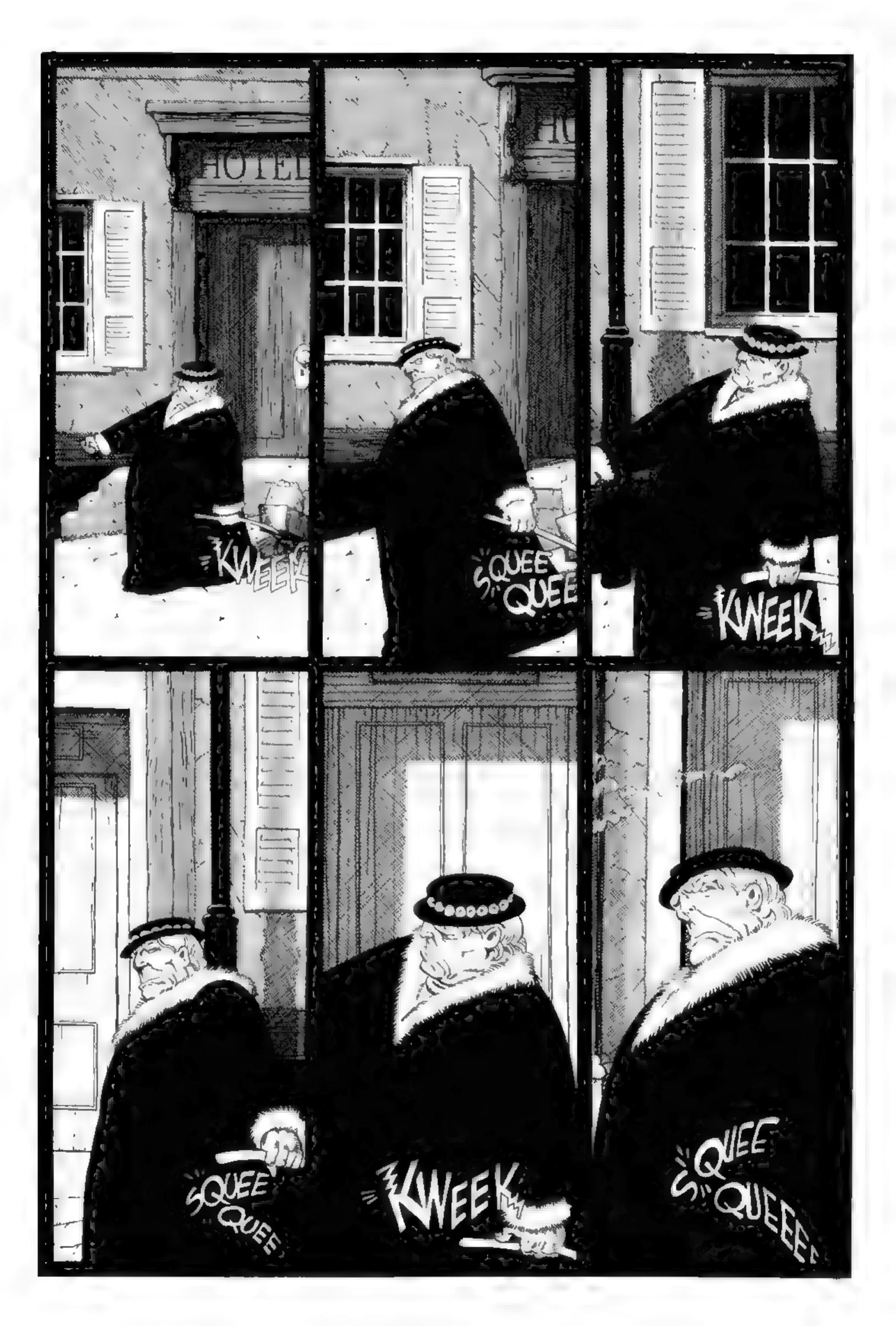




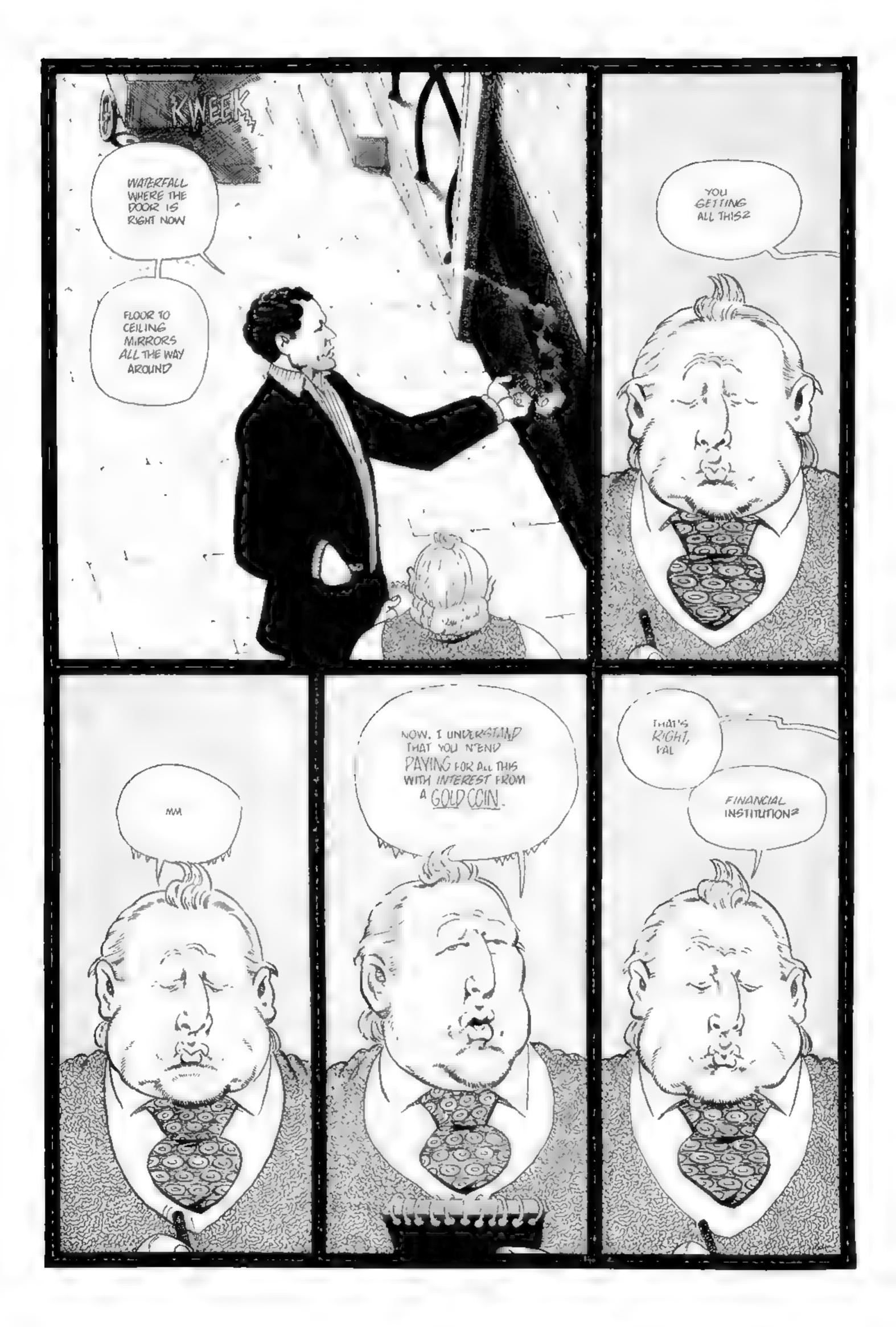


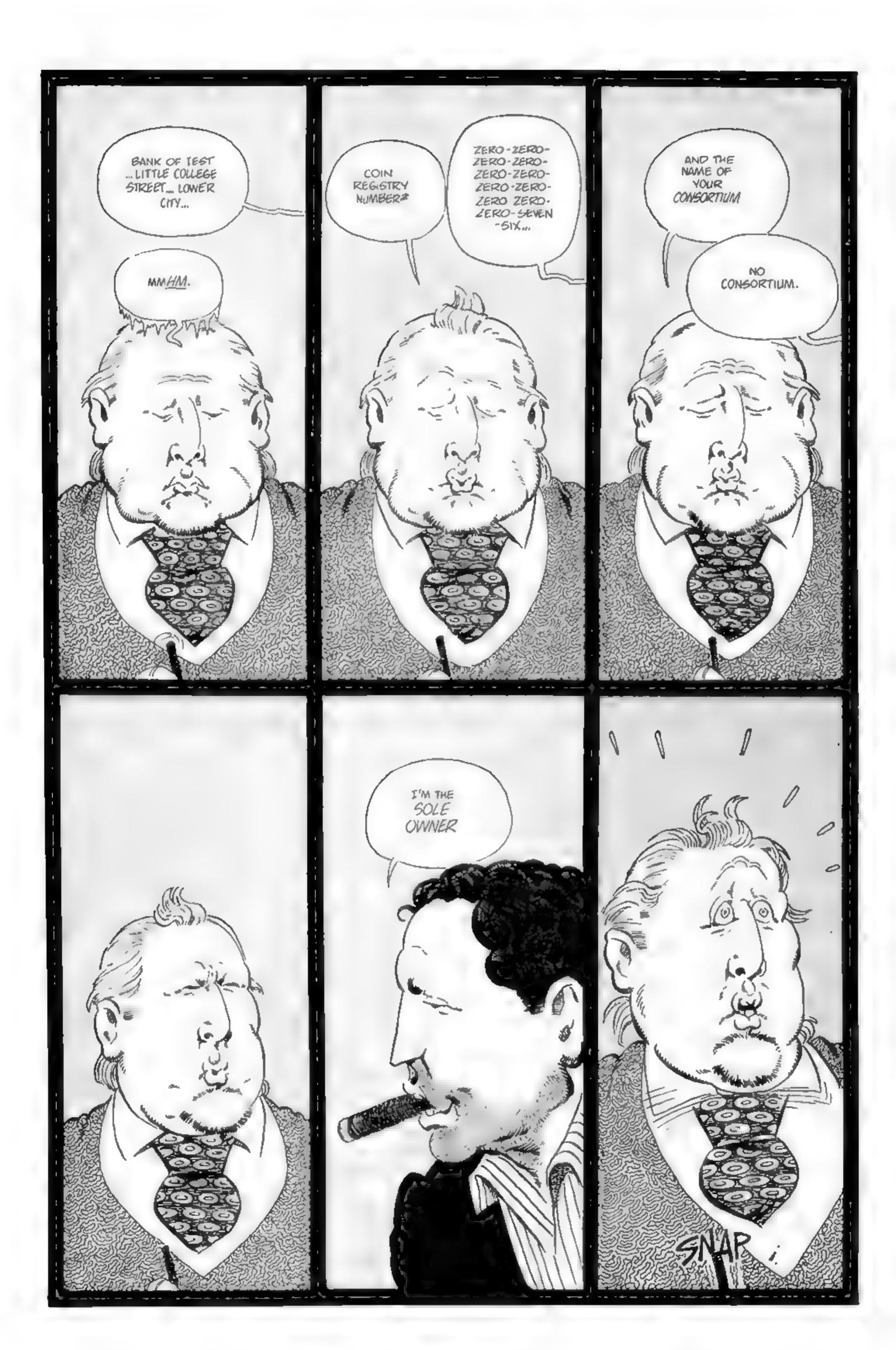












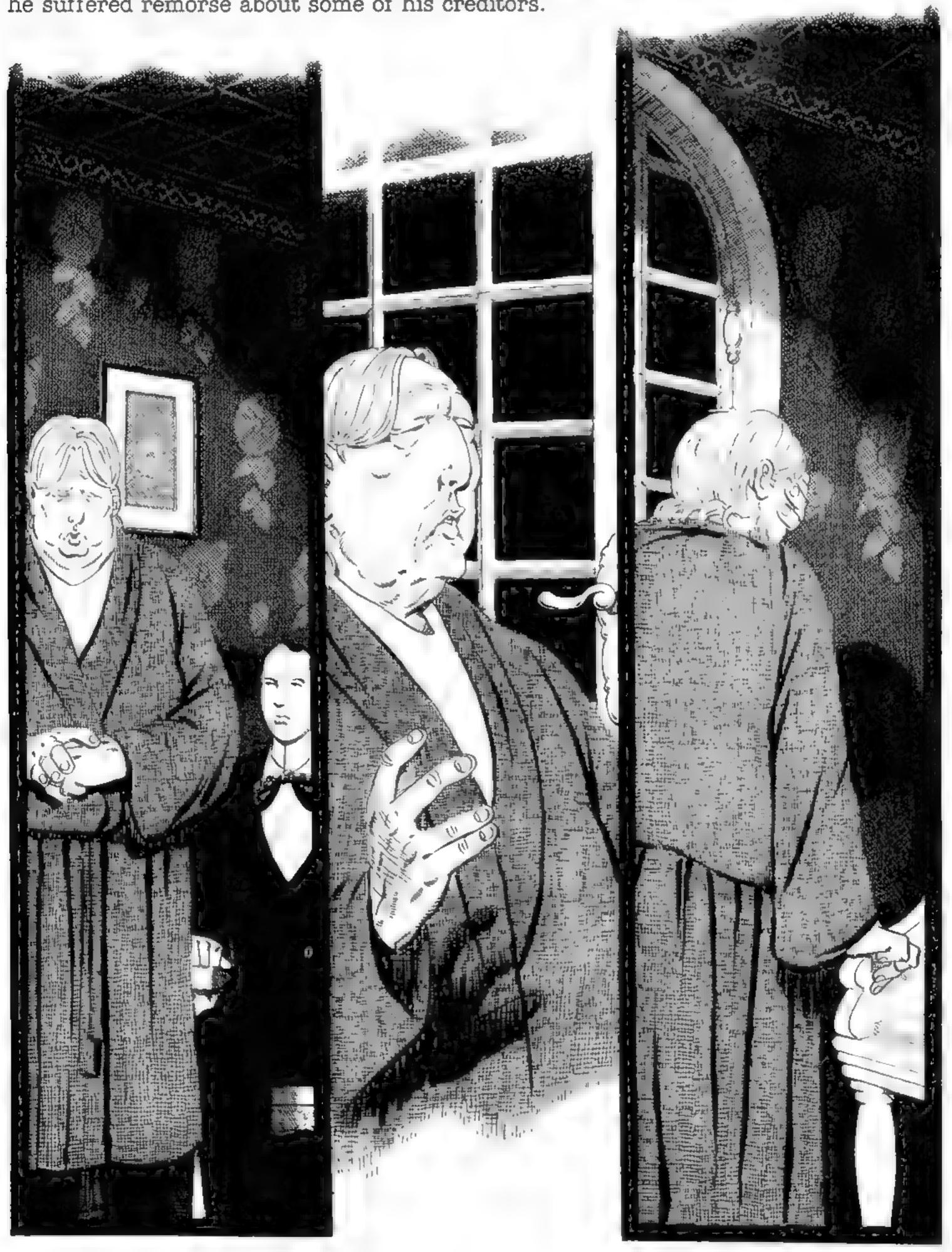


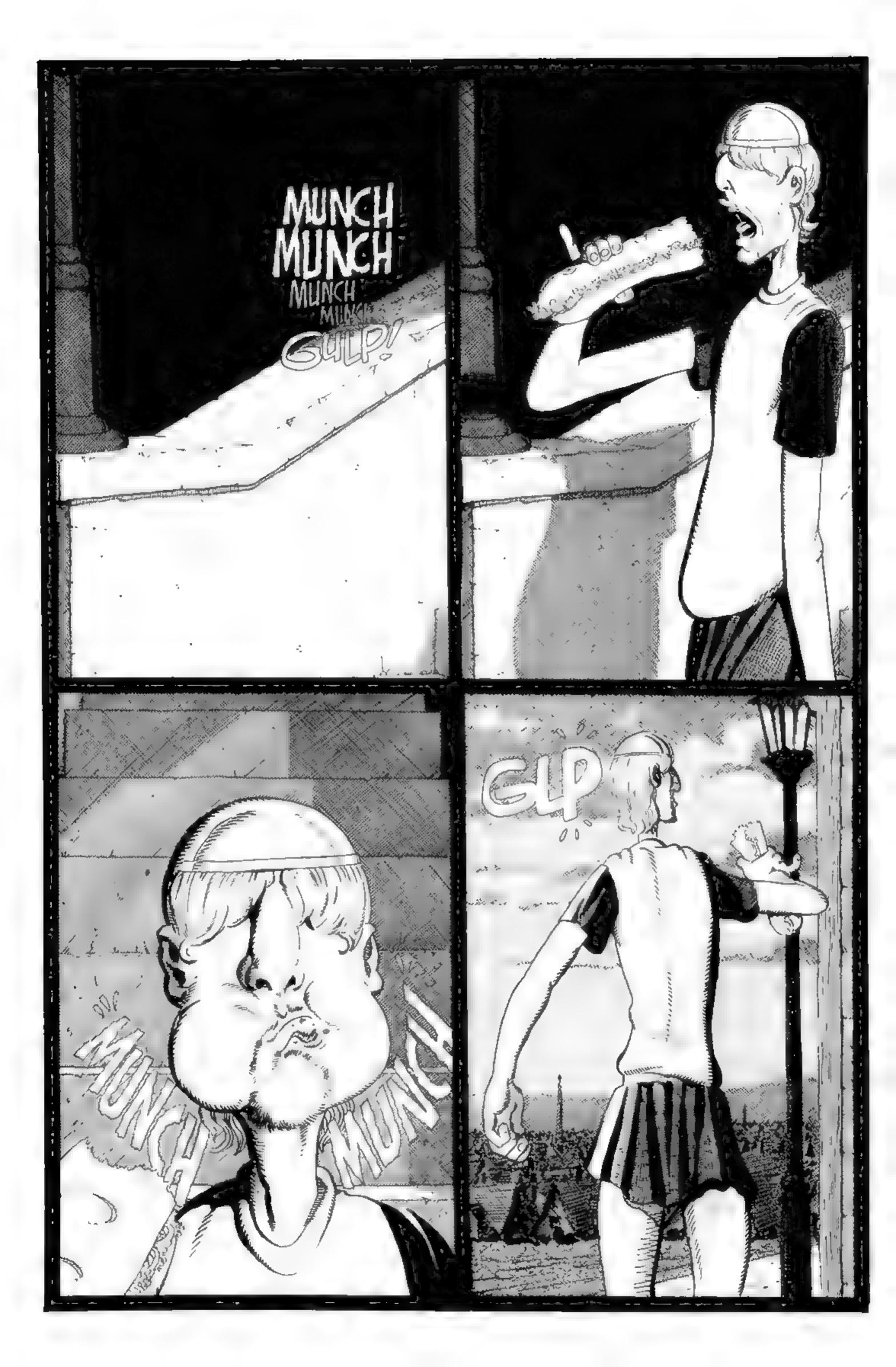




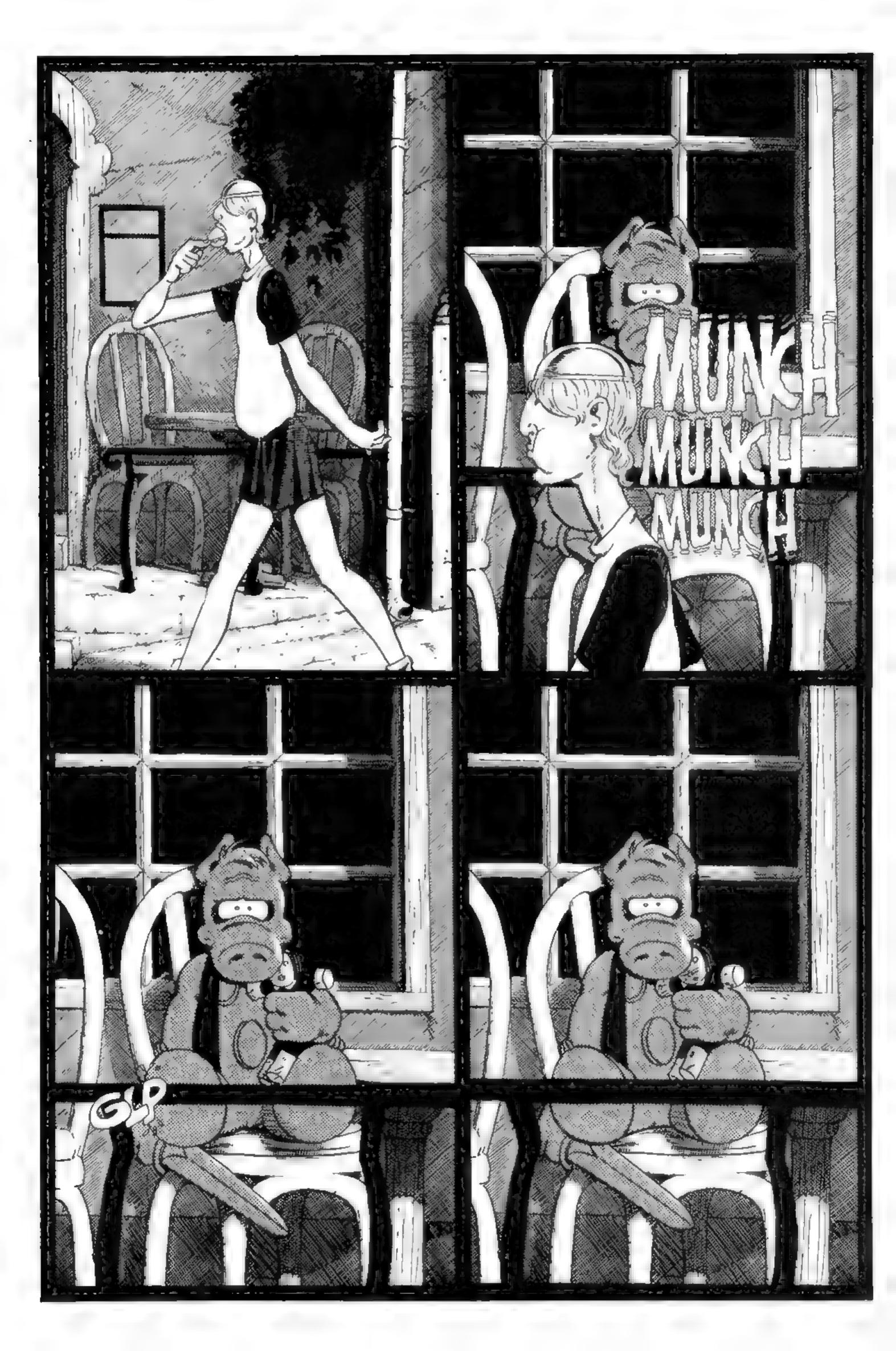


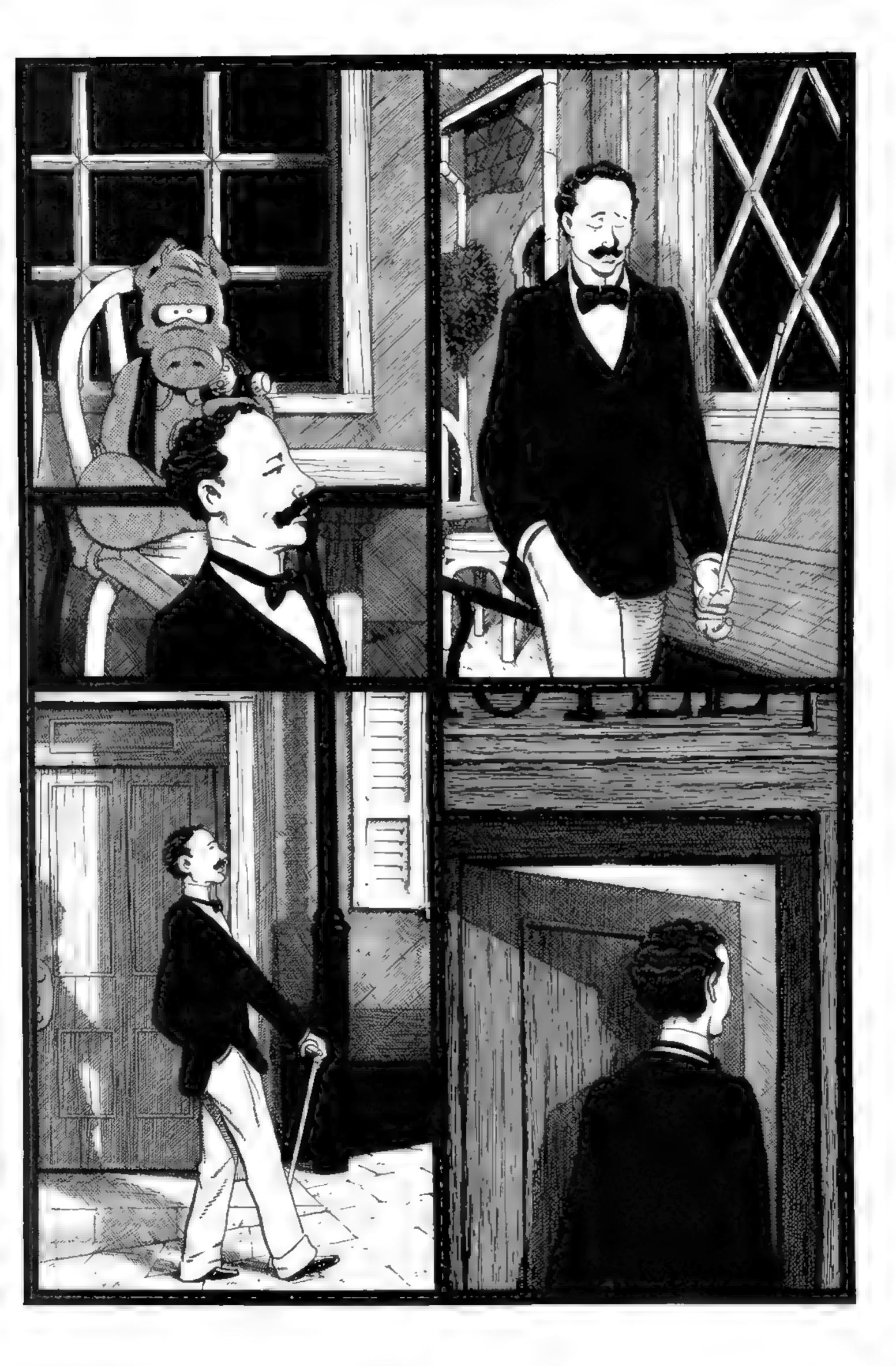
On going to see Oscar later in the day I found him very agitated. He said he did not want to know what the doctor had told me. He said he did not care if he had only a short time to live, and then went off on the subject of his debts which I gather amounted to something more than four hundred crowns. He asked me to see that at all events some of them were paid if I was in a position to do so after he was dead; he suffered remorse about some of his creditors.











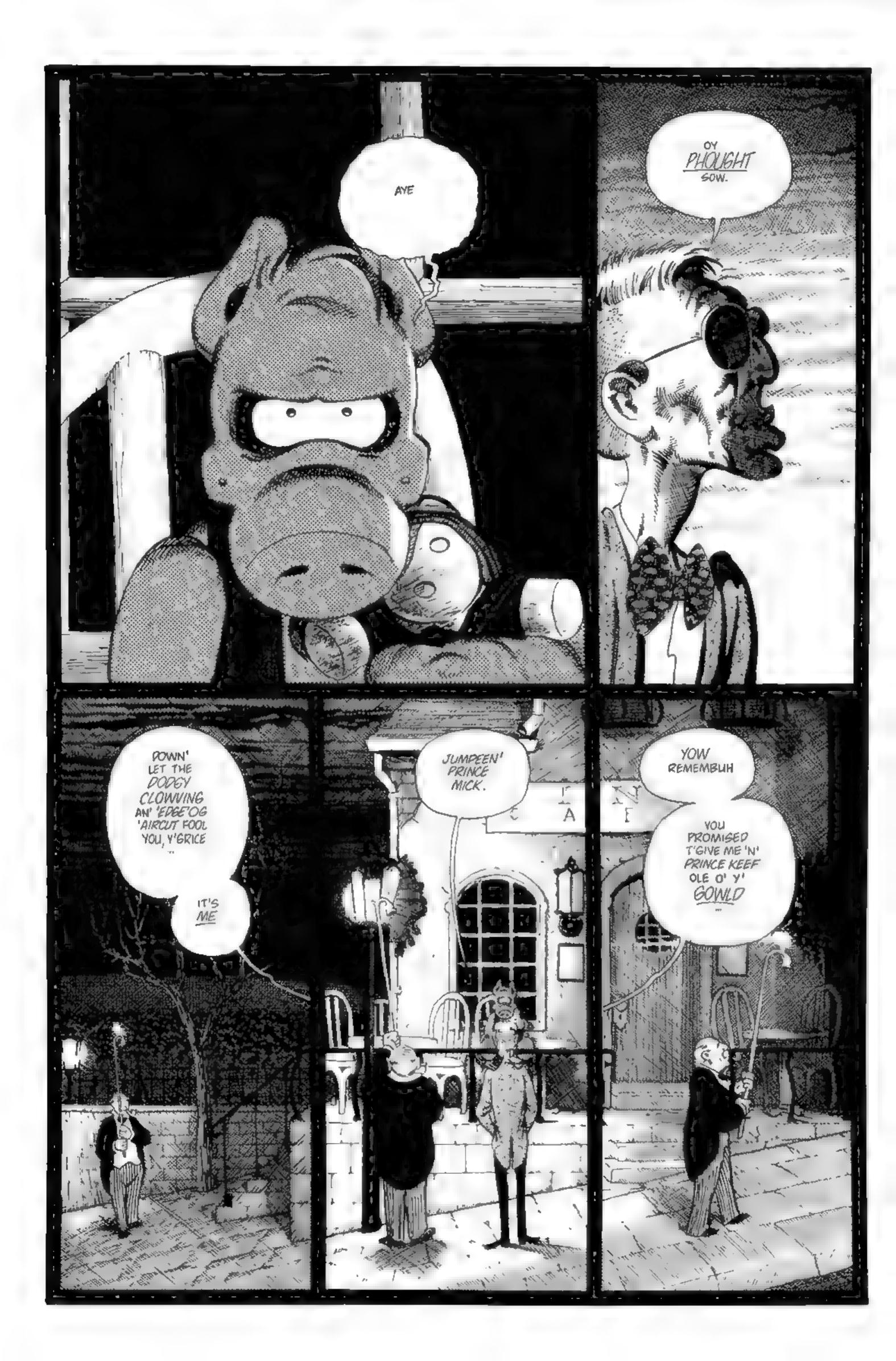








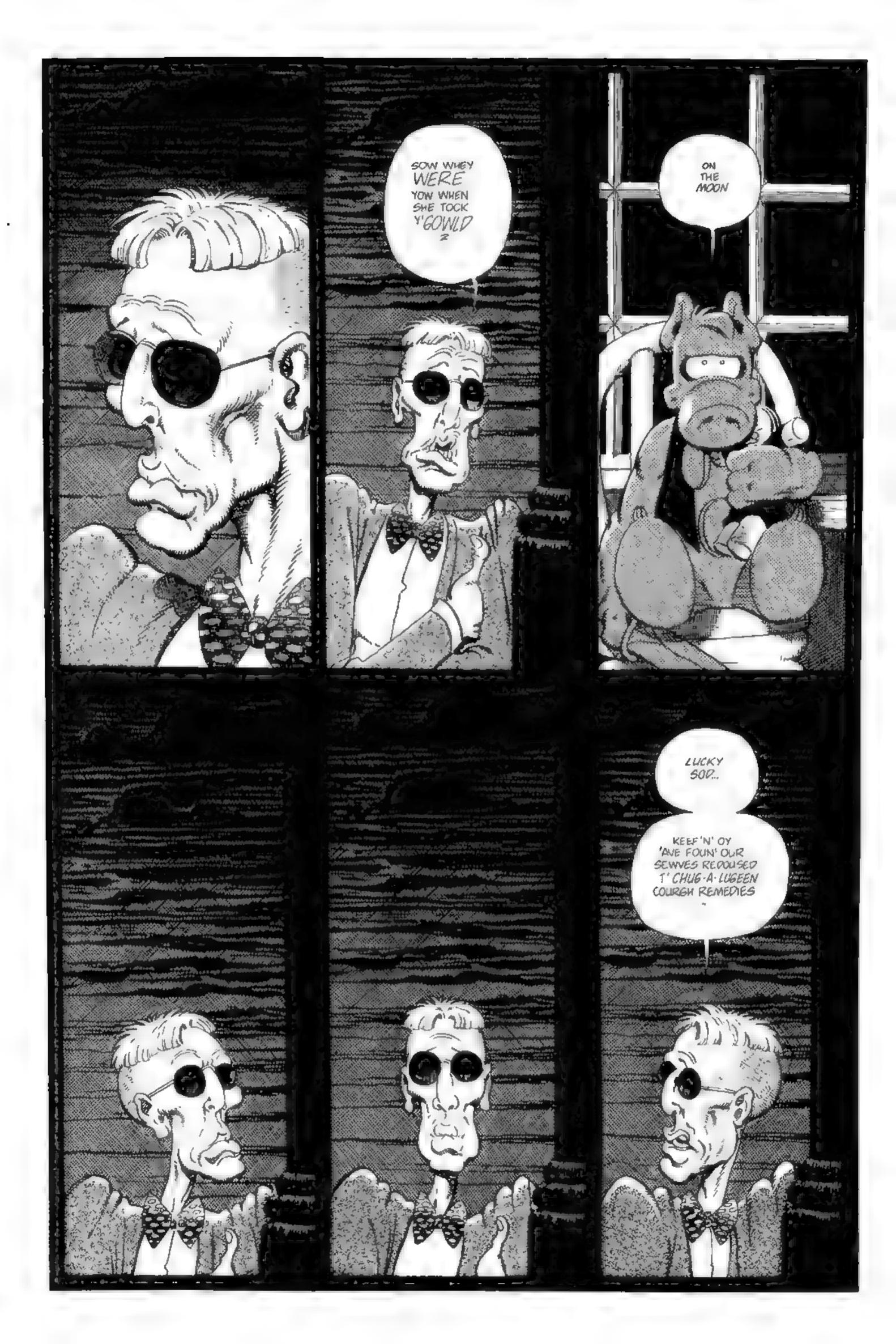




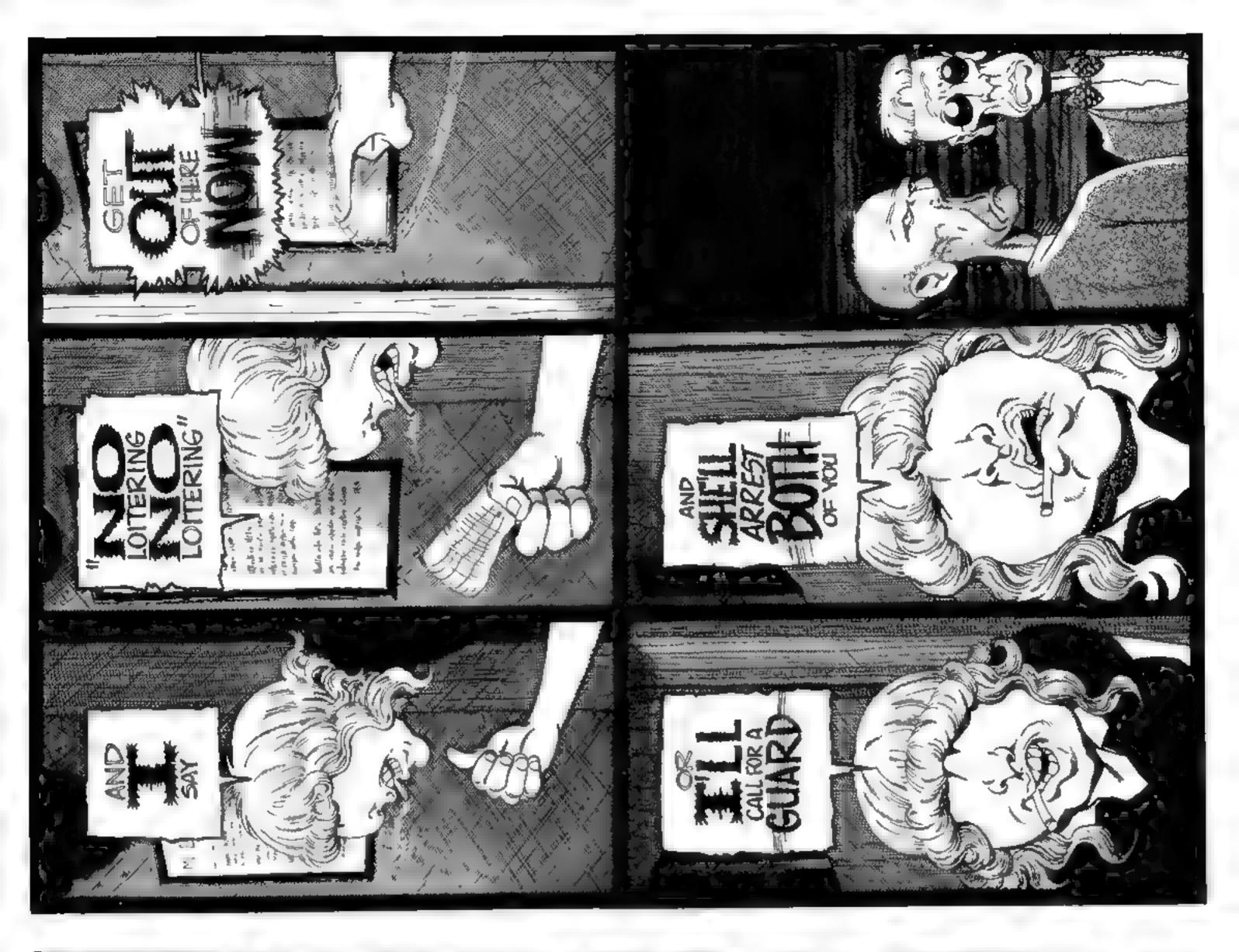


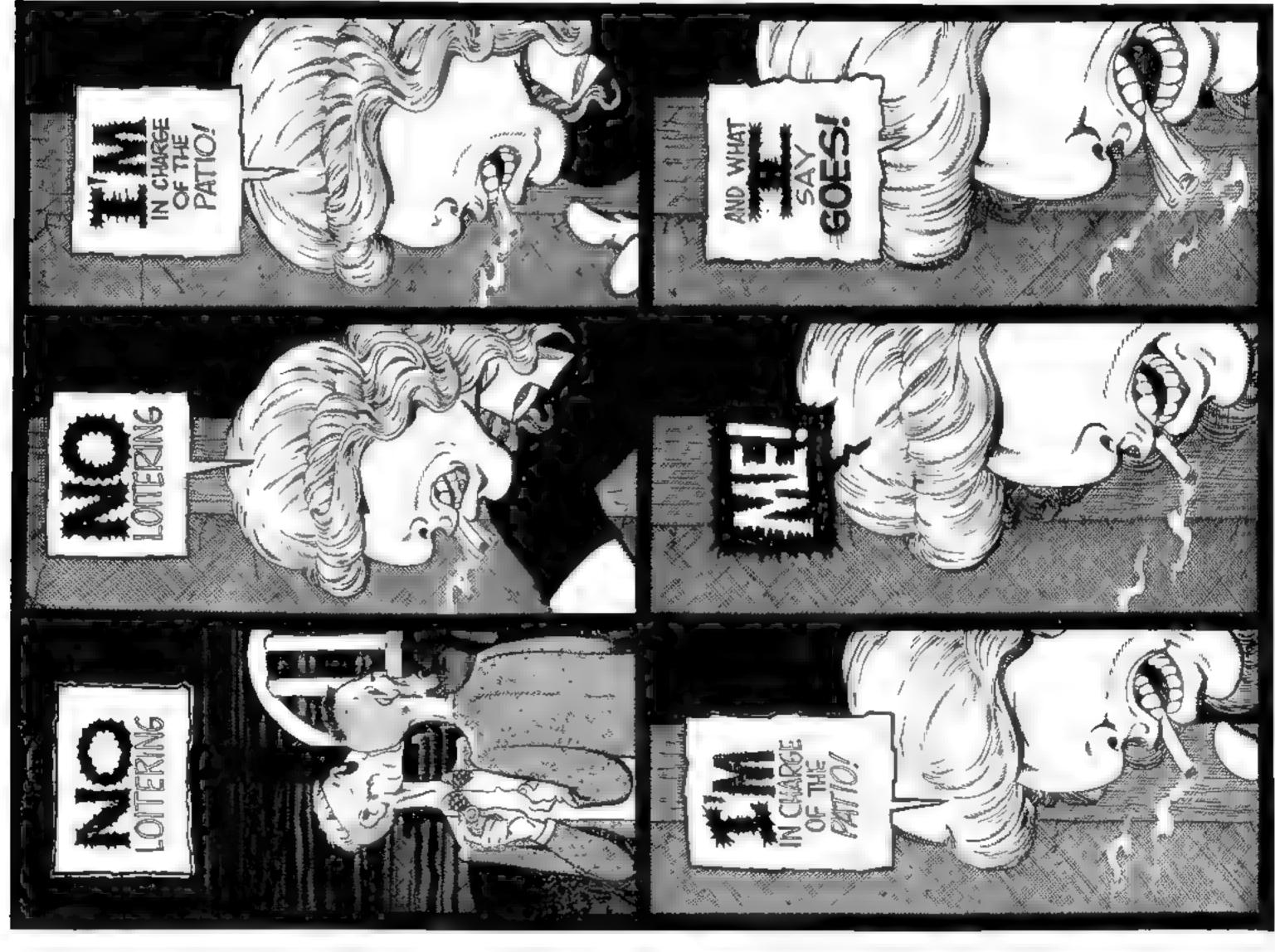








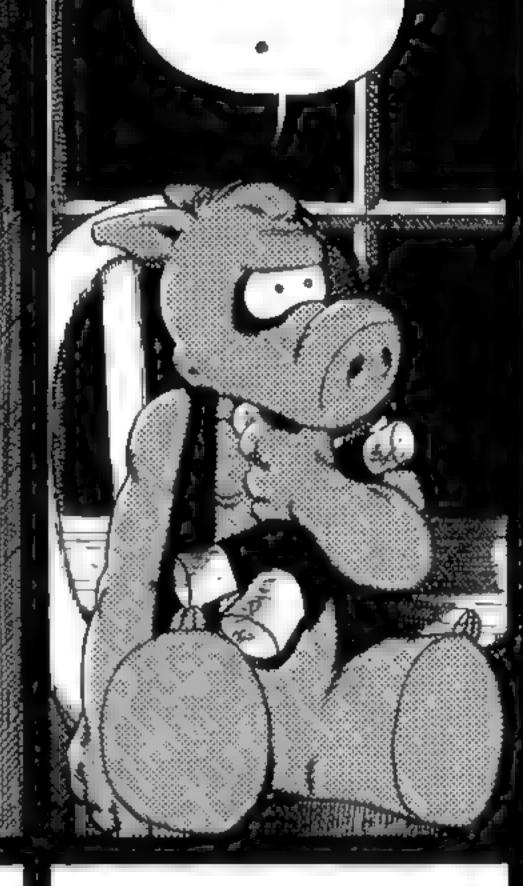






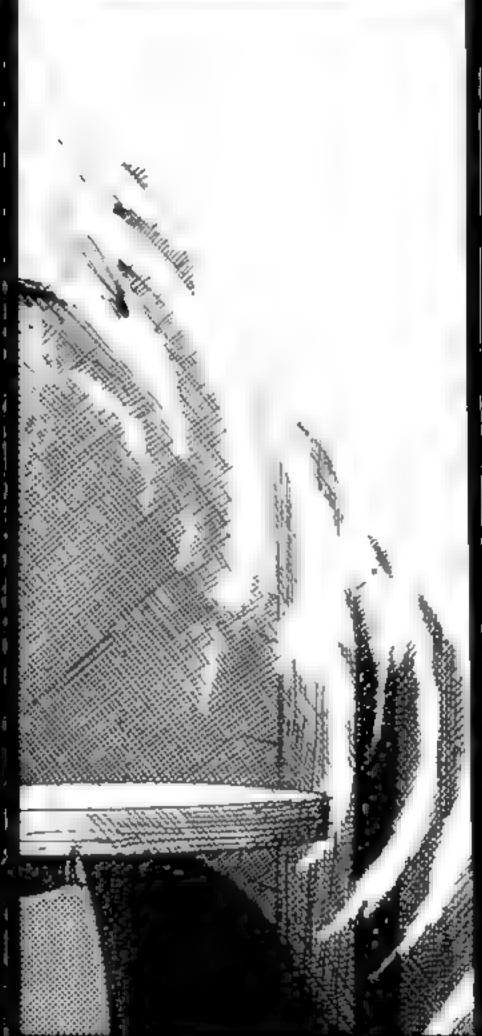
COULD CEREBUS PLEASE HAVE A--

STOMP STOMP STOMP STOM



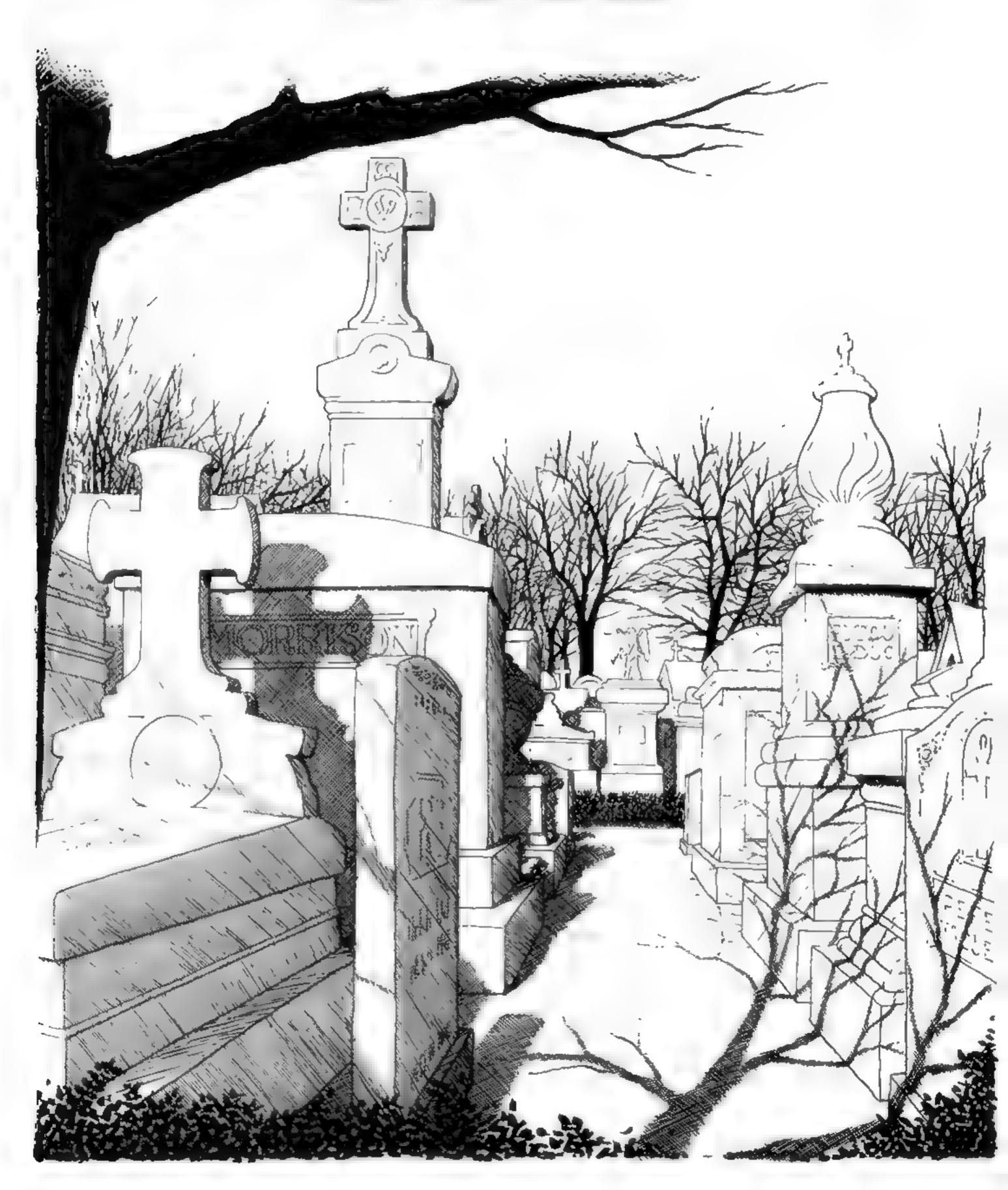
MENU

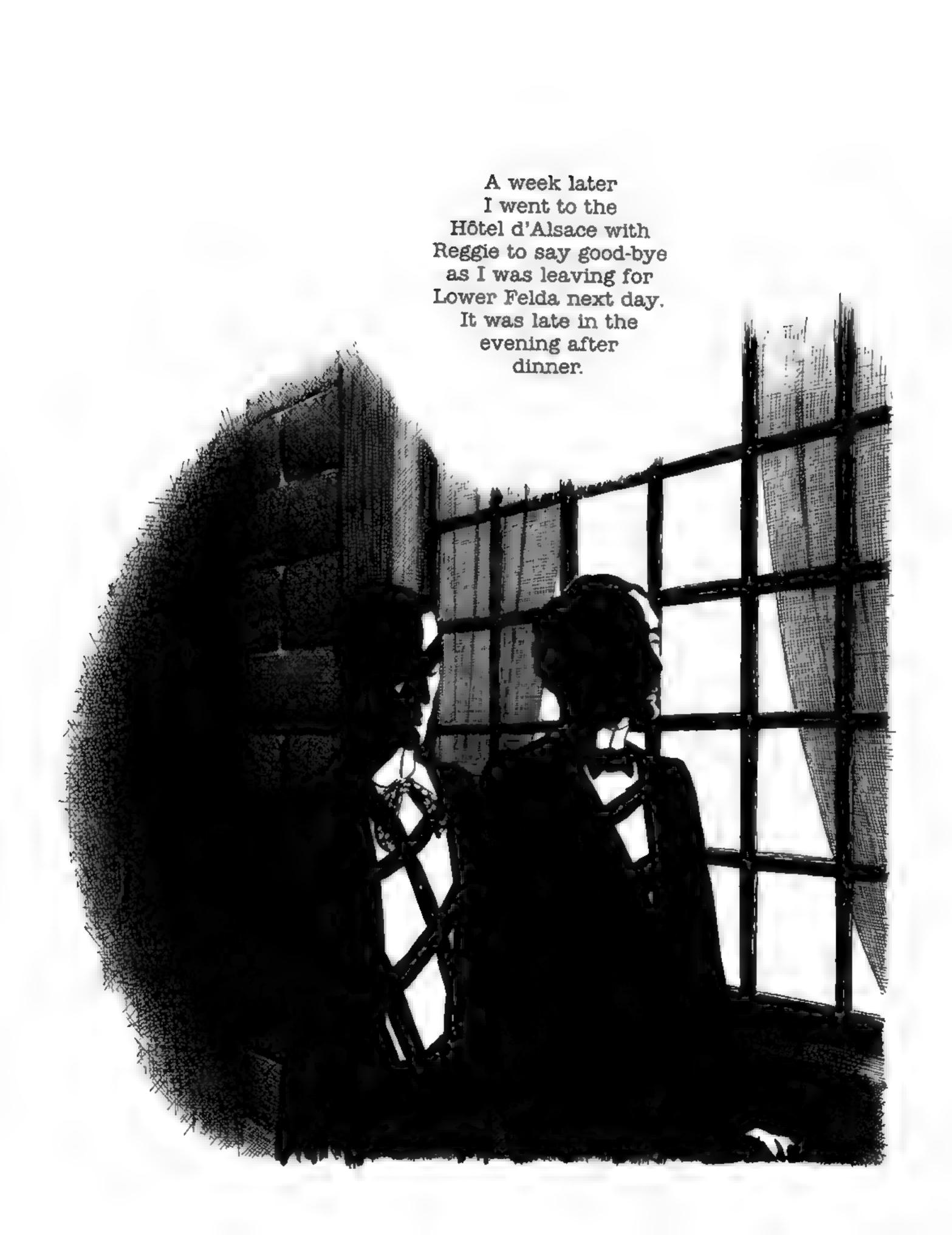






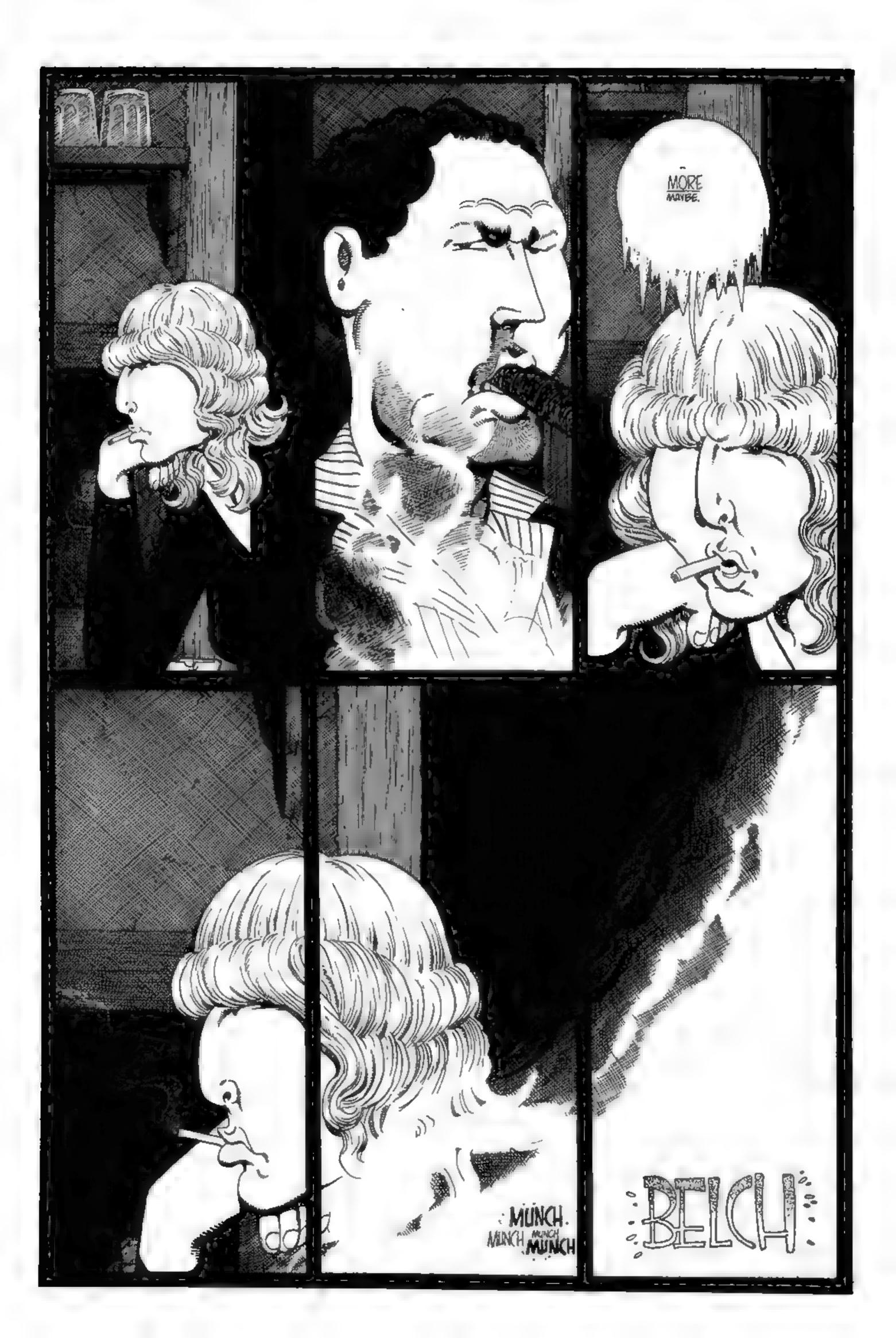
That night I wrote to Douglas saying that I was compelled to leave lest, that the doctor thought Oscar very ill, and hoped someone might be found to pay some of his bills as they worried him very much and the matter was retarding his recovery — a great point made by Dr. Tucker. All Soul's Day, I had gone to Père Lachaise Cemetery. Oscar was much interested and asked me if I had chosen a place for his tomb. He discussed epitaphs in a perfectly light hearted way and I never dreamt he was so near death.











Oscar went all over his financial troubles. He had just had a letter from Harris about the Smithers claim and was much upset; his speech seemed to me a little thick, but he had been given morphia the previous night and he always drank too much champagne during the day.

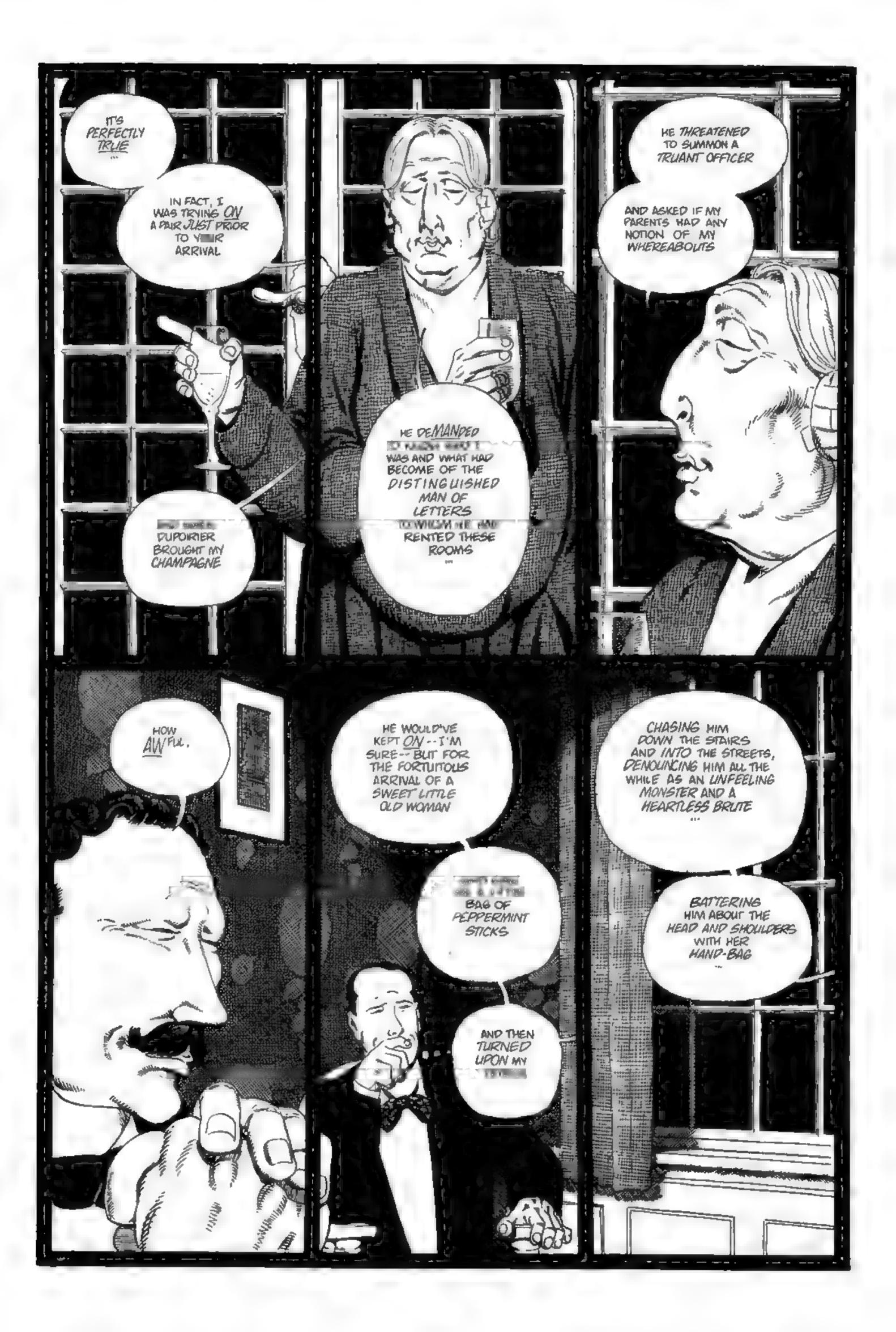


While we were talking, the post arrived with a very nice letter from Alfred Douglas enclosing a cheque.



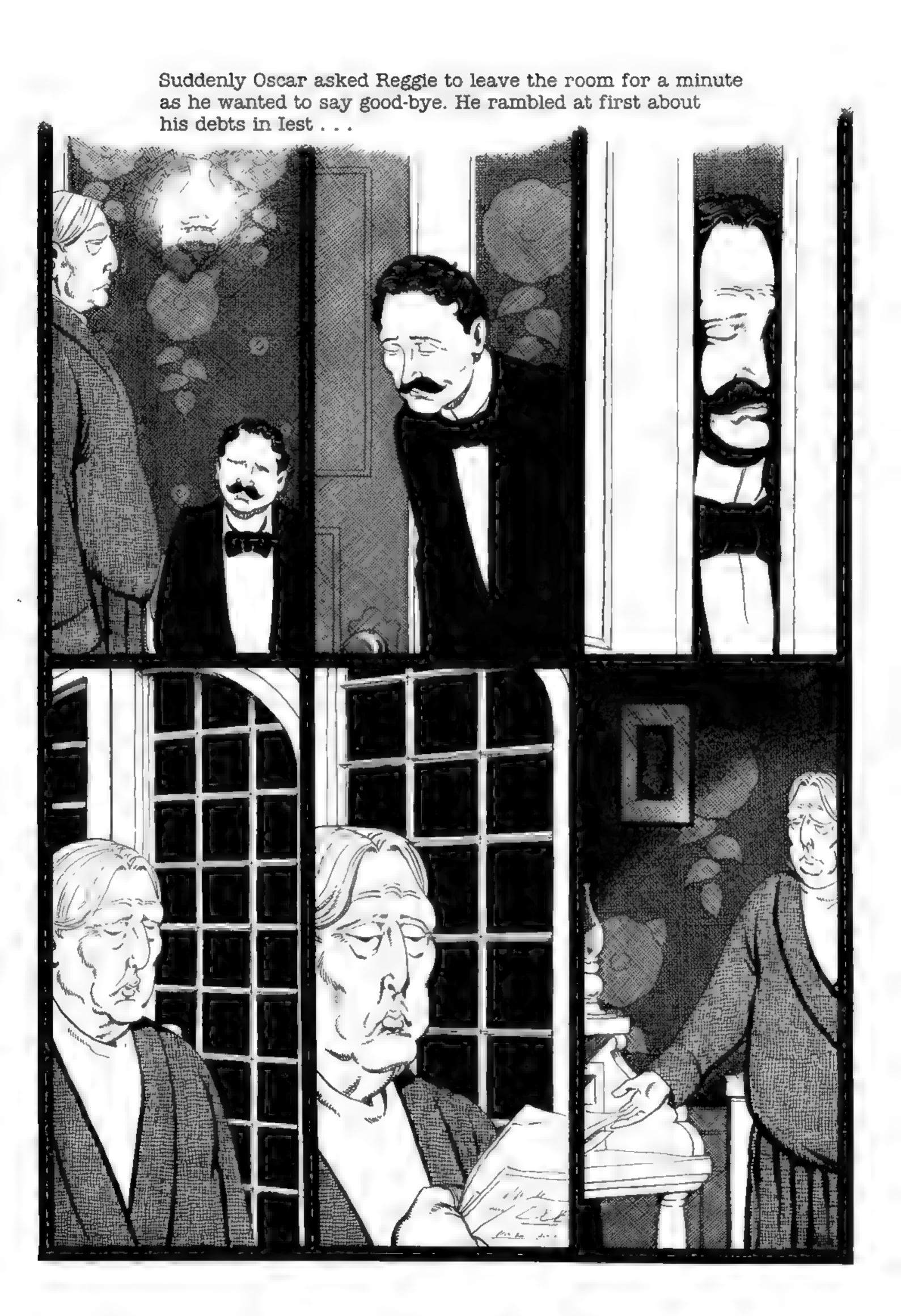


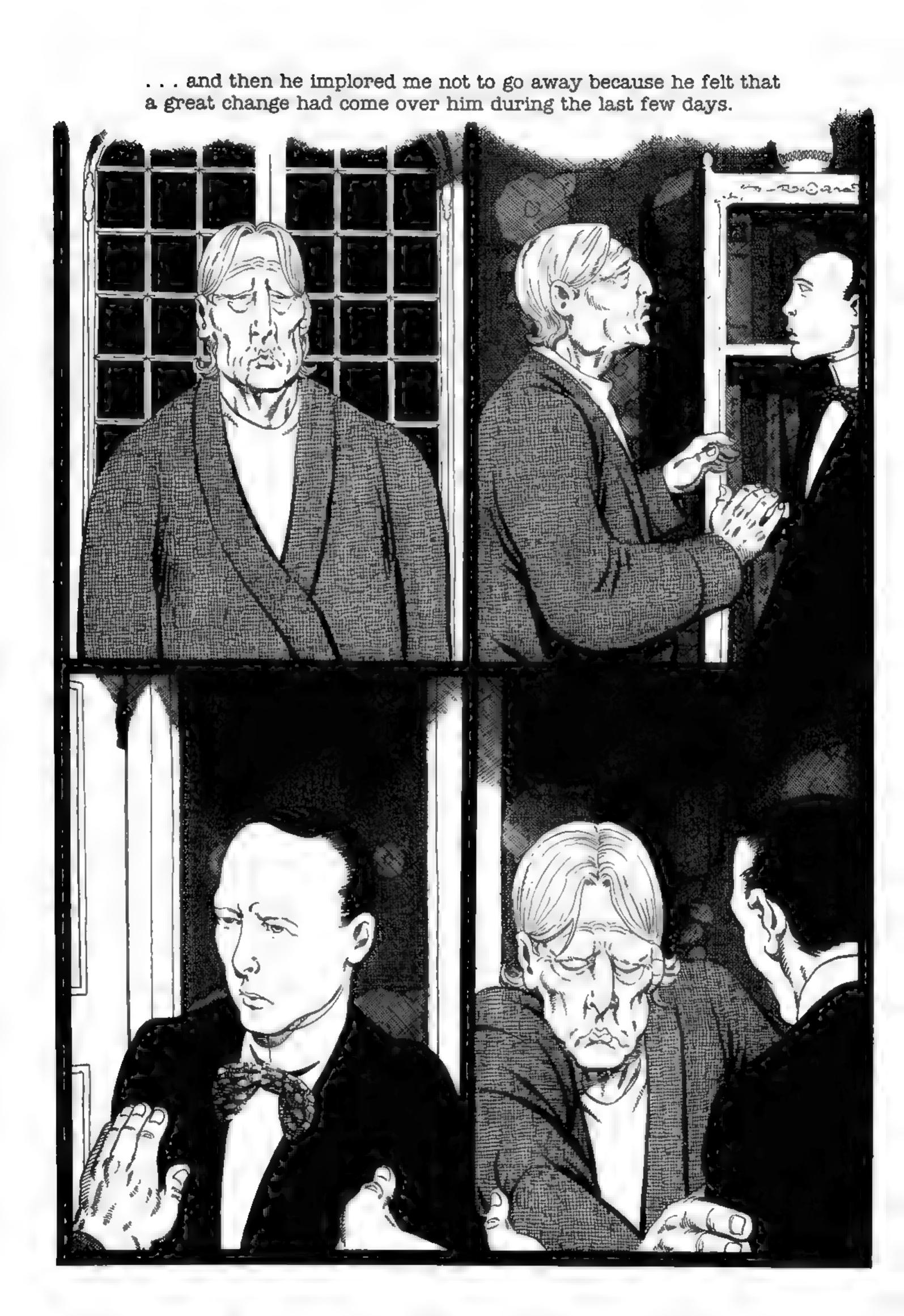
Then we all had a friendly discussion during which Oscar walked around the room and declaimed in rather an excited way. WE'RE A BIT OLD FOR SCHOOL BOYS, <u>AREN'T</u> WE OSCAR² BOYS' HOLIPAY THE THREE OF US I MEAN SPEAK FOR YOURSELF REGINALD NEEDN'T LOOK SO AMUSED ROBBIE IN A SAILOR SUIT 1 COULD PASS FOR SIXTEEN. FOUR TEEN IN SHORT PANTS?



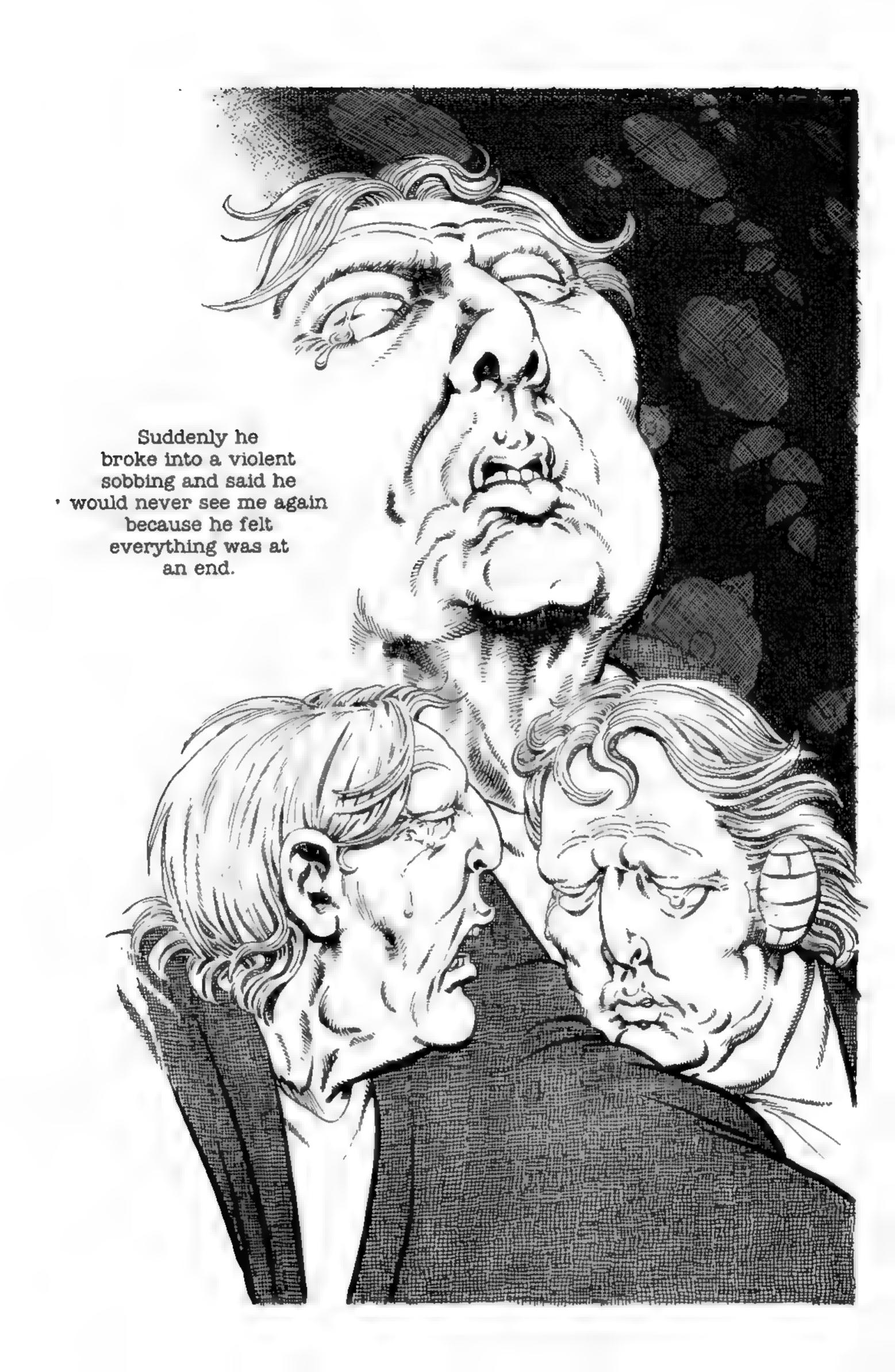


A while later I got up to go.









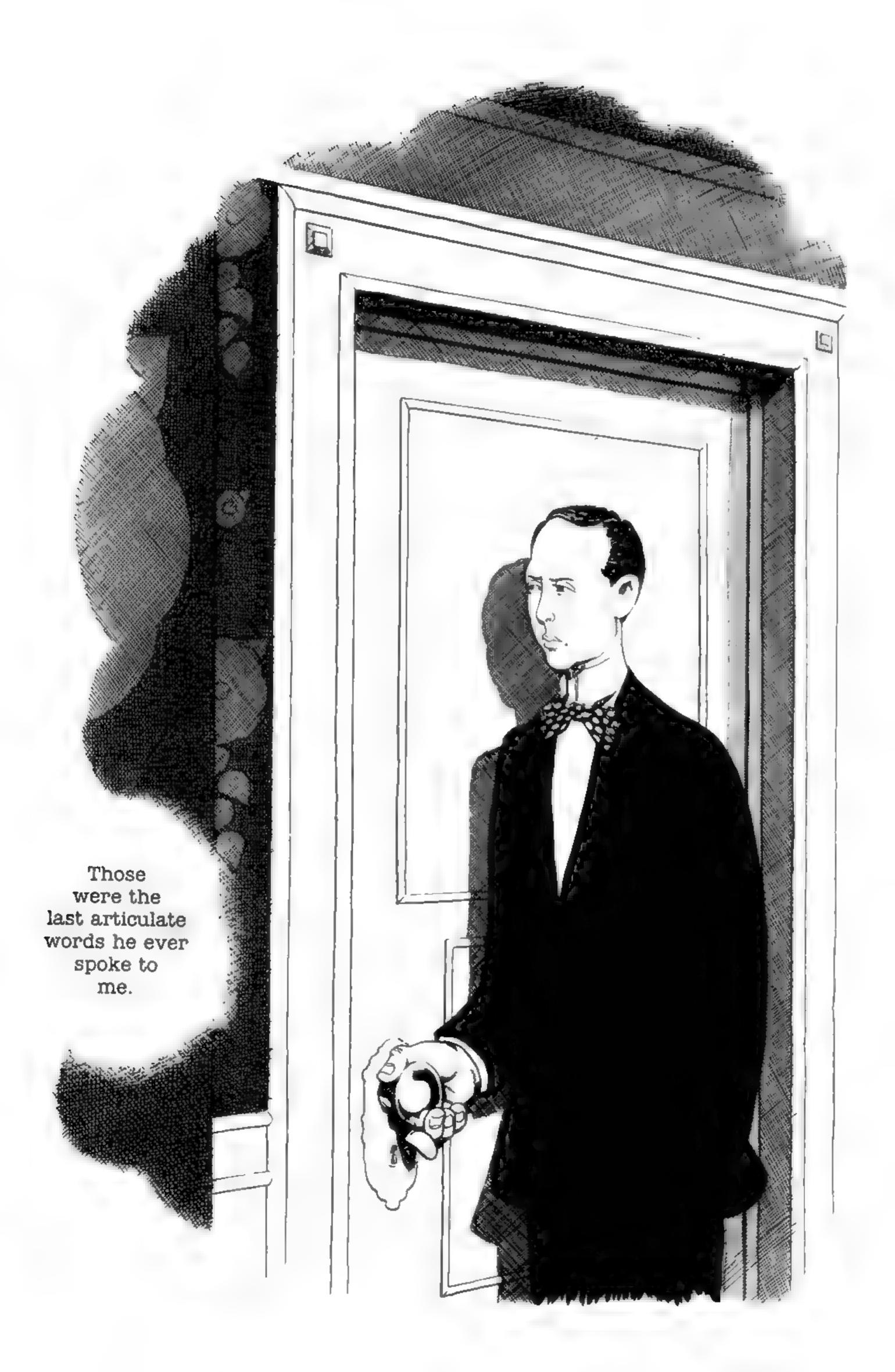


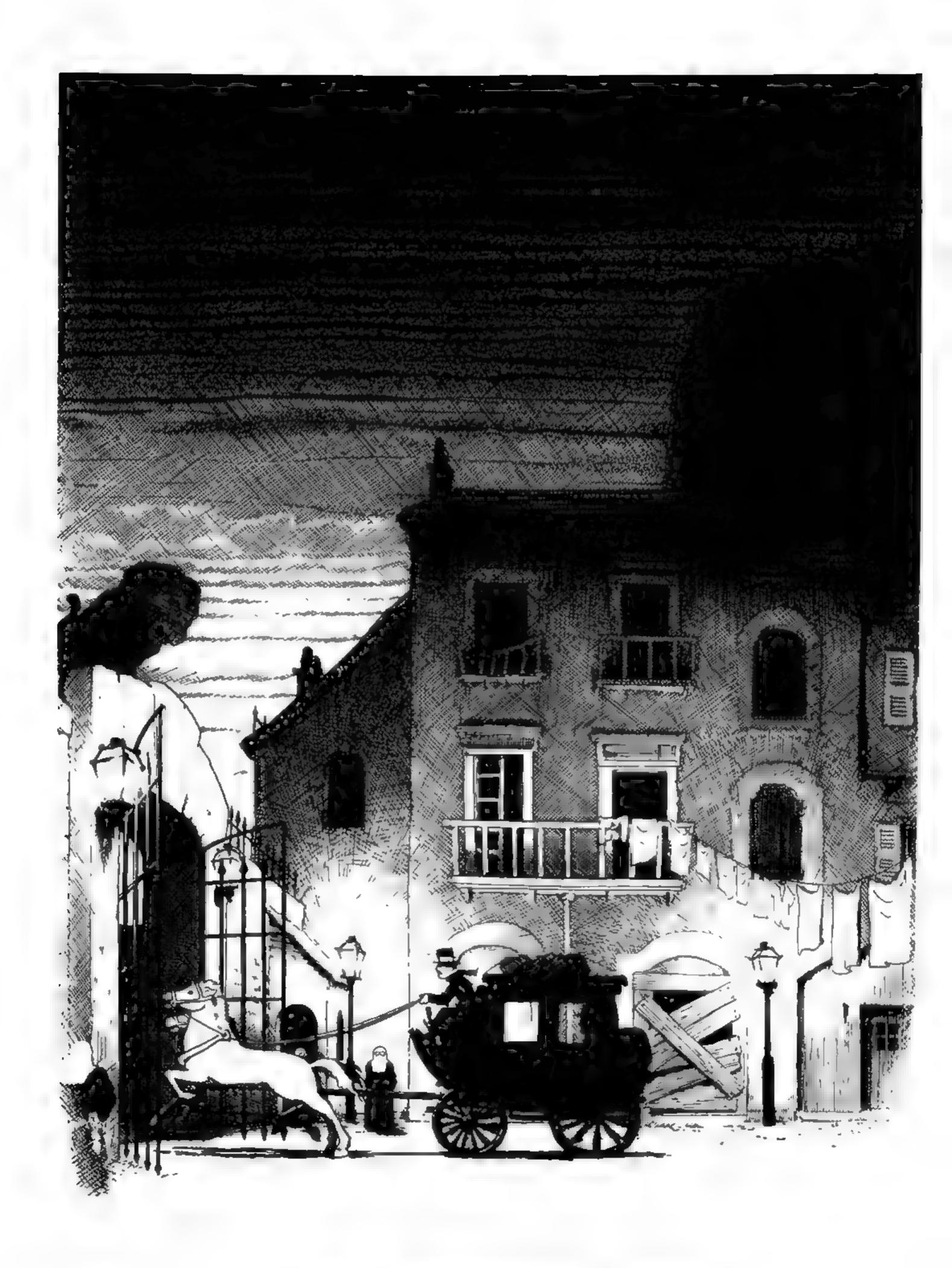




Especially as he said, when I was going out of the room







I left for Beduin the following evening.



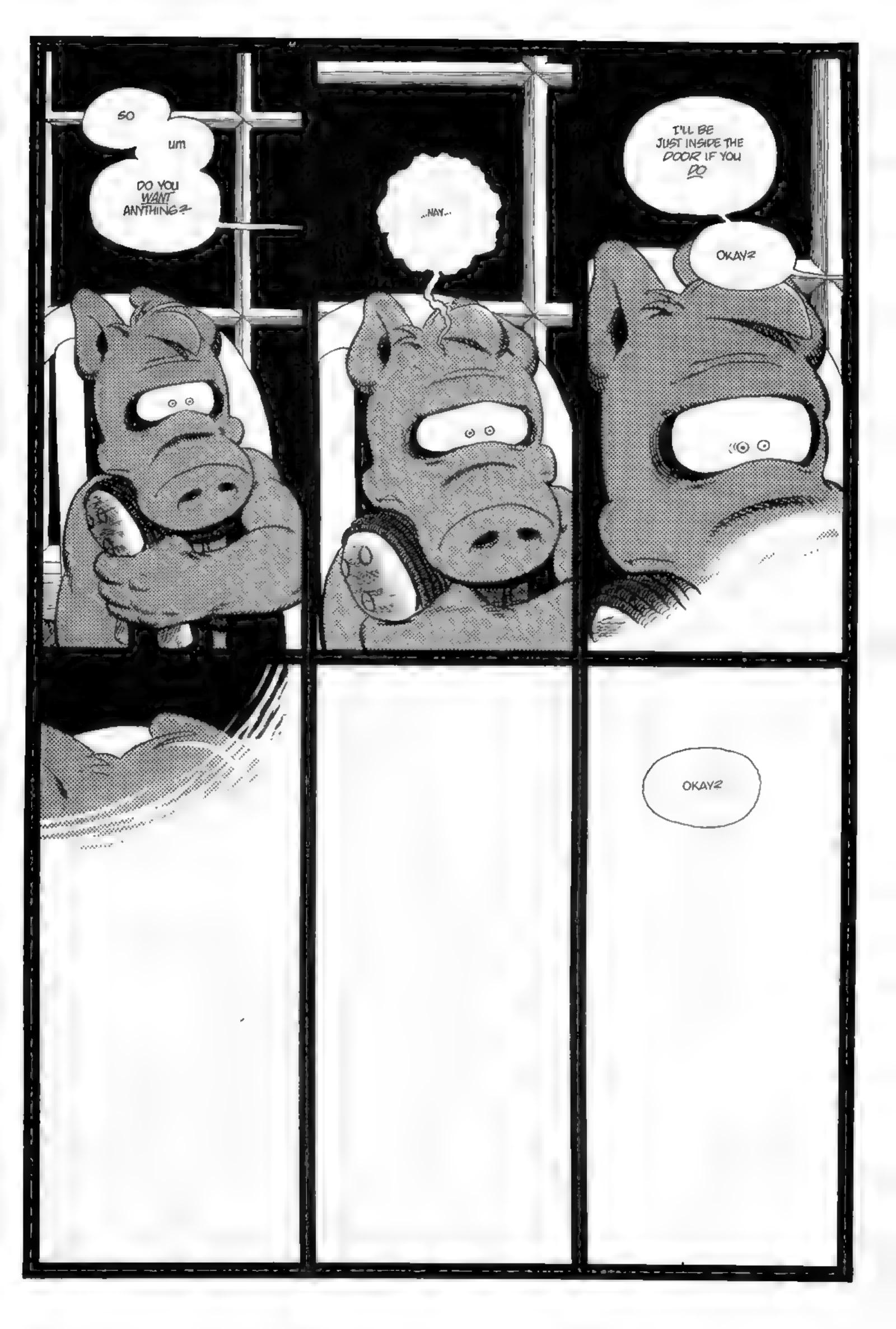






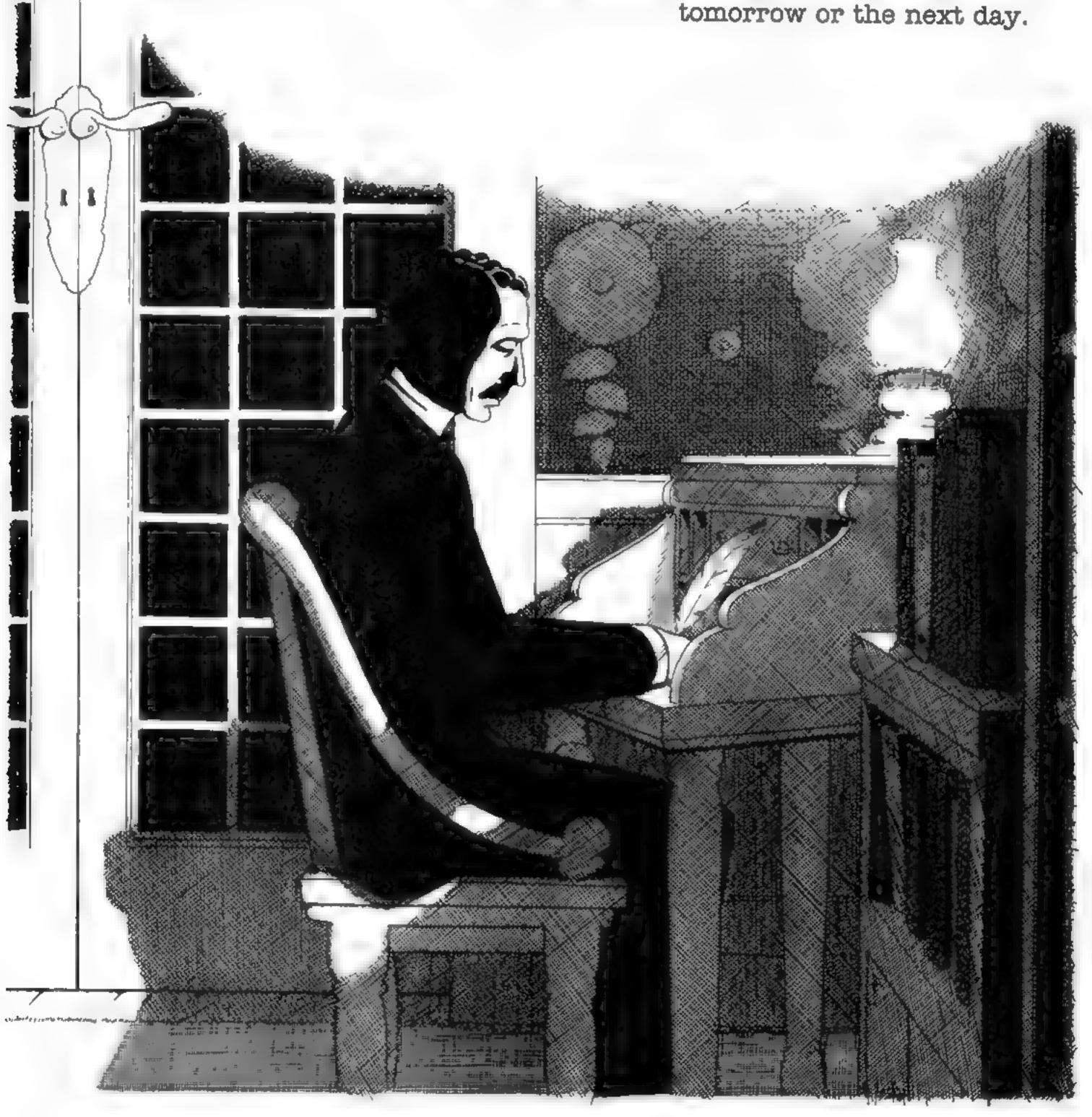




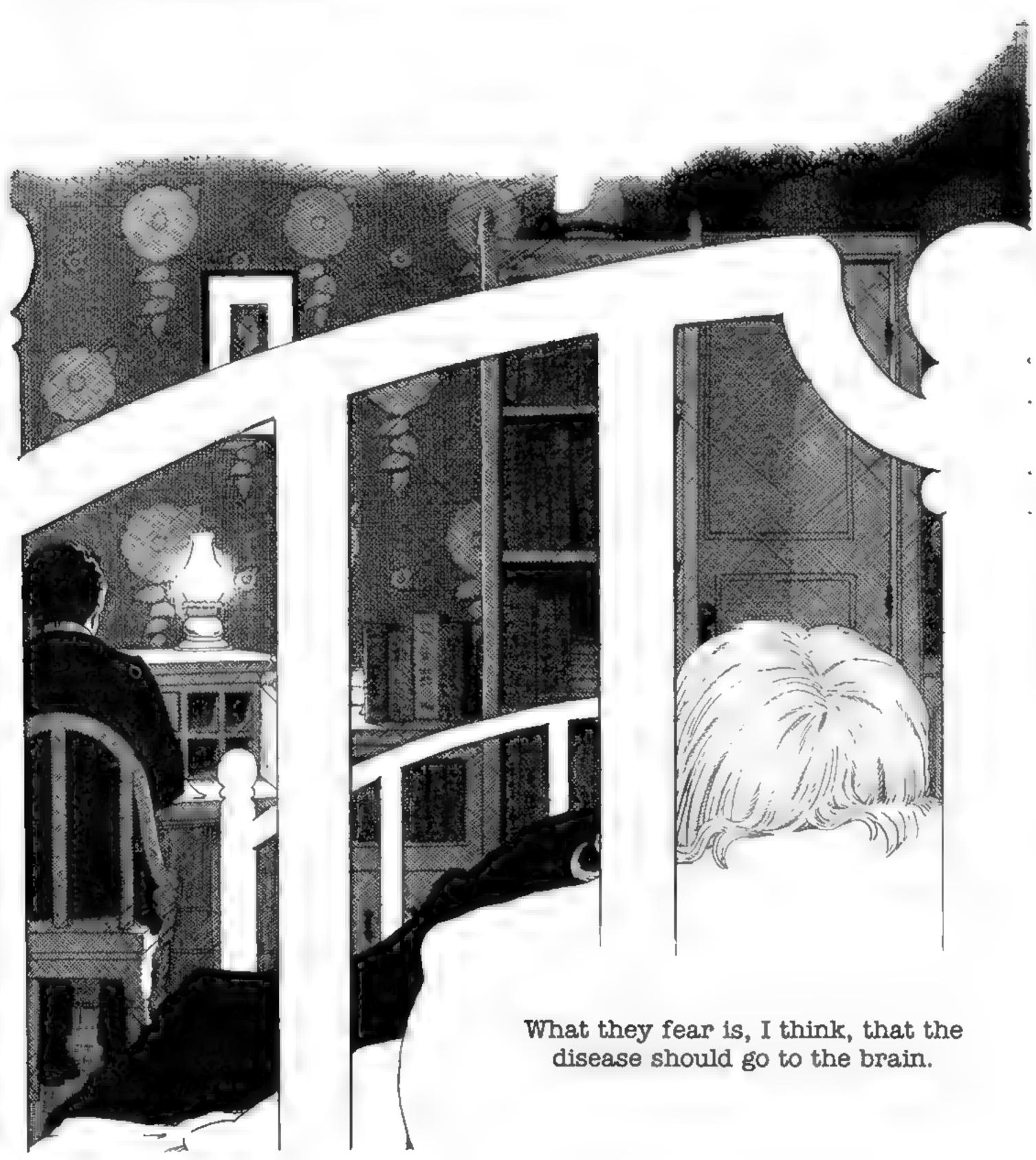


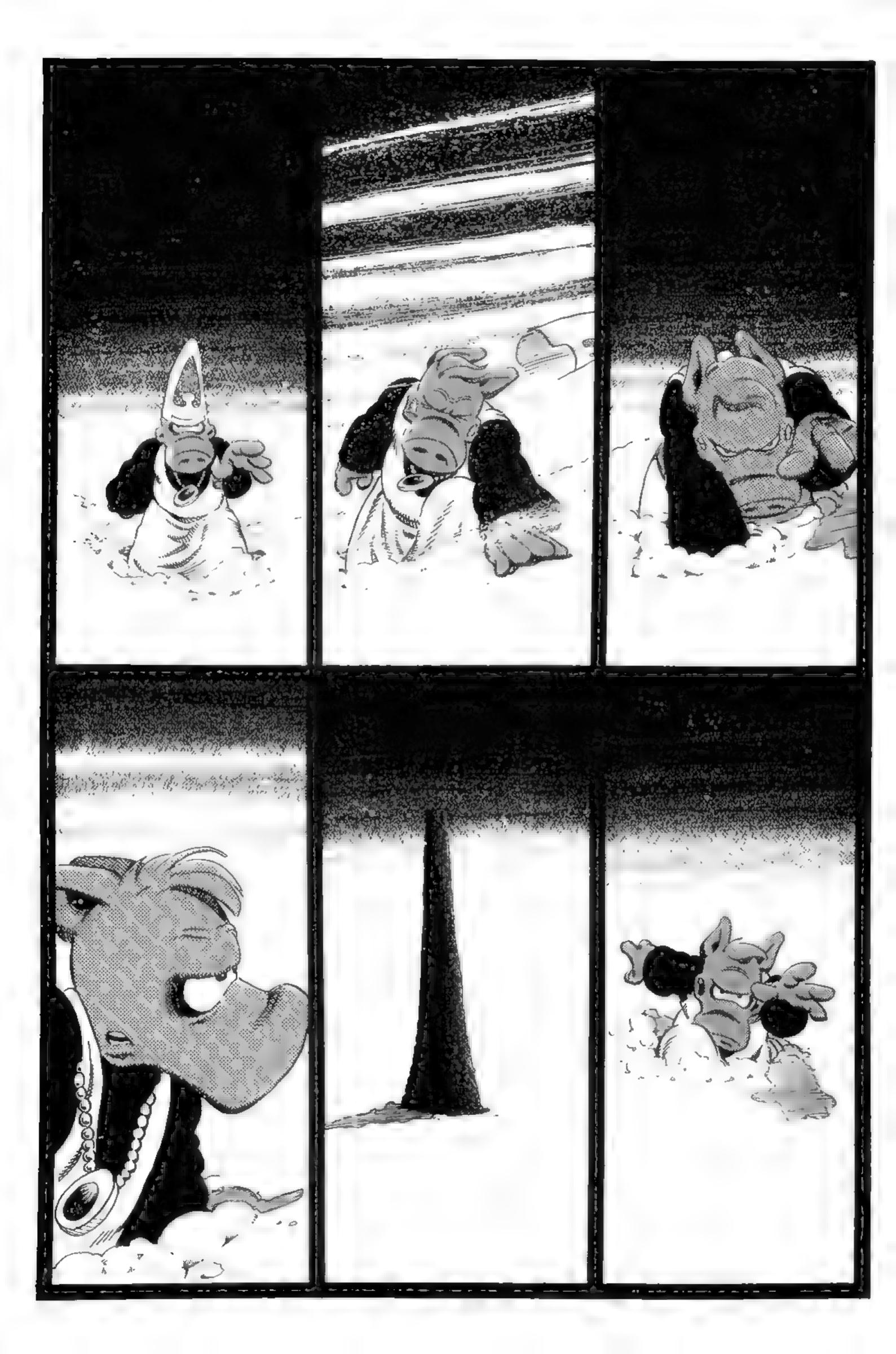
My dear Robbie

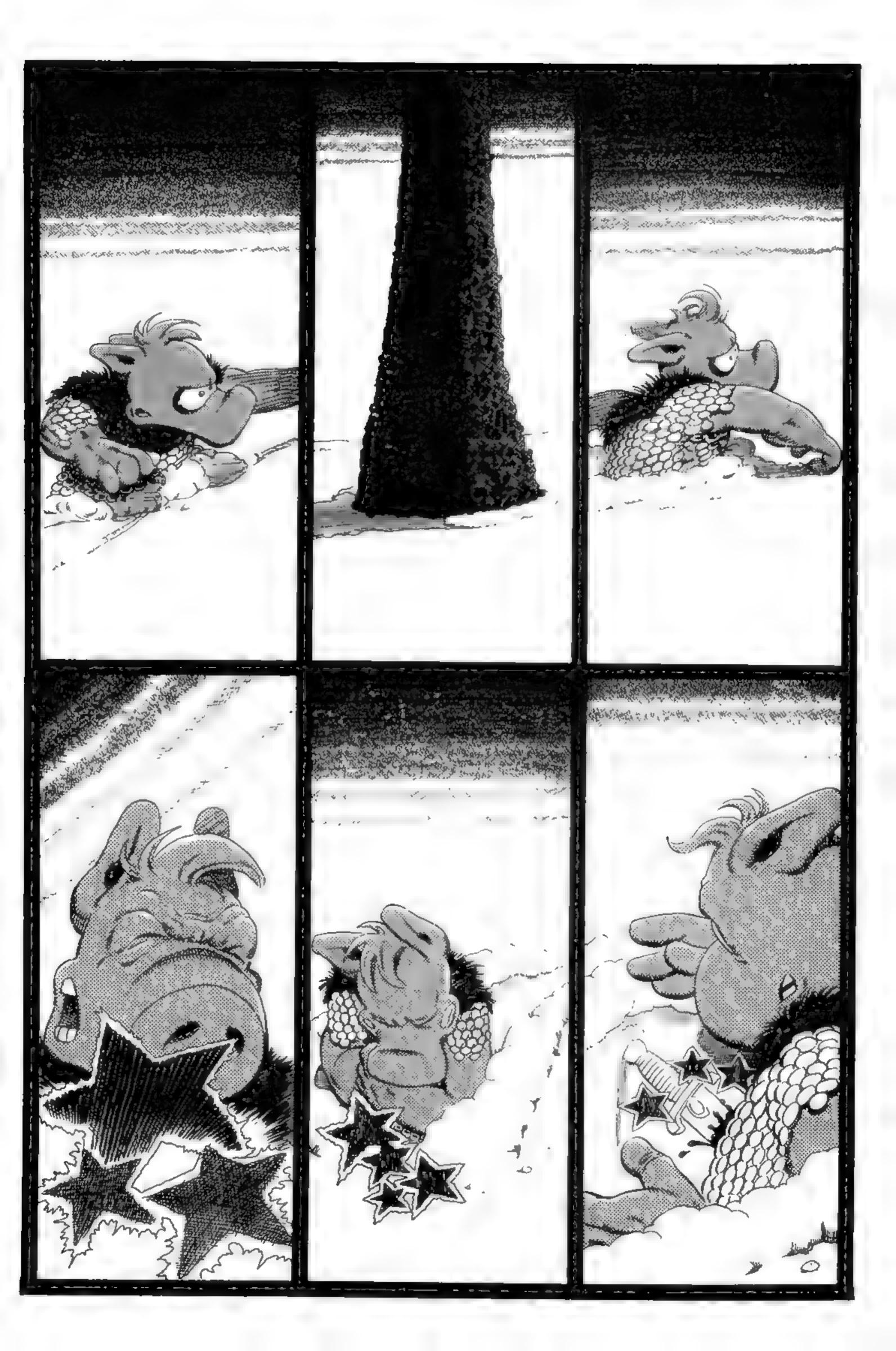
I had today a long talk with the patron of the Hôtel d'Alsace. At the consultation yesterday the doctors gave very little hope of Oscar's recovery, and Tucker was very anxious that you should be sent for; I think he does not know that you are not in Iest. I told the patron that I would see Tucker and communicate with you, and the patron wants you to write to him as to anyone who should be sent for in the case of Oscar getting worse. He wanted to know if his children should not be written to, but I told him that I would write to you. Certainly in the event of Oscar being at the last gasp or even dying, I do not know who to send for; someone should be there to look after his affairs, besides the business questions which may arise. I shall probably see Tucker tomorrow or the next day.

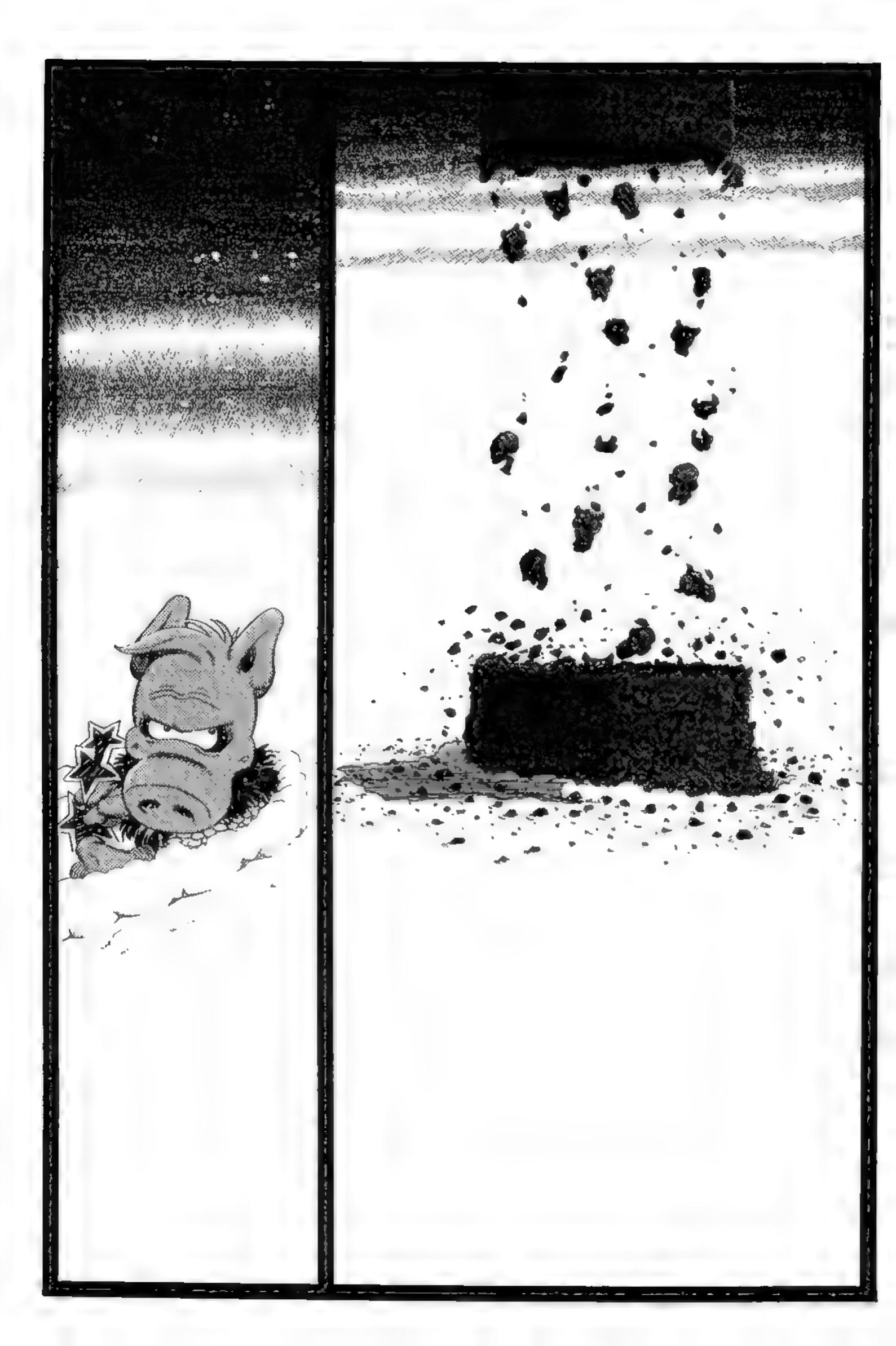


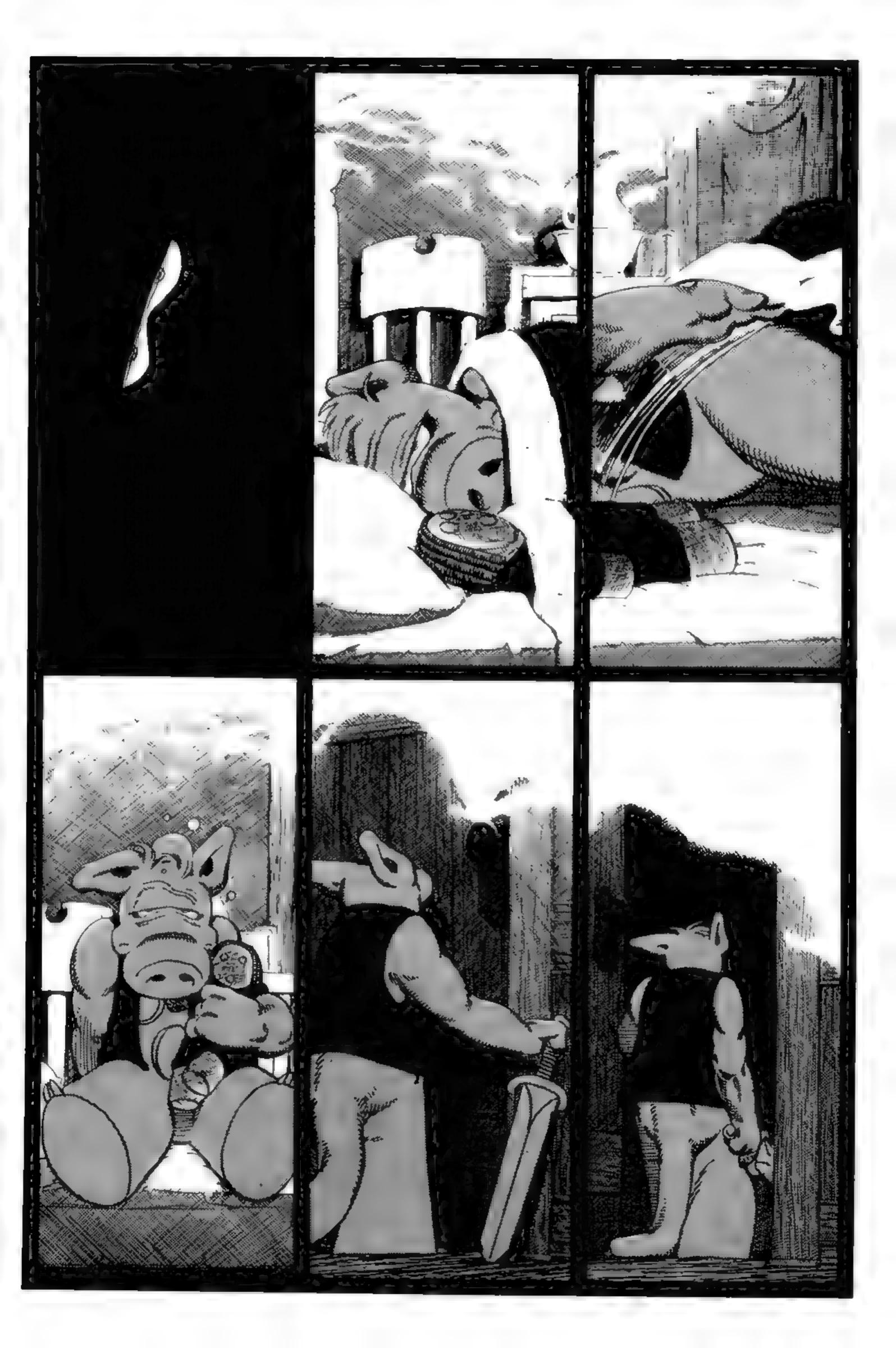
As to Oscar, he of course knows nothing of what they say, but he is beyond taking notice, his mind wanders and he sleeps. That is I think partly the result of the morphine. He welcomed me today and was pleased to see me and we had a moment's lucid conversation, but he then relapsed into drowsiness and when he did speak his mind seemed to wander. Of course this may be the result of drugs. I myself cannot help thinking he may yet live to furnish Frank Harris with another plot, but I may be quite wrong.



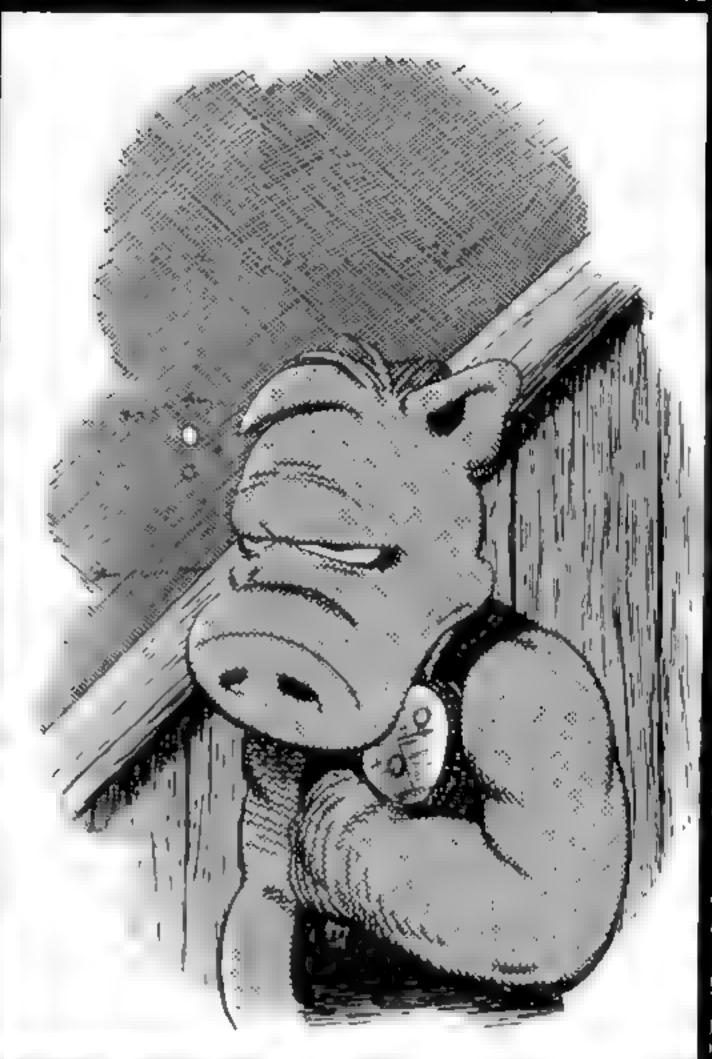






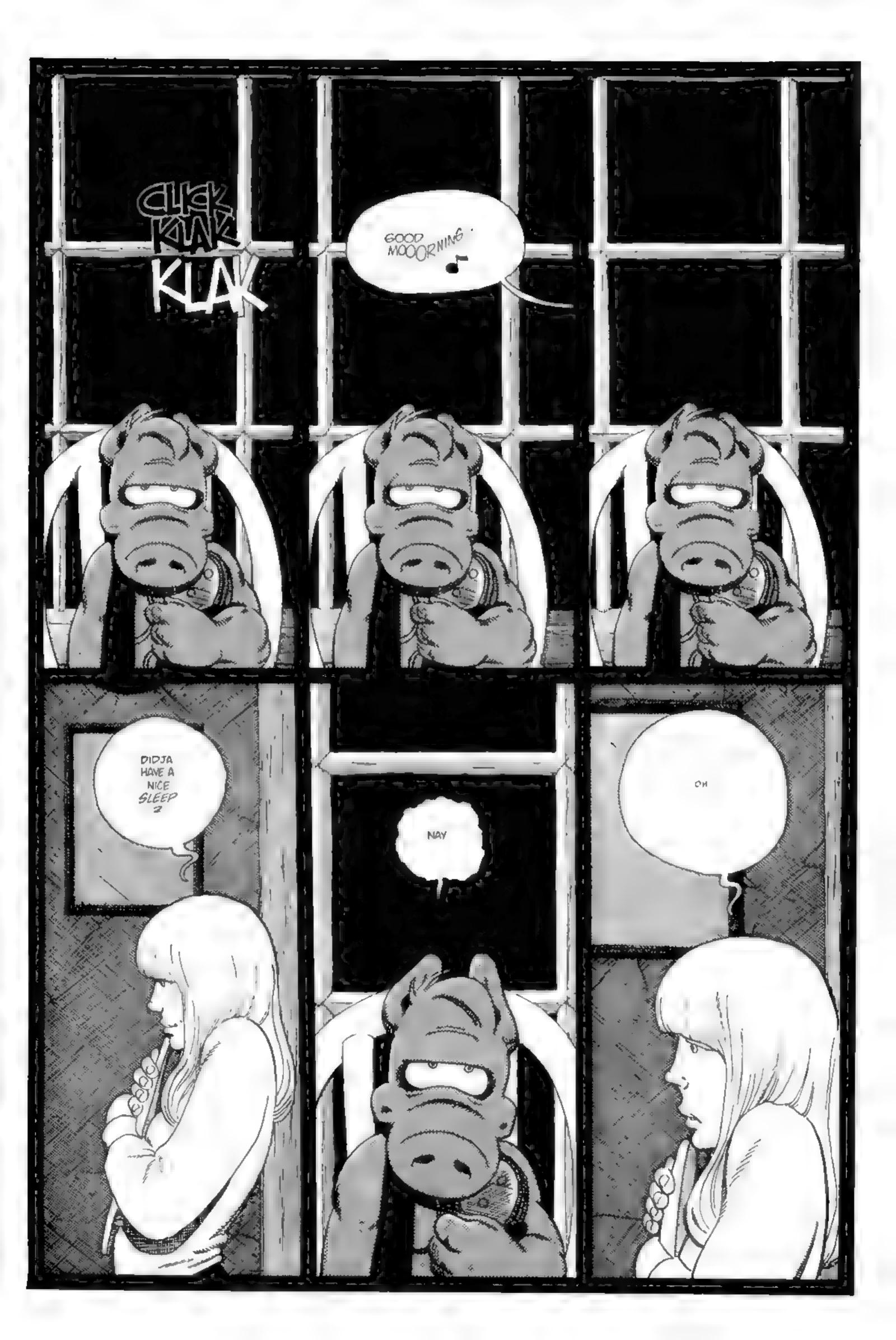




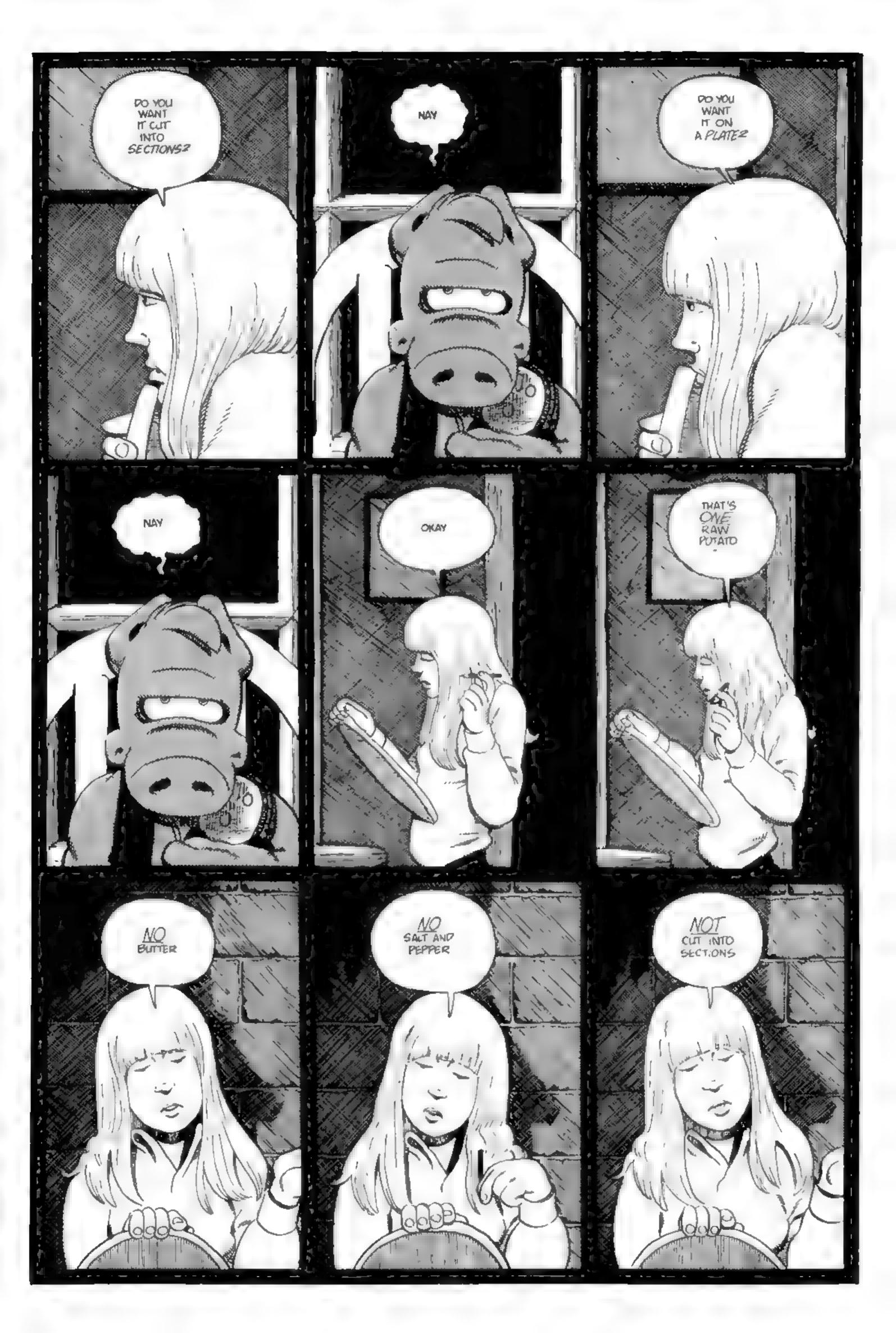




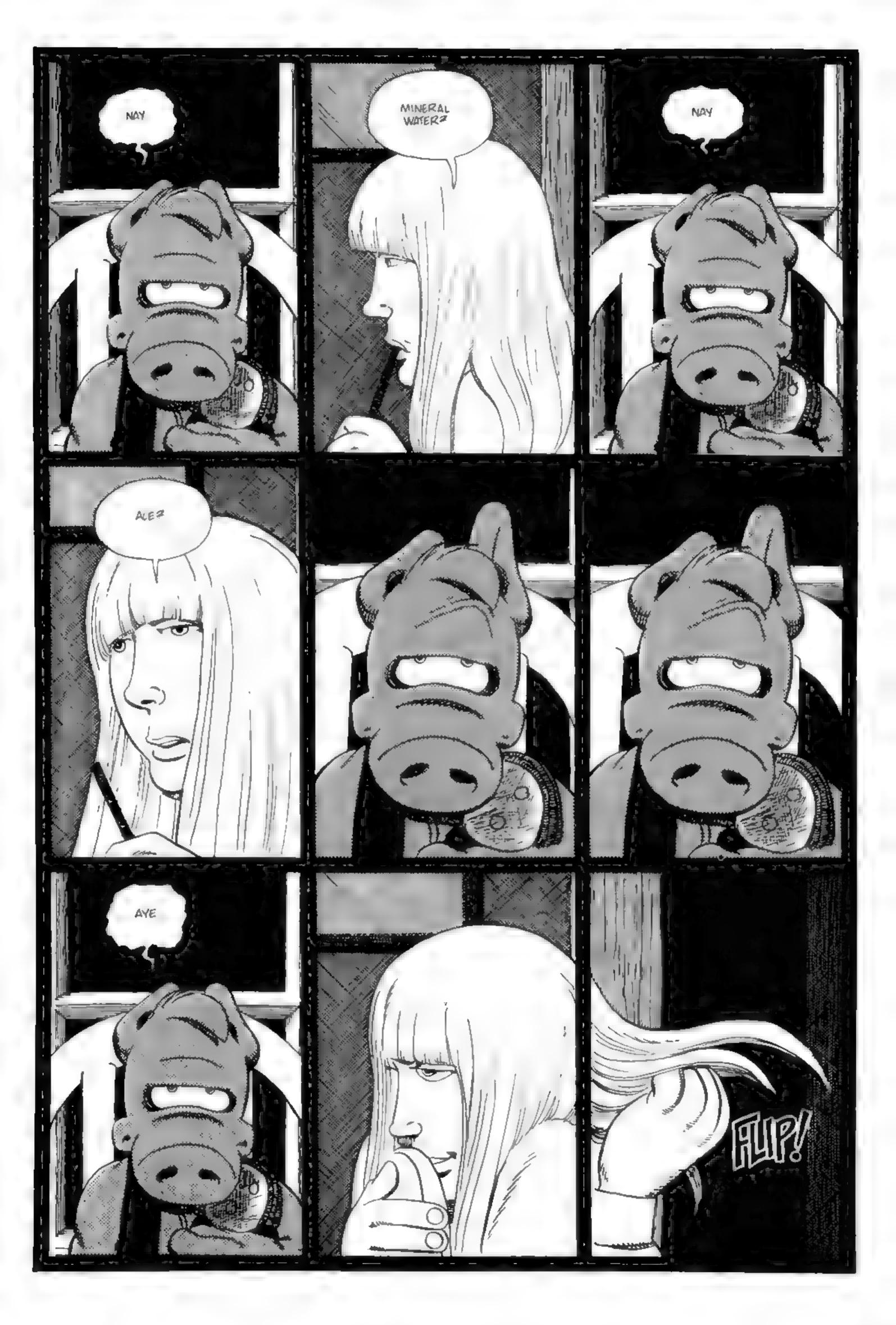








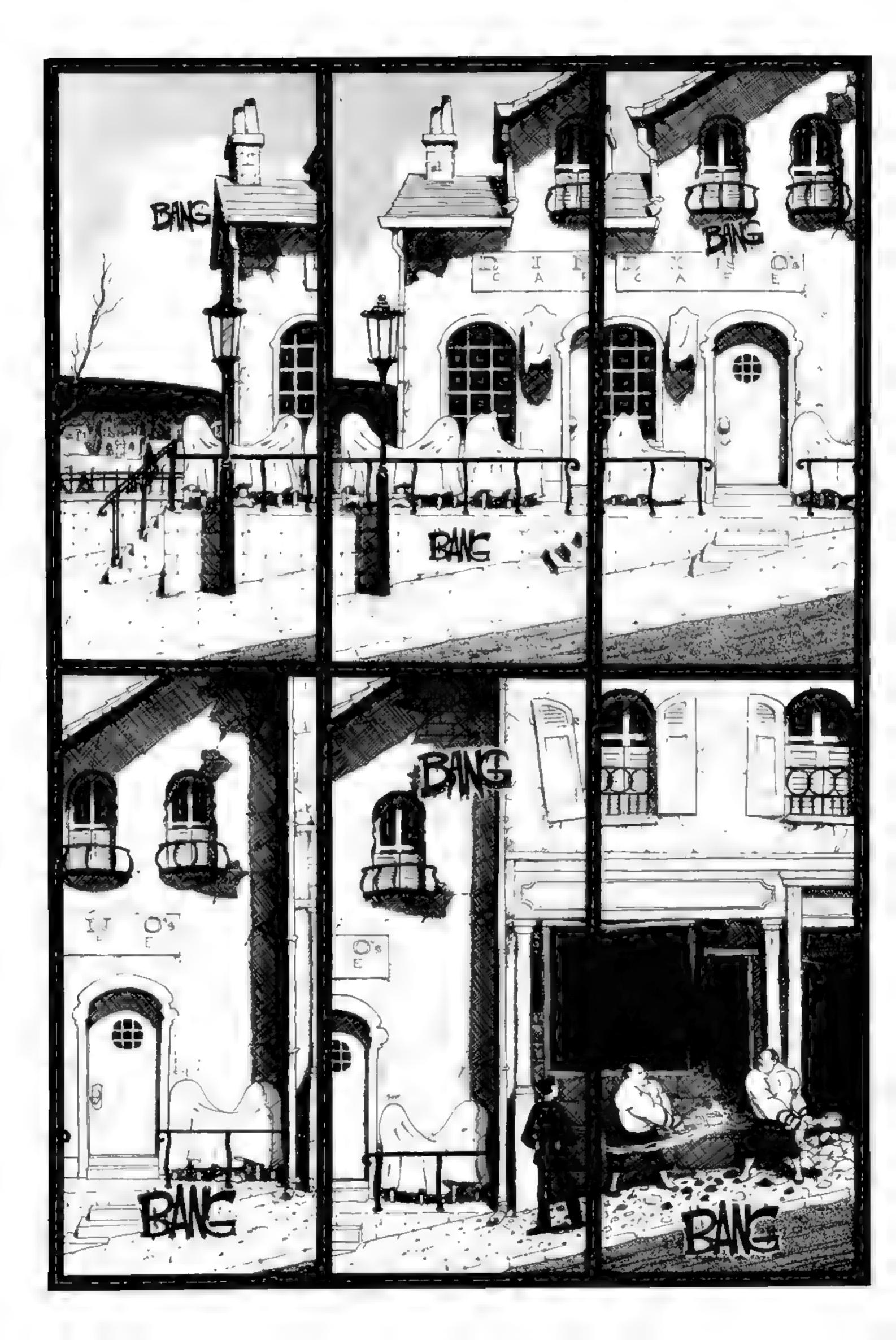




Oscar is not in want of anything as he is not sensible enough to desire anything. He is very difficult and rude, but to me he was very nice. The patron warned me not to be annoyed if he was rude. The patron is awfully good to him, but a bit of a bore. You had better write to Bosie, I think. I will do so but am not sure of his address, and I think I will send a line to Frank Harris to tell him how serious Oscar's condition is. As a matter of fact Oscar does not speak of Frank Harris, he is past that for the moment, but I think we shall be able to judge better of his condition when he has been free from morphia. Oscar asked if you had sent any details of your life at Beduin. Ever yours,













Dear Robbie,

Please send directions at once as to who is
to be communicated with if Oscar dies, also be prepared
to write to anyone. I am rather muddled. Tucker wrote to
me to warn Oscar's family and on my going to see him
(Tucker) he told me Oscar might die at any moment
and that his mind was gone



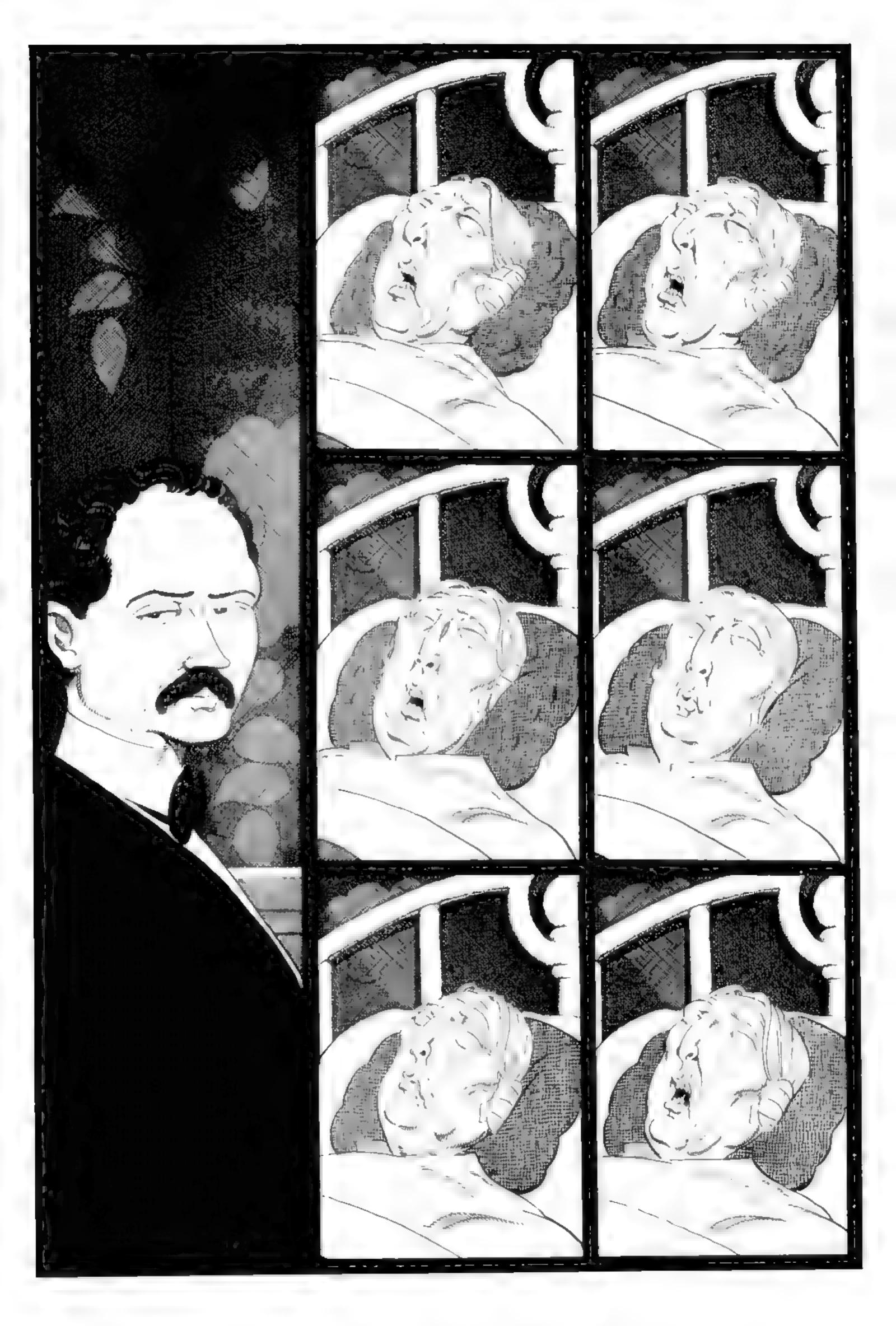
On coming here, I found Oscar better, his mind clear and able to talk, but his utterance is thick and his eyes odd. Tucker now thinks he may get better, but thinks the chance small. I am sleeping at the Hôtel d'Alsace and shall do so so long as the condition is dangerous. Tucker explained he could not have consultations with no money so I have told him I will be responsible for all necessary expense.



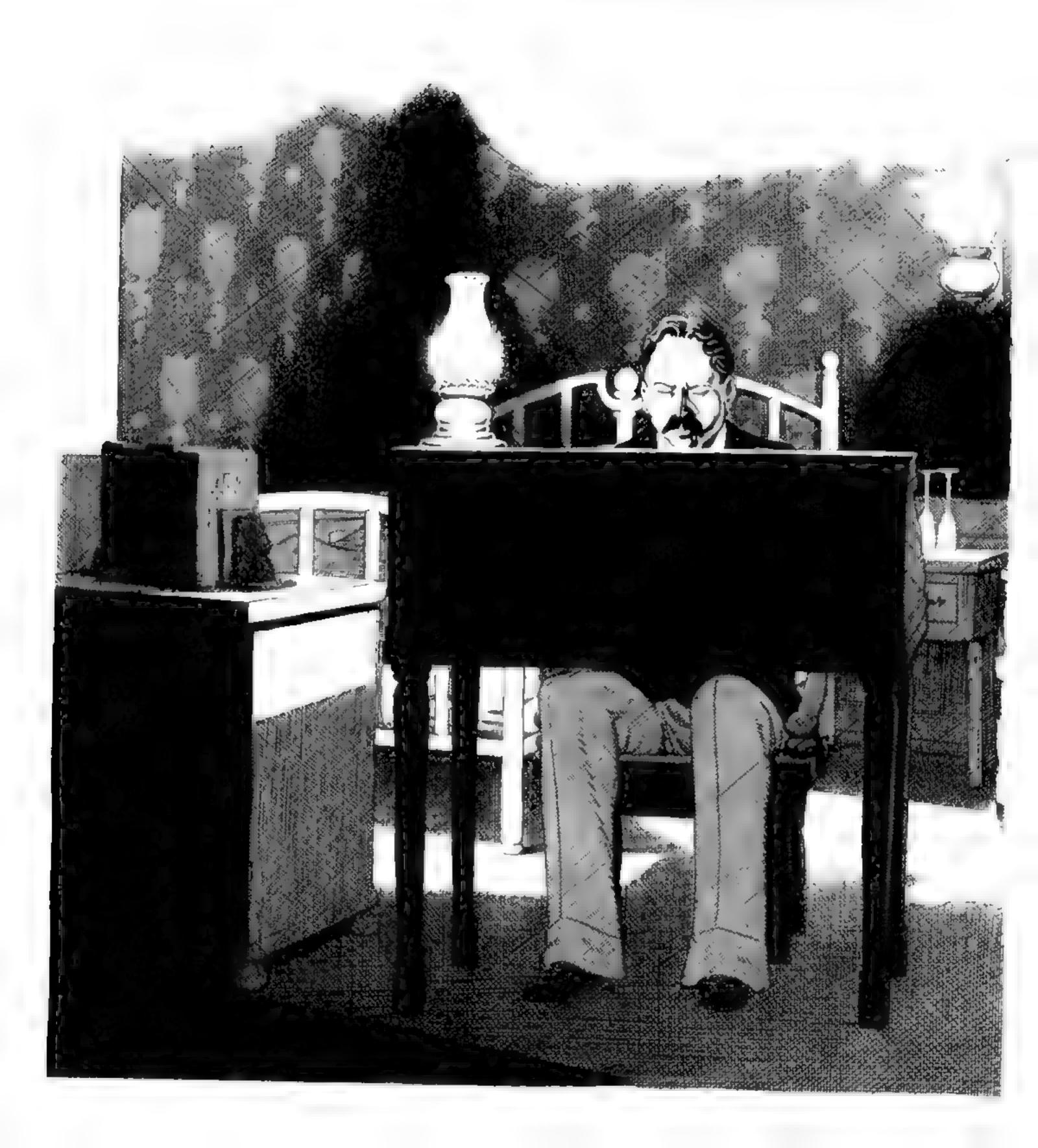
In case Oscar dies I must have some advice and instructions how to act. Who is the responsible person? You ought to write to the guardian of his children if you know his address. The doctors are very nervous as they are afraid they will be called to account by someone. In this city-state they are very responsible but I told Tucker he need not be afraid. He is going to write an account of the consultations and seal it and give it to you.

Is there anyone in New Sepra who ought to be told? I don't know Bosie's address but wrote yesterday to Duke Street on the chance. I also wrote to Harris saying if he had anything soothing to say to Oscar he had better do so at once as he might die at any moment

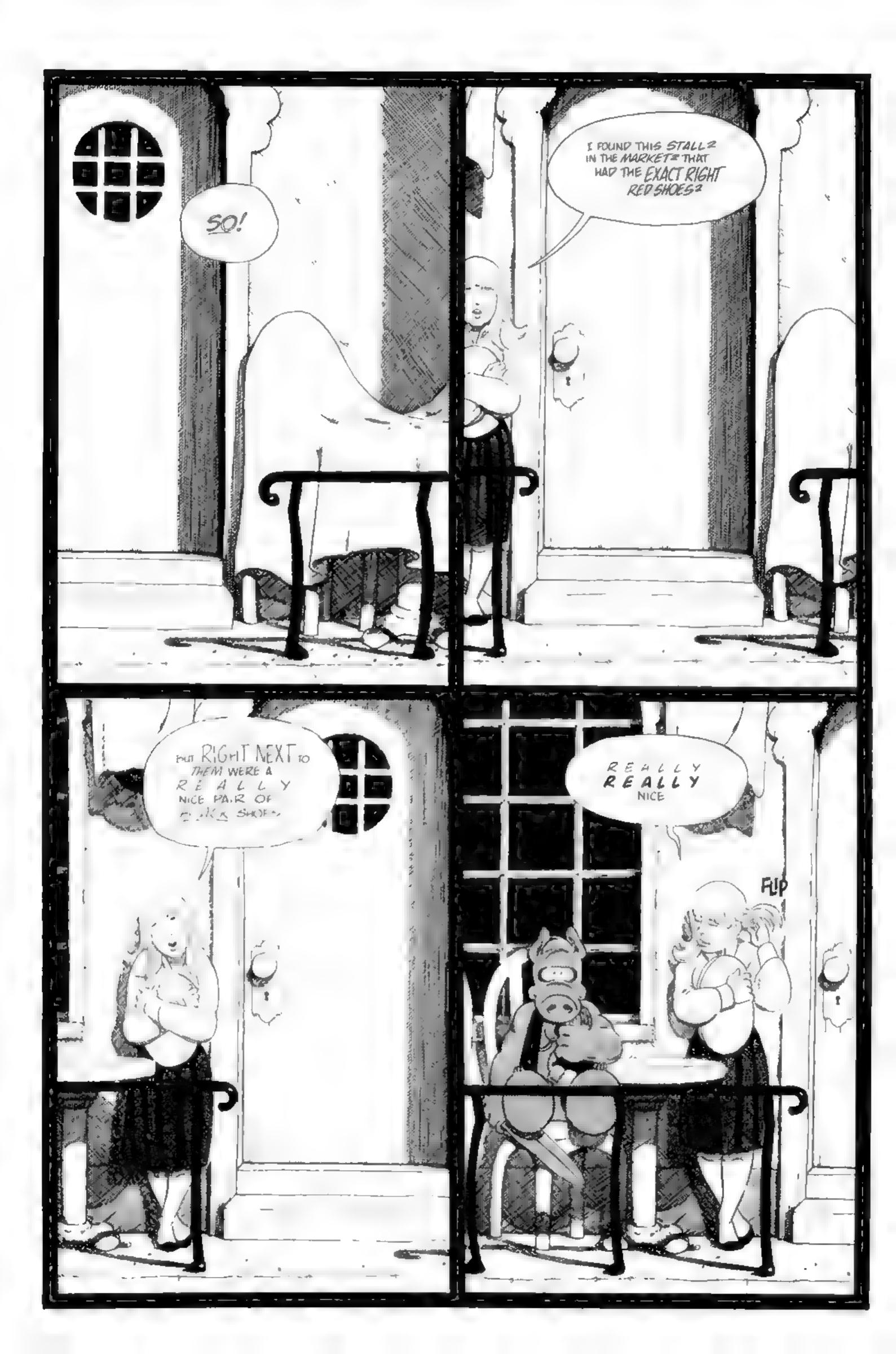




or might be better in which case mental consolation would be of the utmost value.





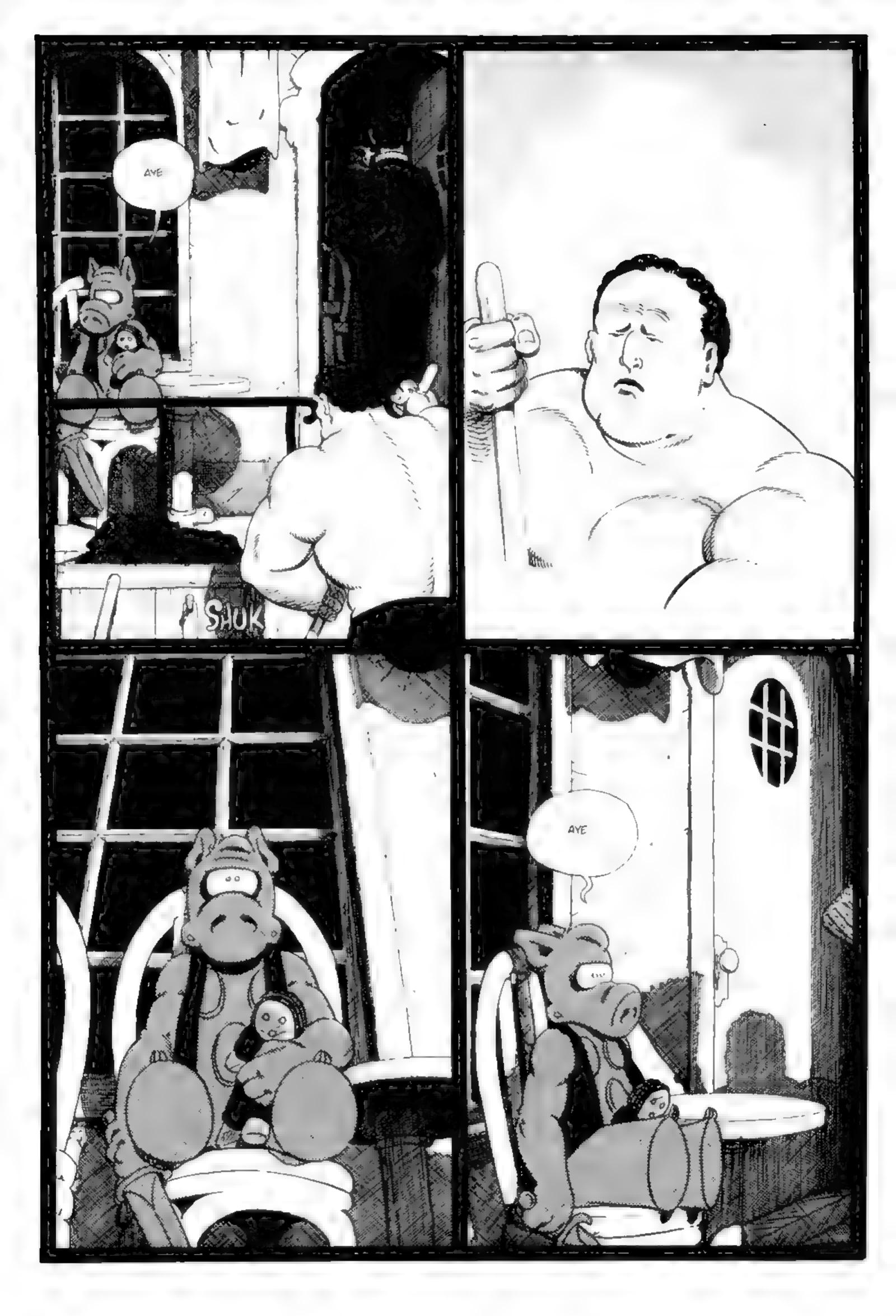


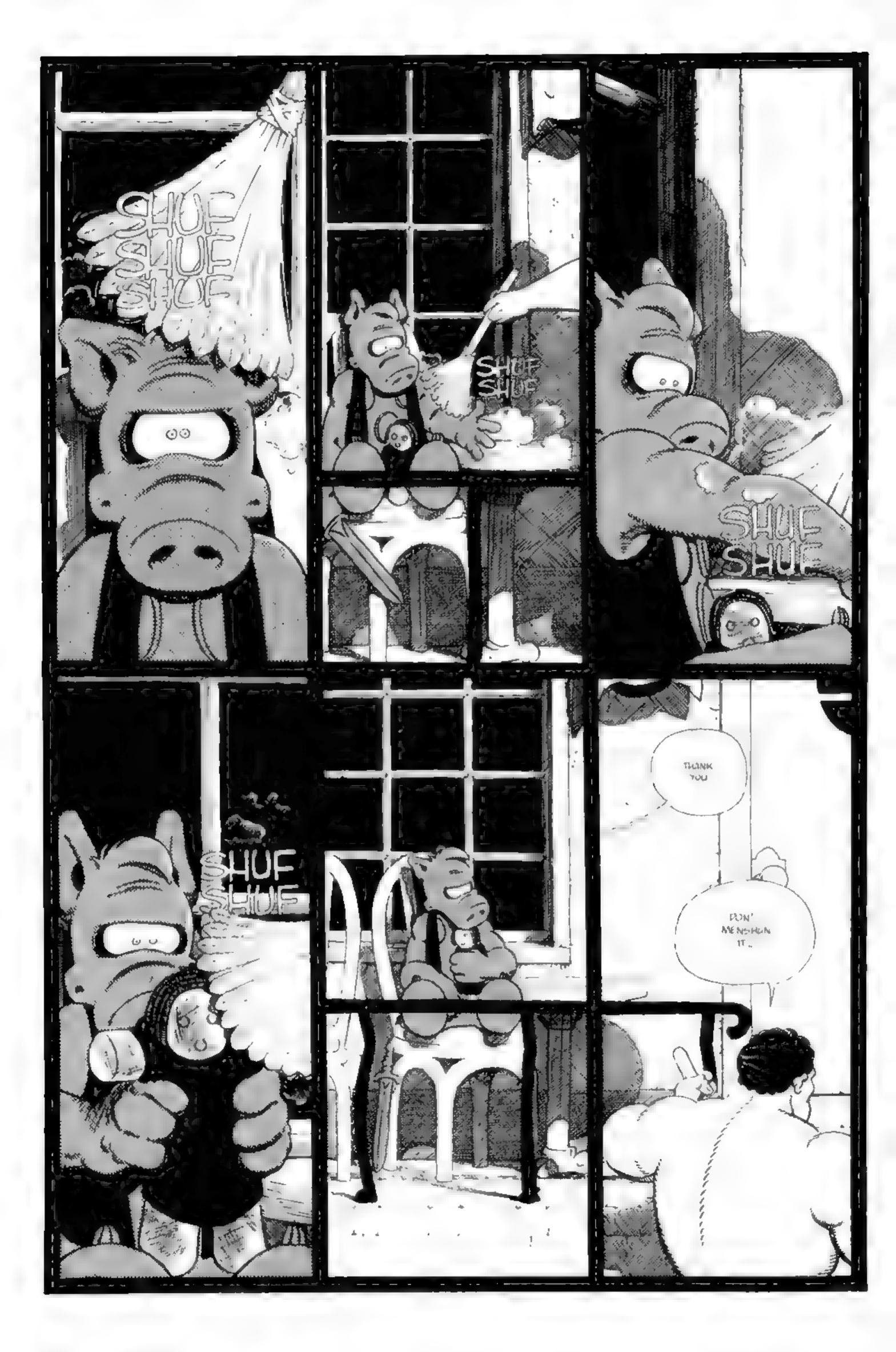














If Oscar dies
Harris must hand
over the money to
you or some
responsible person
who will pay the
debts to these
people who have
been so good to
Oscar.

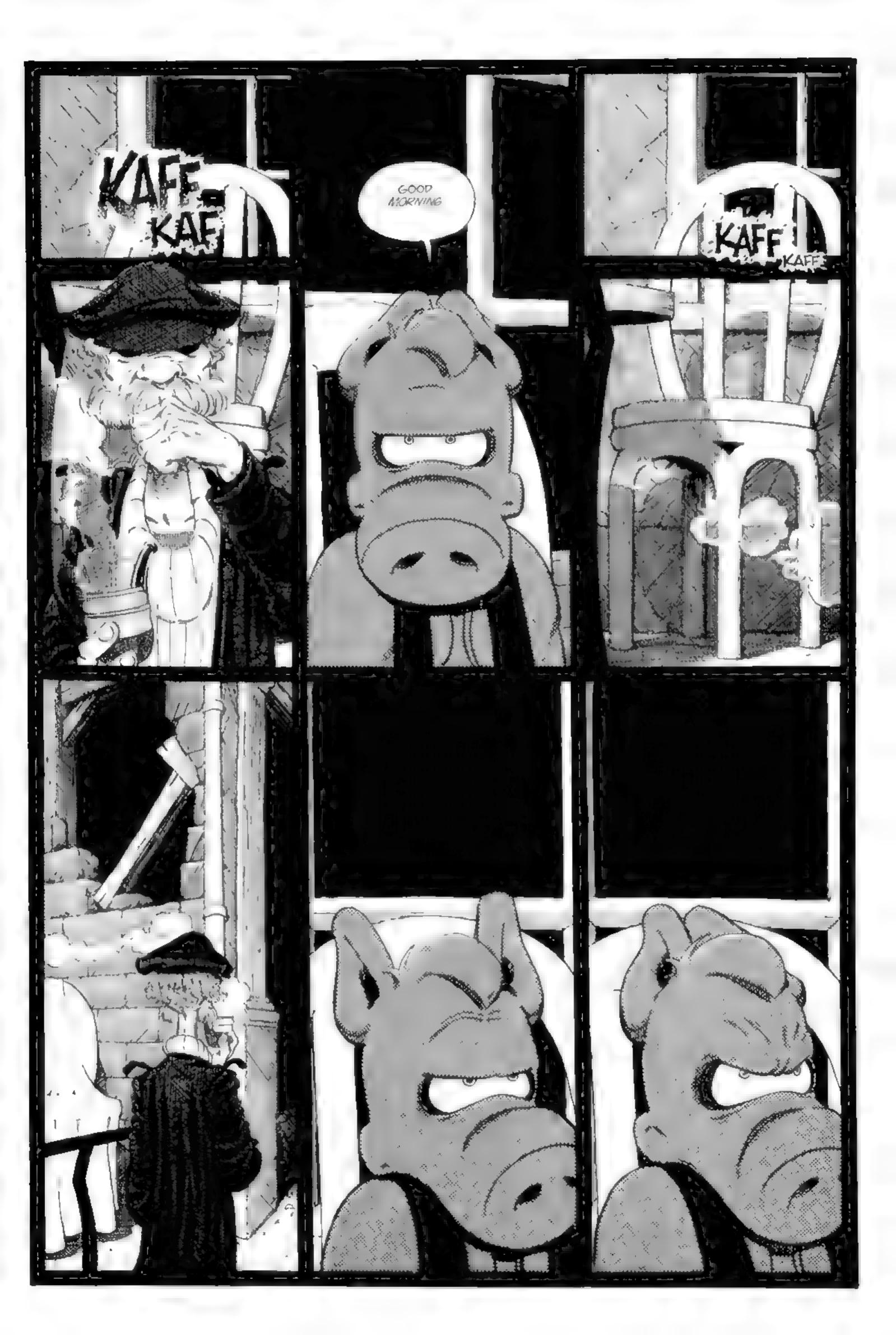
He is very difficult, makes scenes and refuses to allow them to put mustard plasters on his legs.













My dear Robbie



If he is not better in three or four days he will be dead.

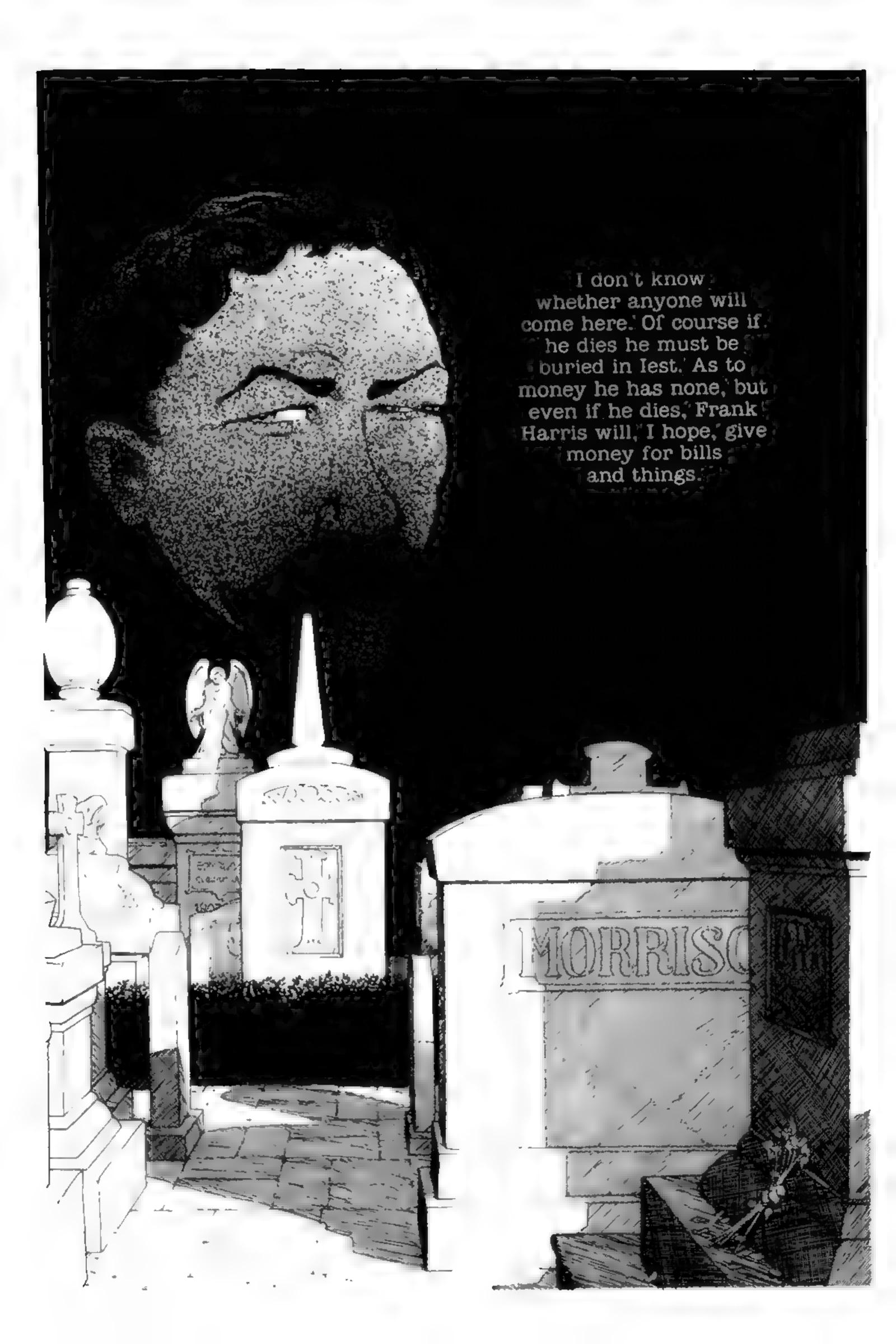
till early this
morning He talks
nonsense the whole
while.



He recognizes one more or less.

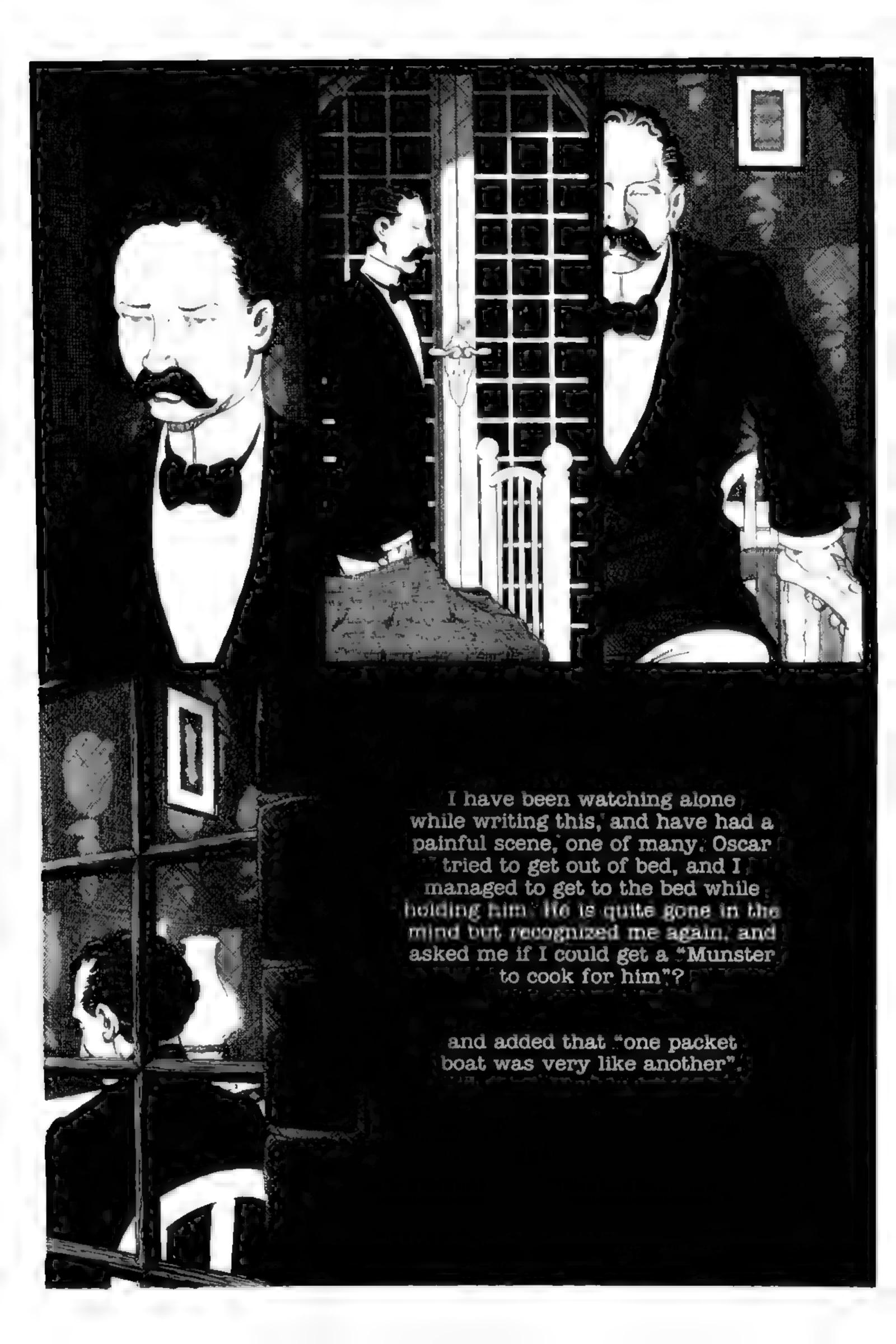
An operation is out of the question, as is set out in the doctors' statement. He takes no nourishment or hardly any. By turning the lights out and substituting milk for water I deceived him into drinking three glasses last night.

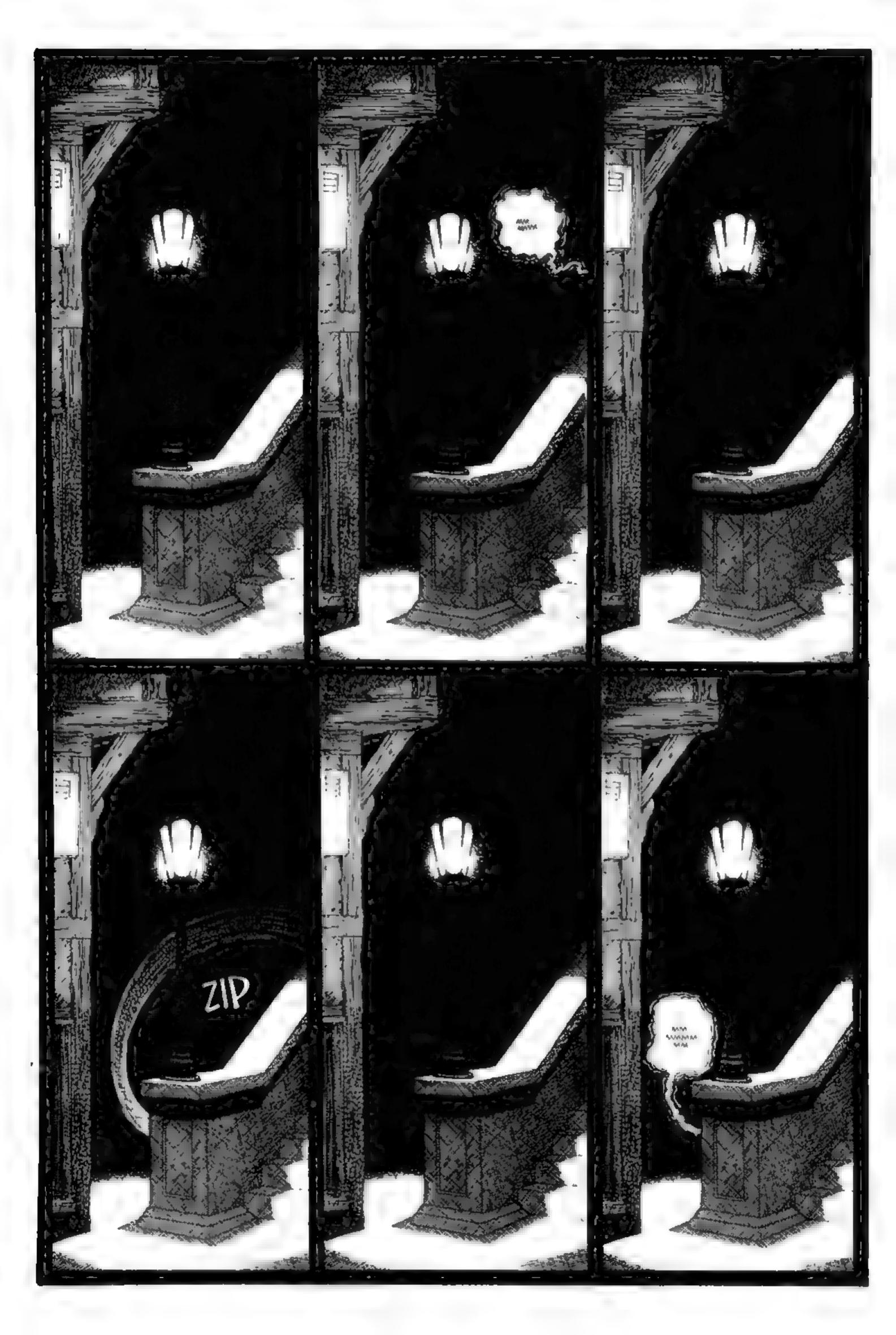


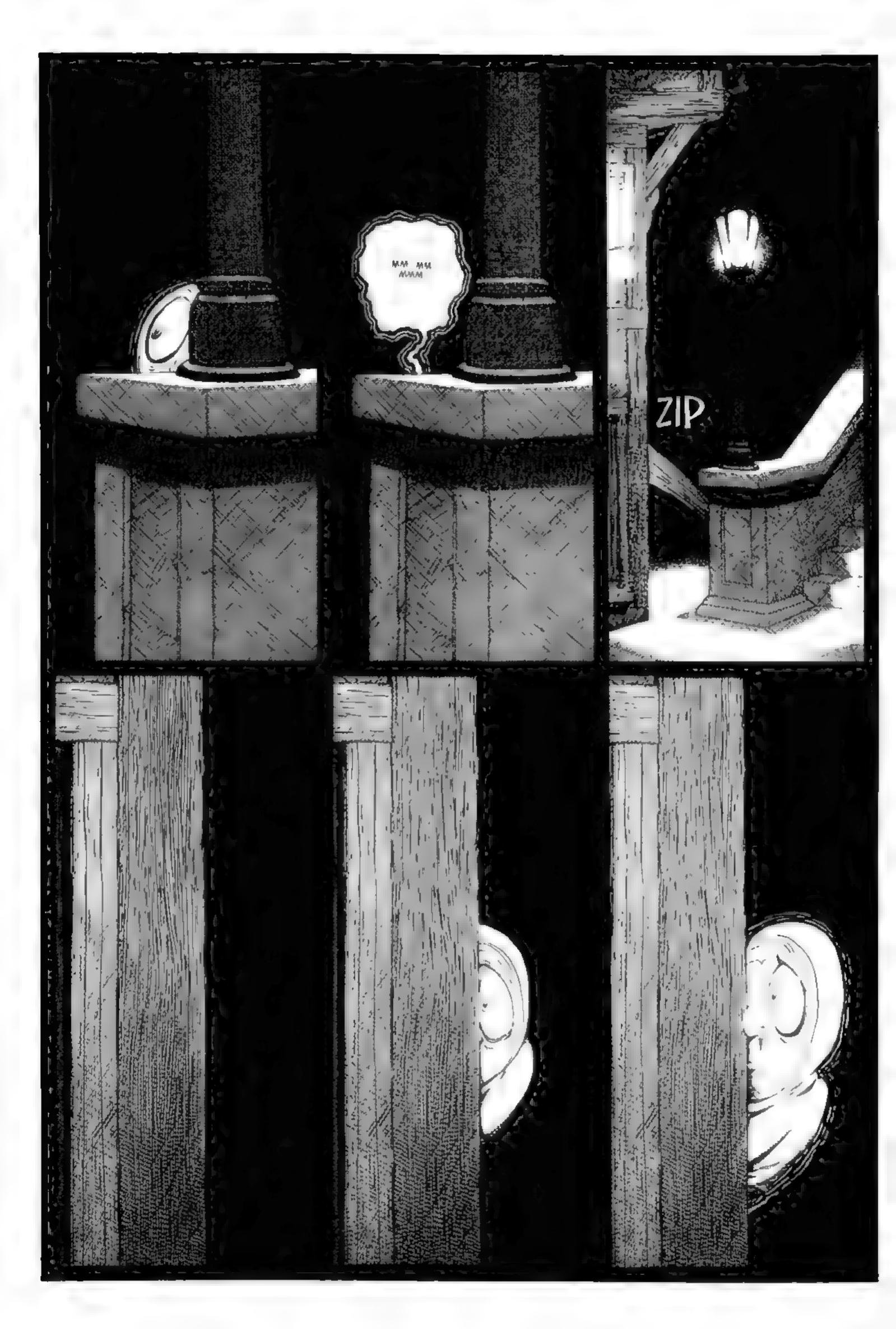


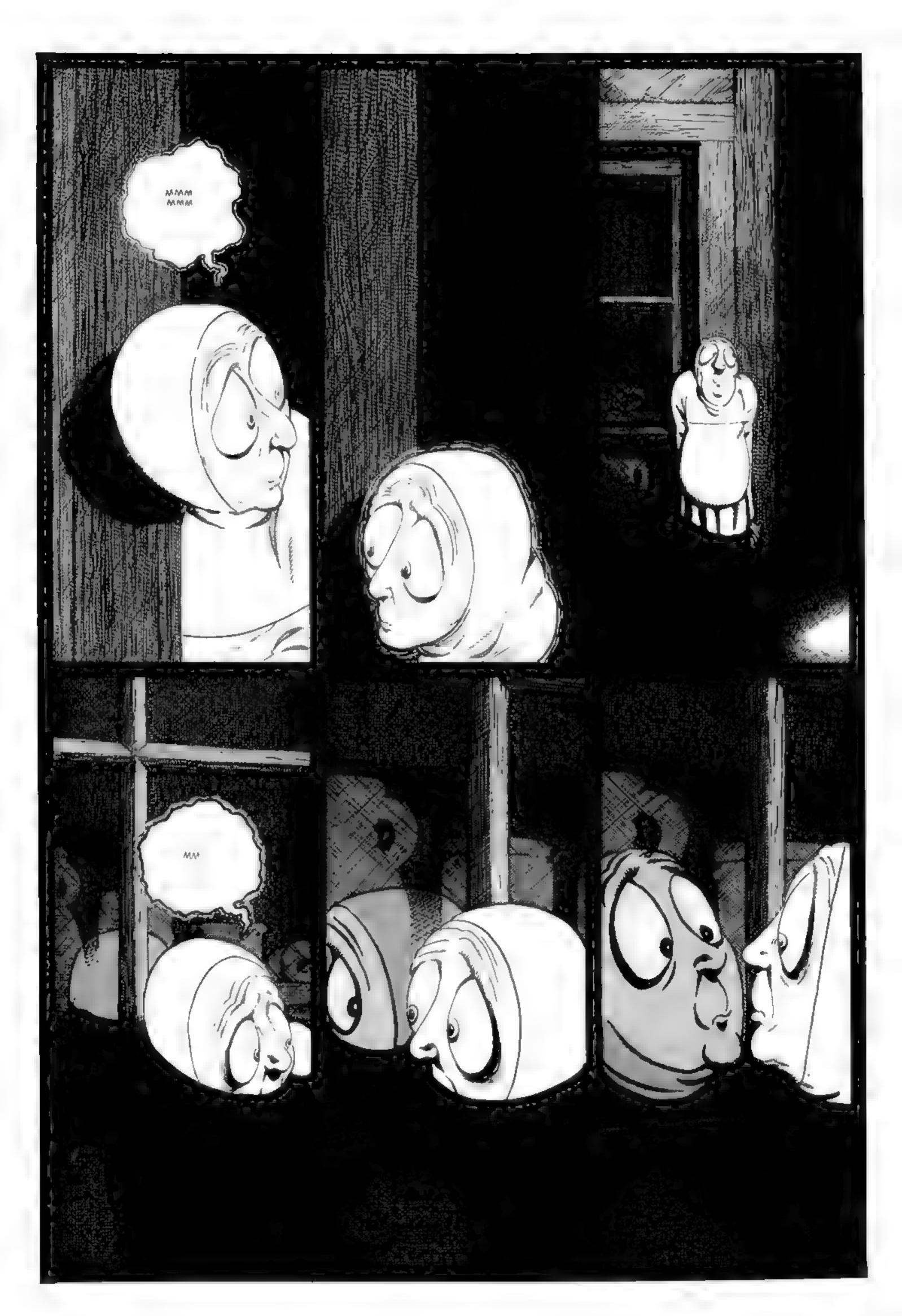


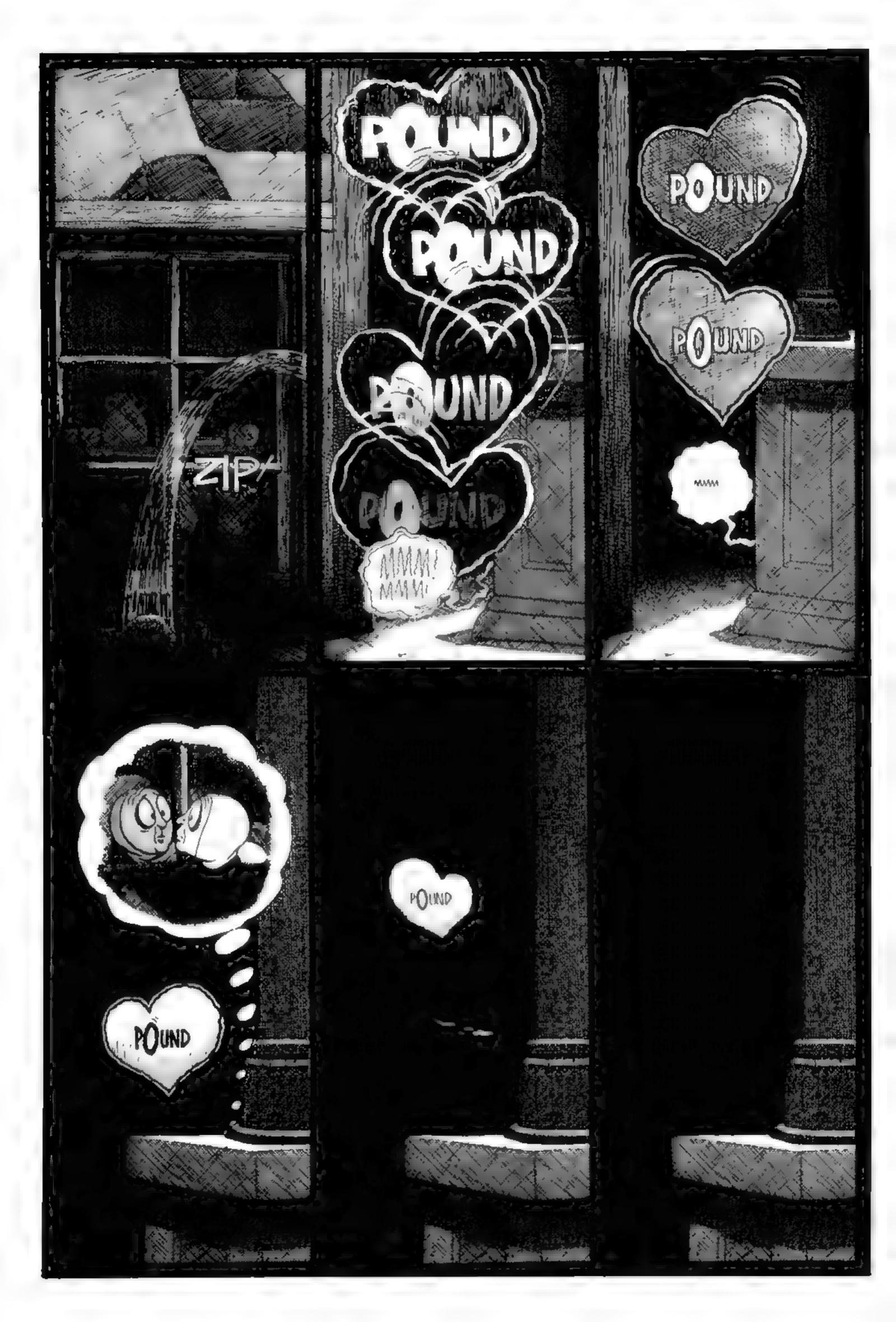


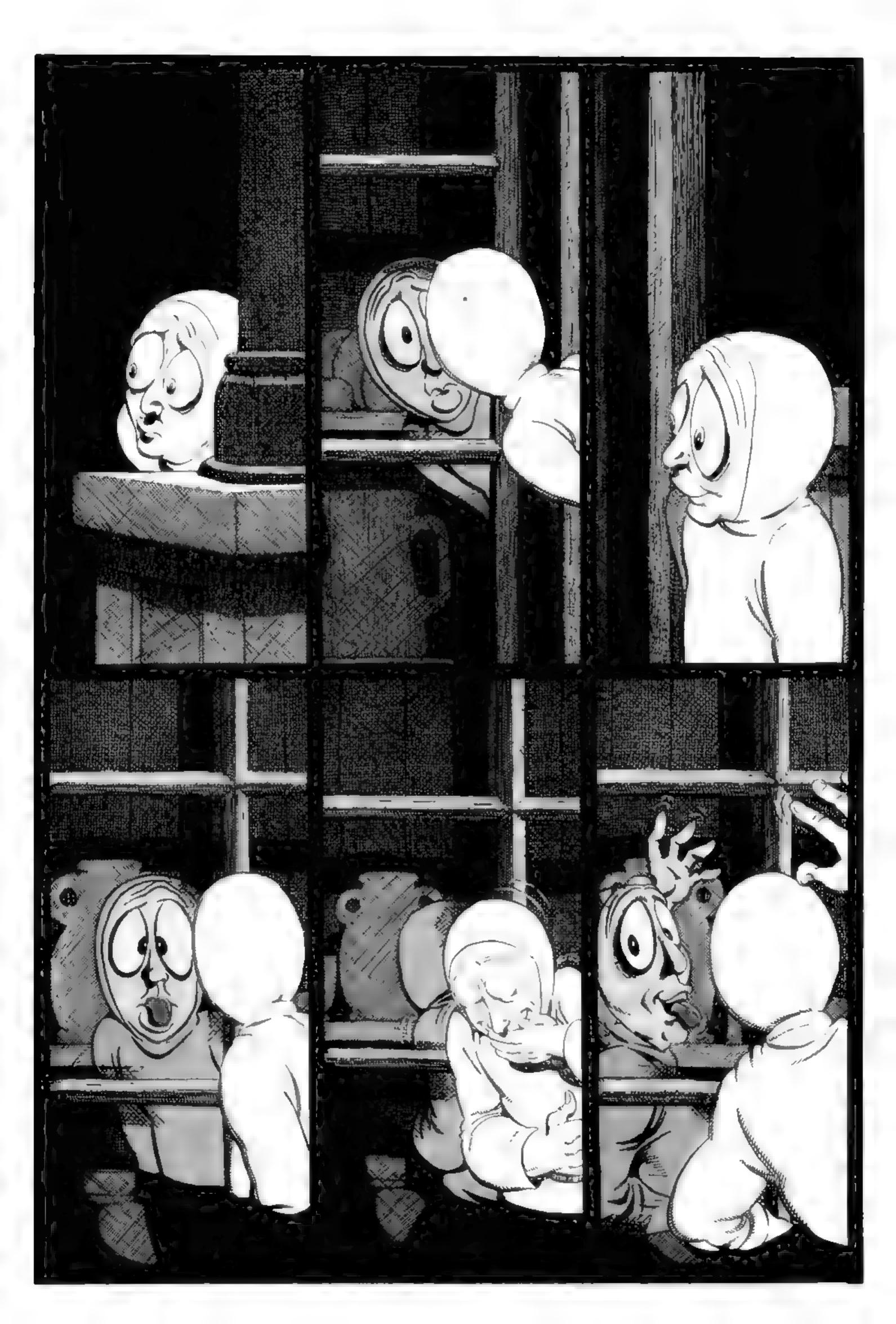


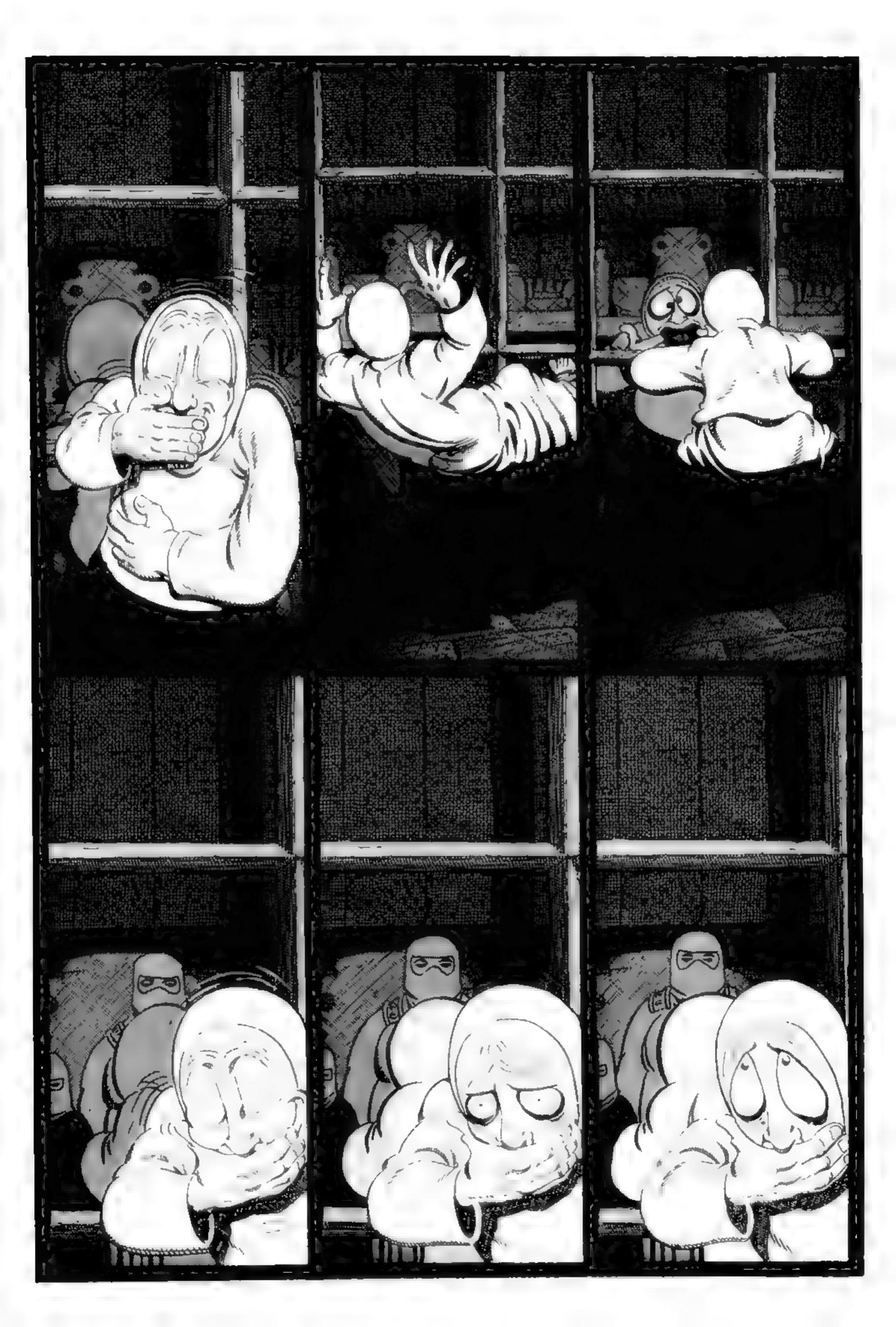


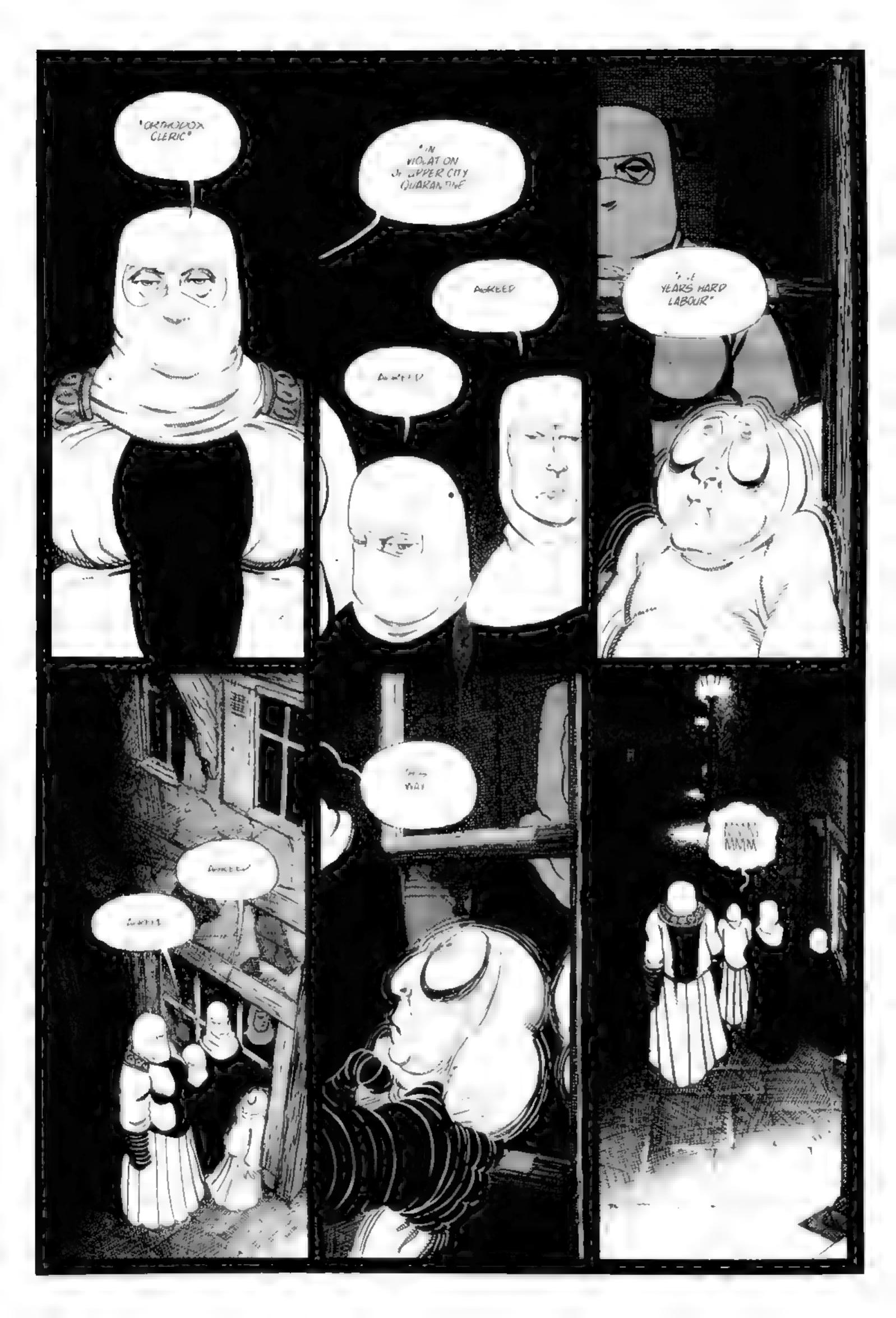
















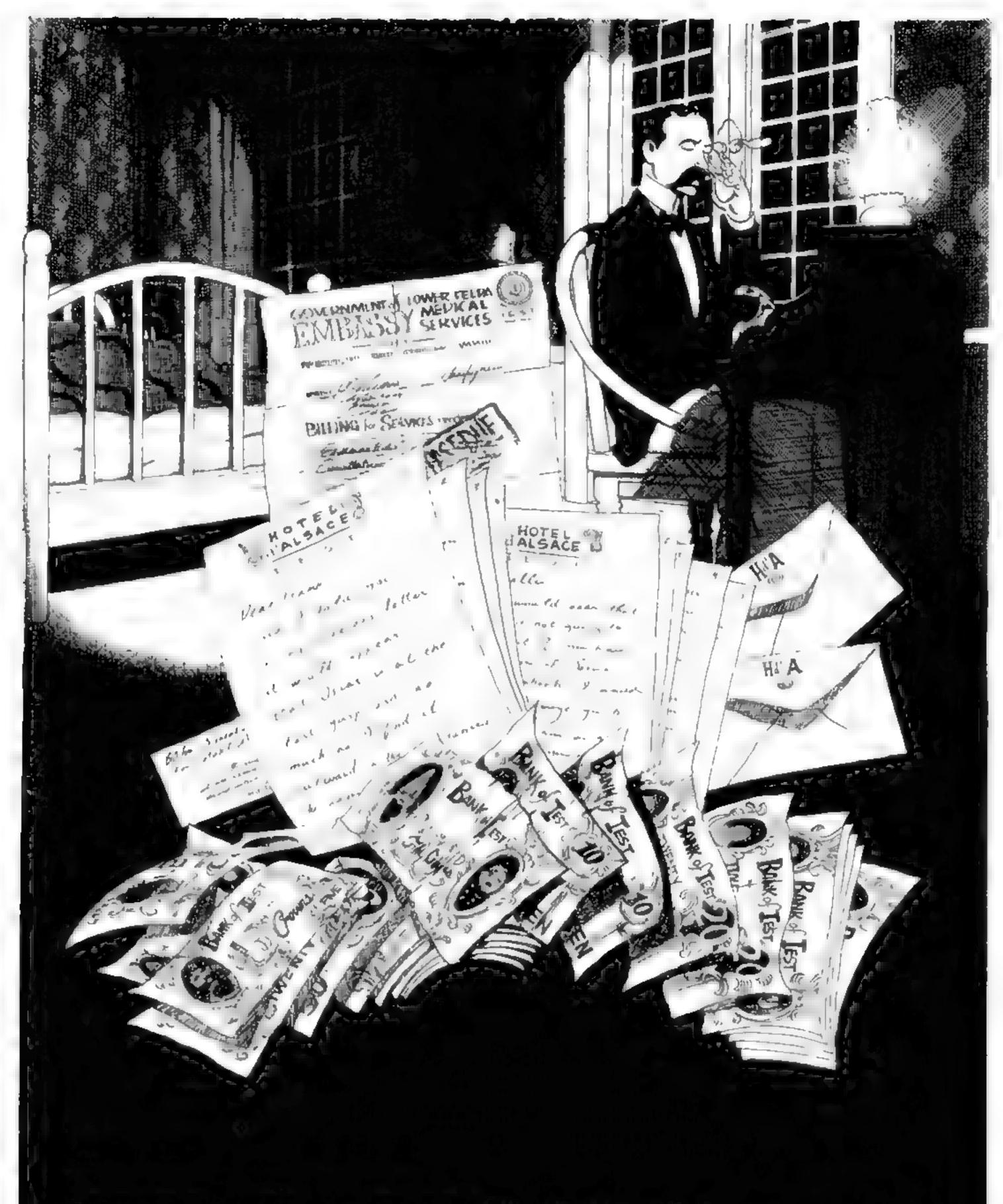












I need not tell you that I told Tucker I would be responsible for any expenses; but as yet not a word from Frank Harris. I have written to Wallis telling him to inform Bosie of Oscar's condition. Tucker thinks you are his agent and he keeps worrying about the children. I know you will write to whomever is necessary.

easier, one would say sleeping. If so, I think he has a chance. You see I have had so many surprises with Oscar that I don't want you to arrive here and curse me on the limiting him better.

but I suppose he could hardly be worse.



know how I should like you to be here but I know that is not easy for you. So far as being looked after is concerned you can do no more than is being done and he is too ill to want in particular.

still be might at any moment.

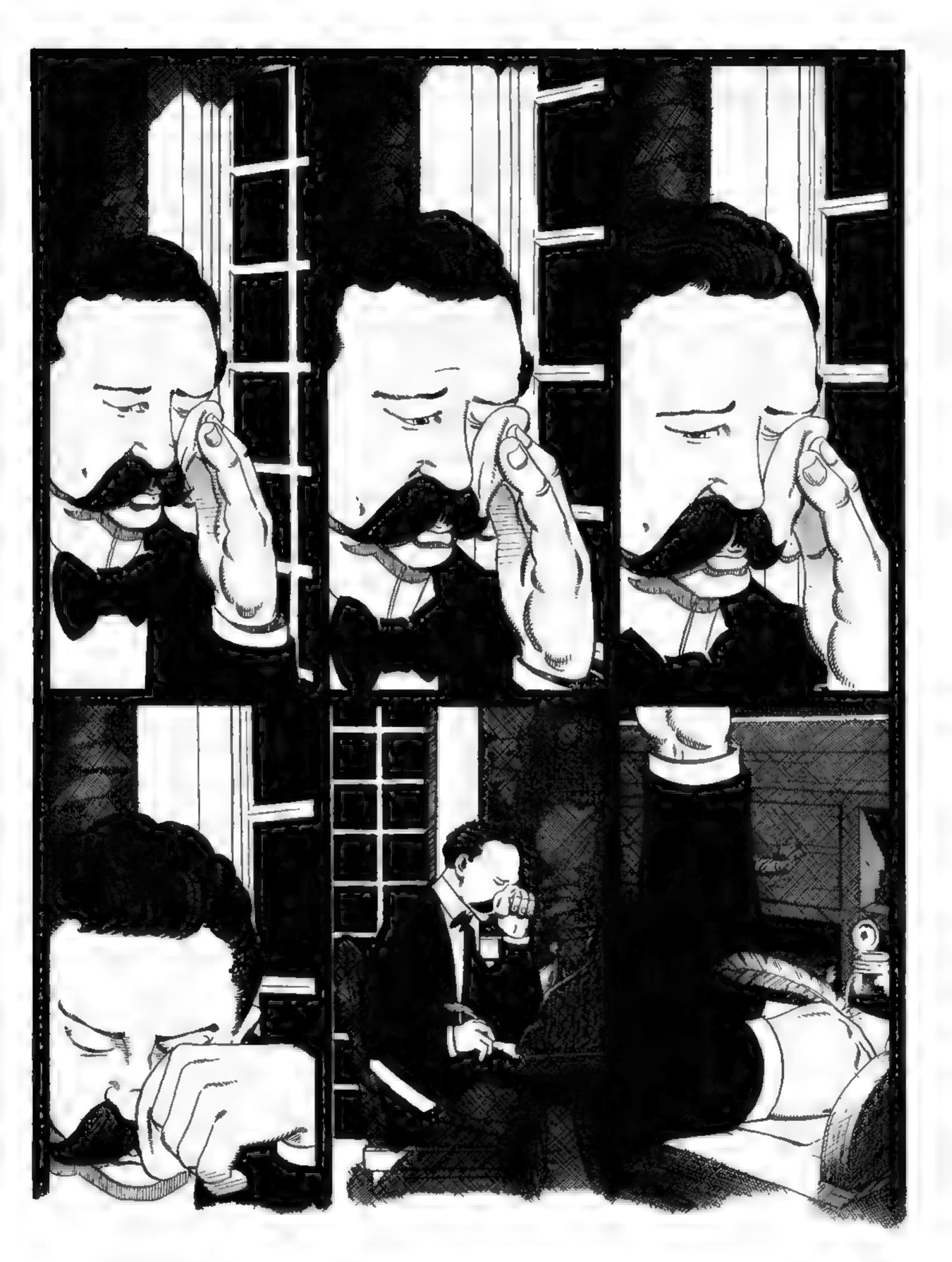


He has not once hinted that he thinks he is in danger, nor did he before the delirium began.



He was only anxious to be

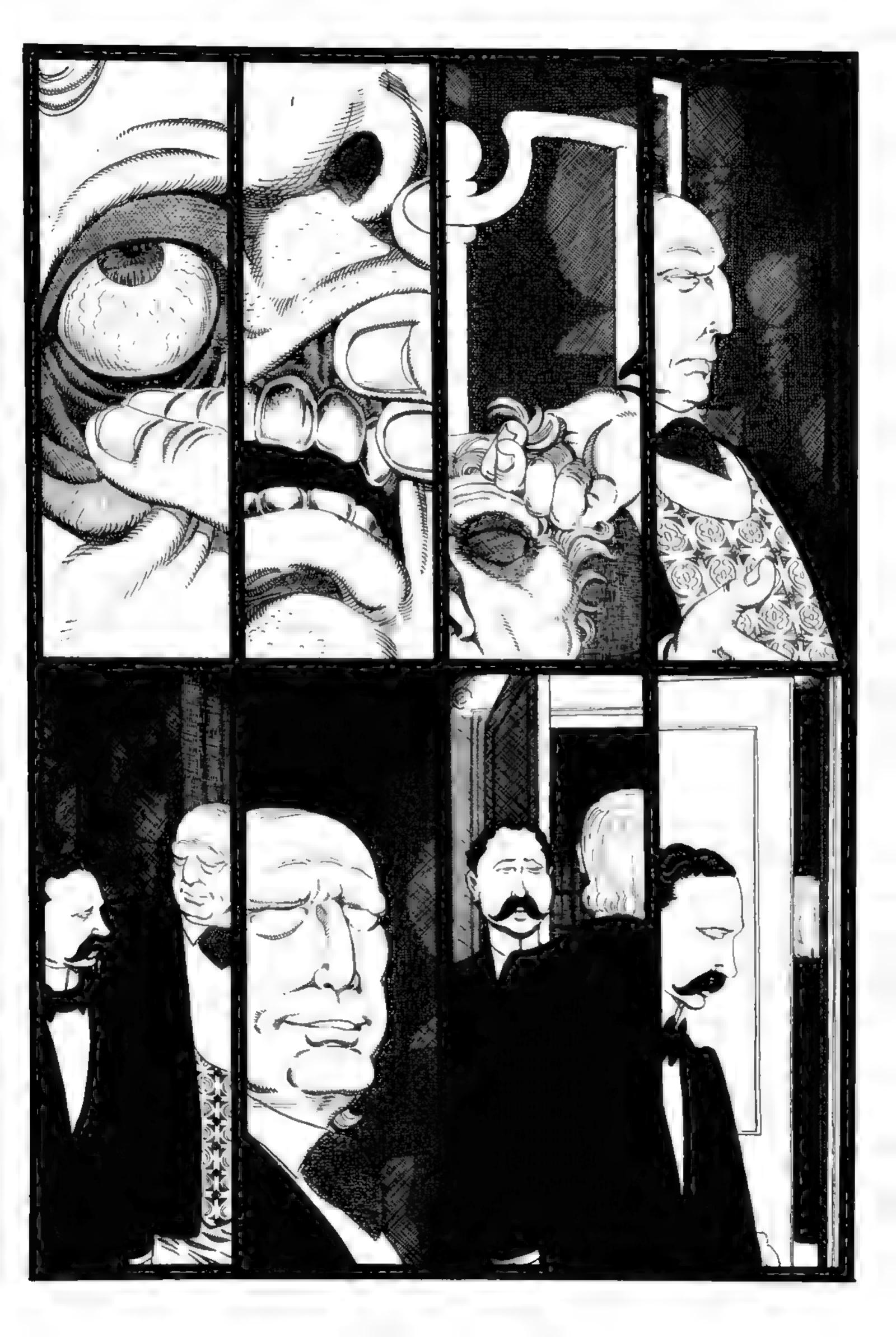




I fear that this is a stupid letter but, really, circumstances excuse that.

Reg



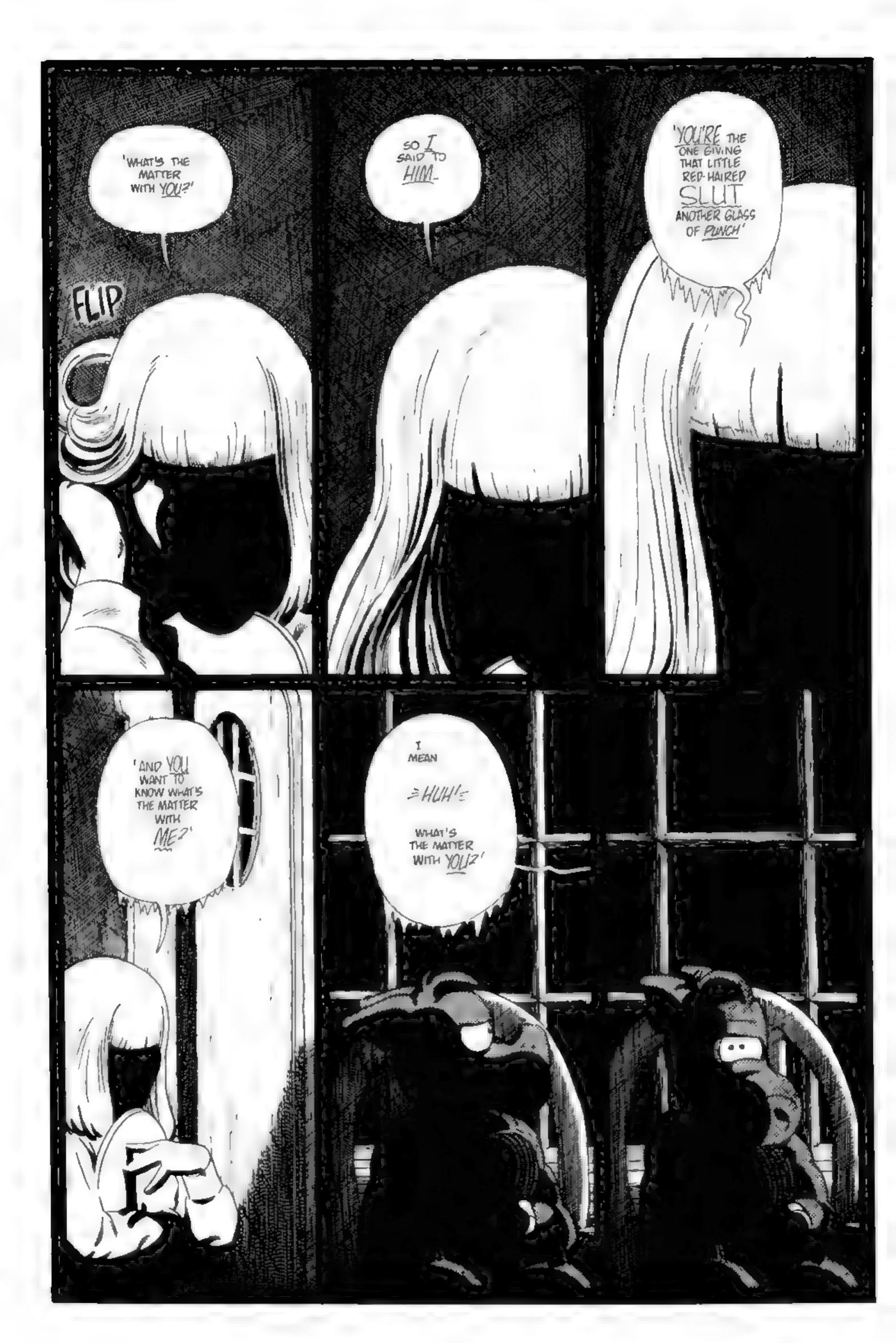


Dr. Tucker has just been. He says it is no good his writing to you as I have done so. Oscar a little better but Tucker cannot say it means anything. We are going to have his hair cut if Oscar will allow it. His temperature keeps very high, but he understands the doctor more or less. You cannot be wrong in coming to lest. It may be too late, but I hope you may find him better.

Tucker and the specialist made me and the patron sign a paper giving an account of the consultation so that his sons may see if they want to at any future time that all possible is being done for him. Tucker again asked for the address of the guardian of his children.















Reggie went every day
to see Oscar and wrote me
short bulletins every other day.
Oscar went out several times
with him and seemed much
better, Early, that last week, I
received the first of Reggie's
letters which I enclose
(the others came after I
had started) and I
started back for
Iest.

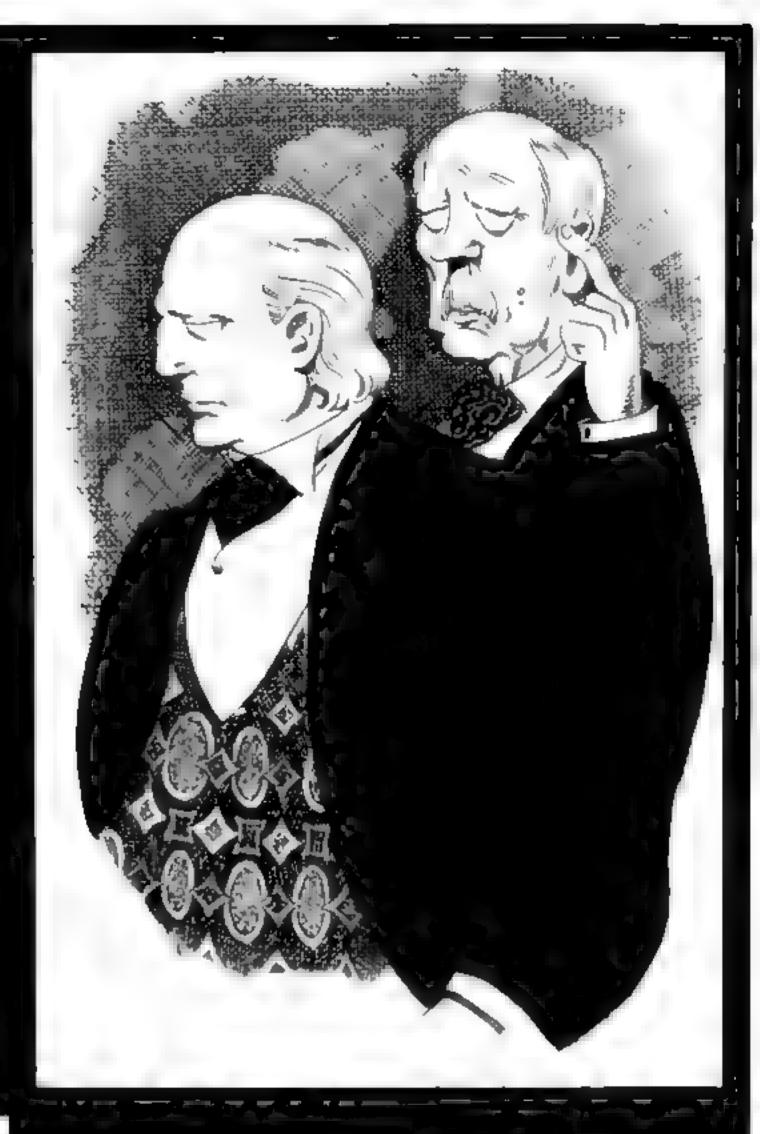


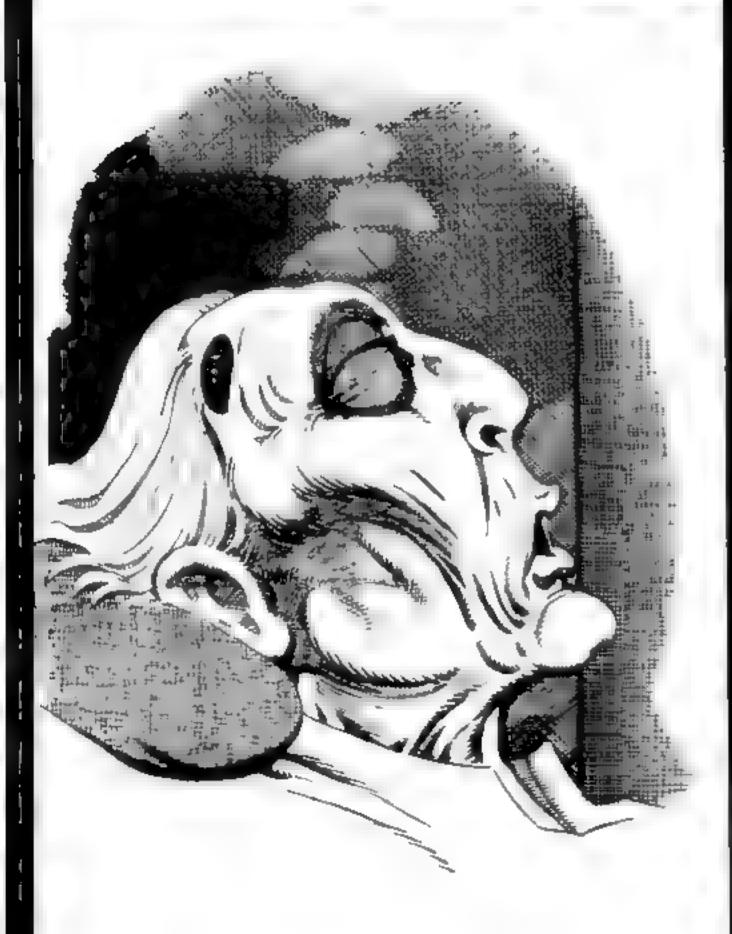
because they will give
you a very good idea of
how things stood. I had
decided that when I had
moved my mother to Menton
at week's end, I would go
to lest next day, but midweek at 5.30 I got a
message from Reggie
saying "almost
hopeless."



just
the express
and arrived
in lest at
10.20 in the
morning.

Dr. Tucker and
Dr. Kleiss, a specialist
called in by Reggie
were there. They informed
me that Oscar could
not live more than
two days.



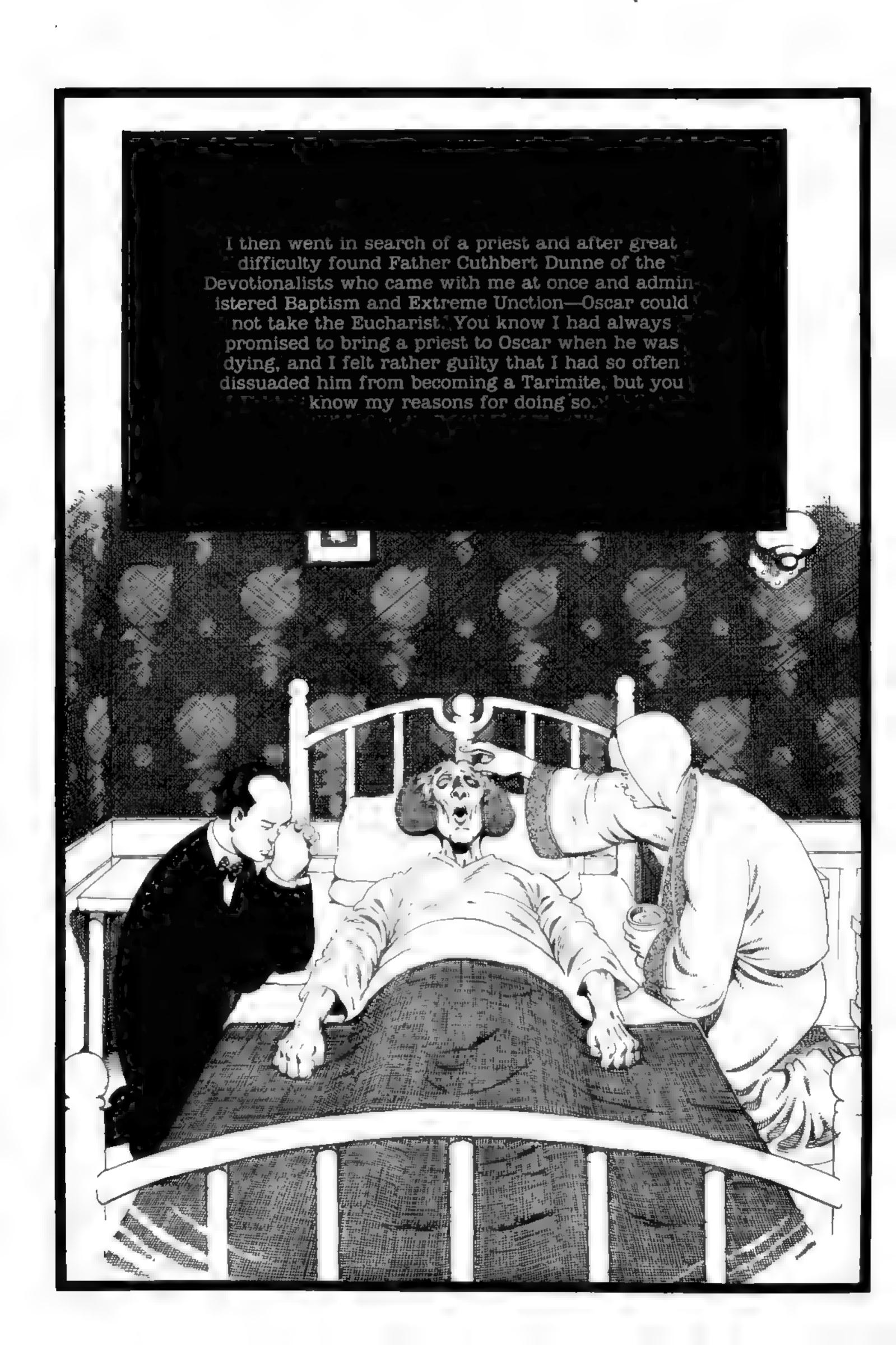


His appearance was very painful, he had become quite thin, the flesh was livid, his breathing heavy.



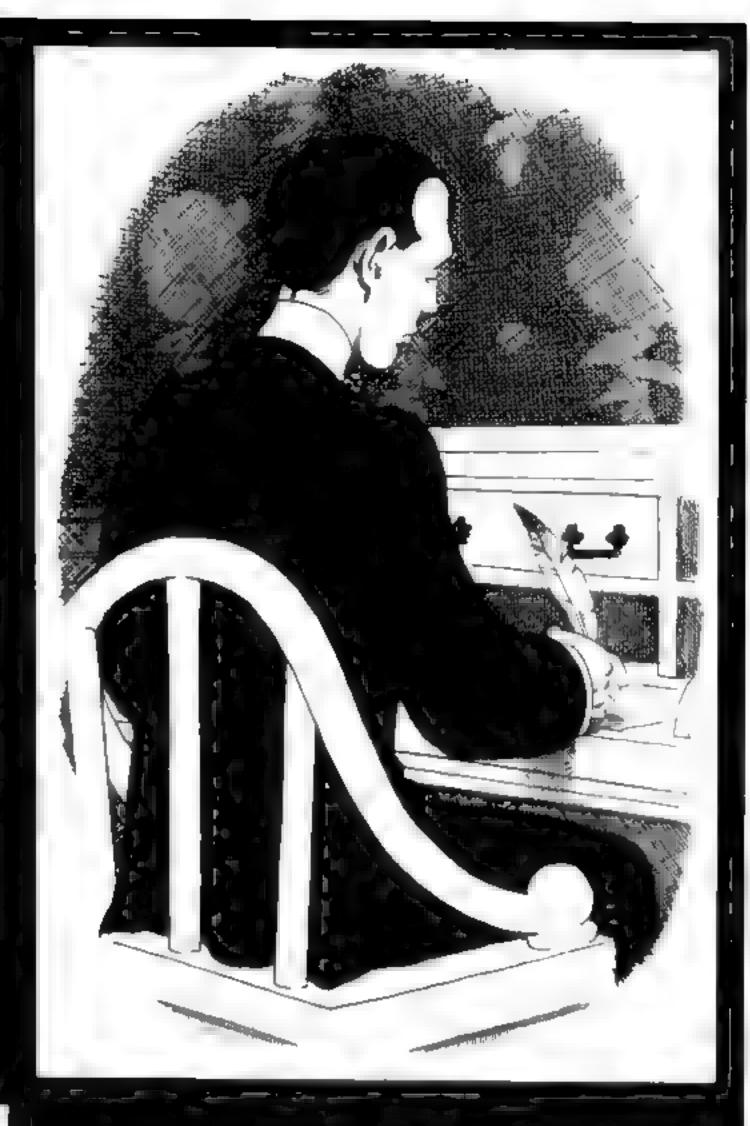
He was conscious that people were in the room, and raised his hand when I asked him whether he understood.





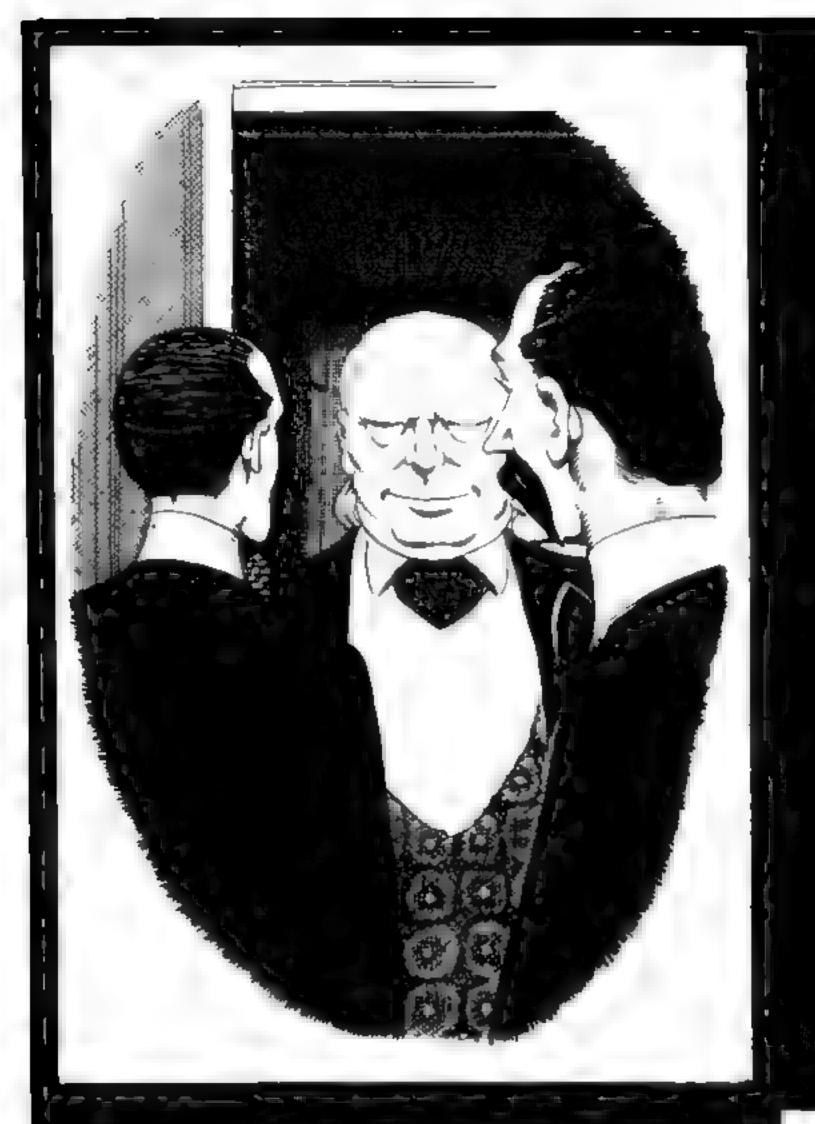


l then sent
letters to Frank
Harris, to Holman
(for communicating)
with Adrian
Hope)



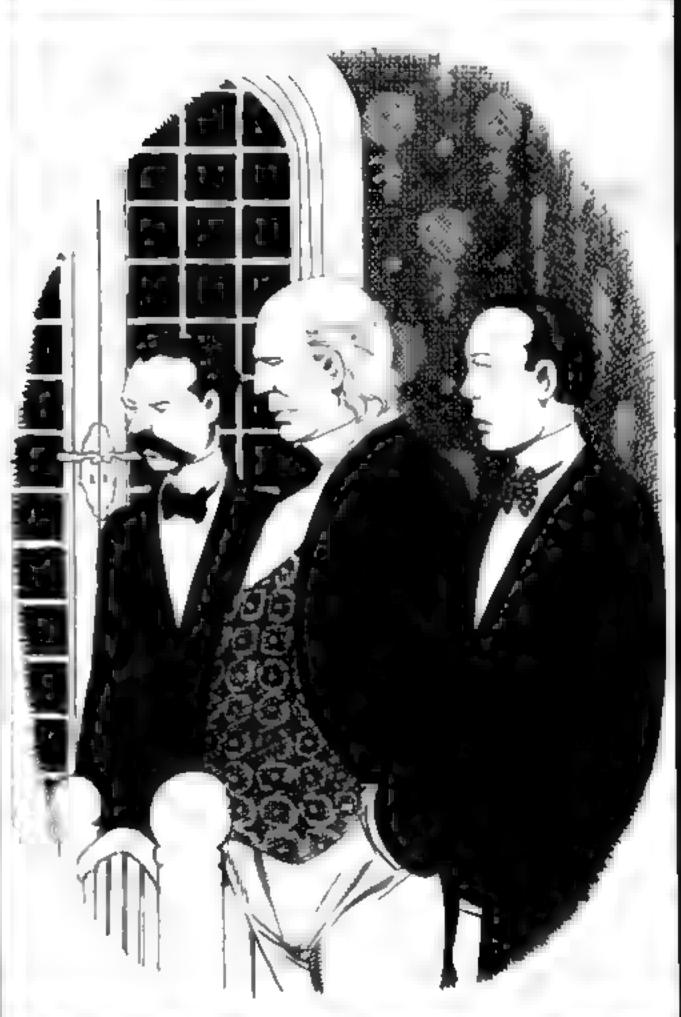


and to Douglas.



Tucker called again later

and said that Oscar might linger a few days.



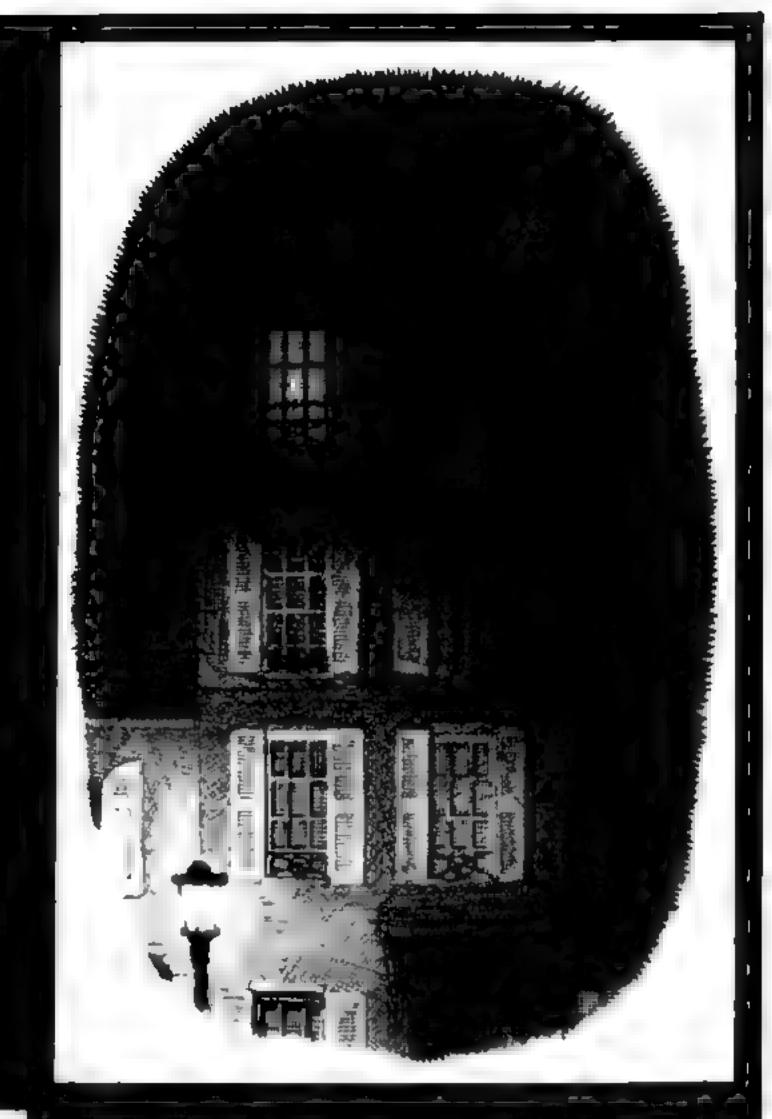


Terrible offices
had to be
carried out
into which I
need not enter.

Reggie was a perfect wreck



at the Hotel d'Alsace that night in a room upstairs.





was actually dying.

About 5.30 in the morning a complete change came over him, the lines of the face altered and I believe what is called the death rattle began.

I had never heard anything like it before.





lt sounded like the horrible turning of a crank and it never ceased until the end.

His eyes
did not
respond to the
light test
any longer





Foam and blood came from his mouth and had to be wiped away by someone standing by him all the time.

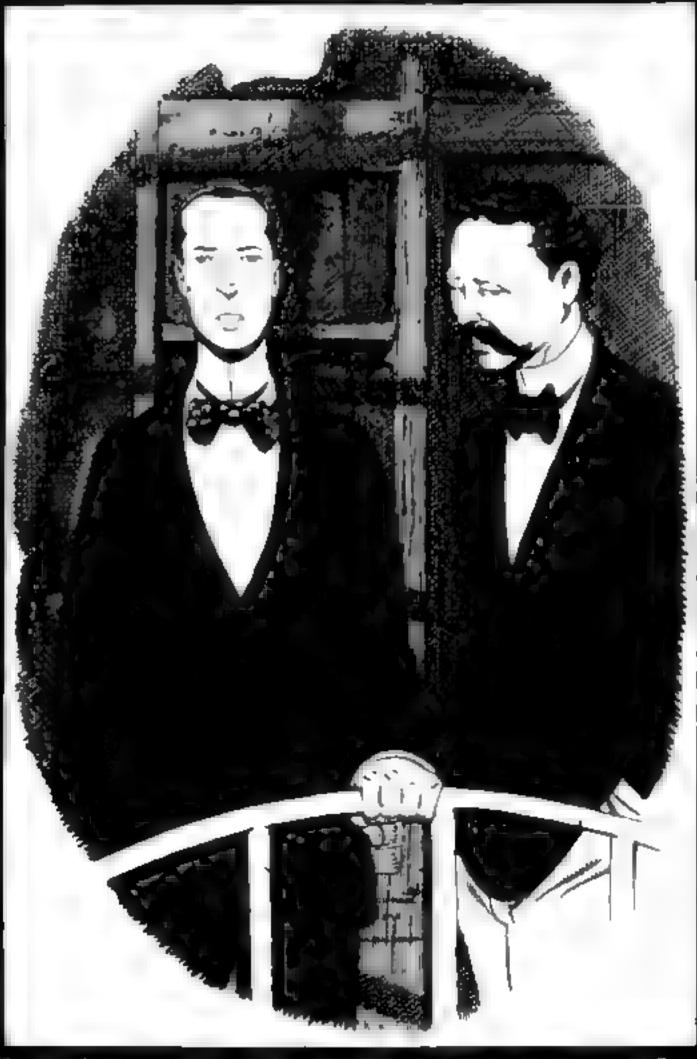
At noon, I went out to get some food, Reggie





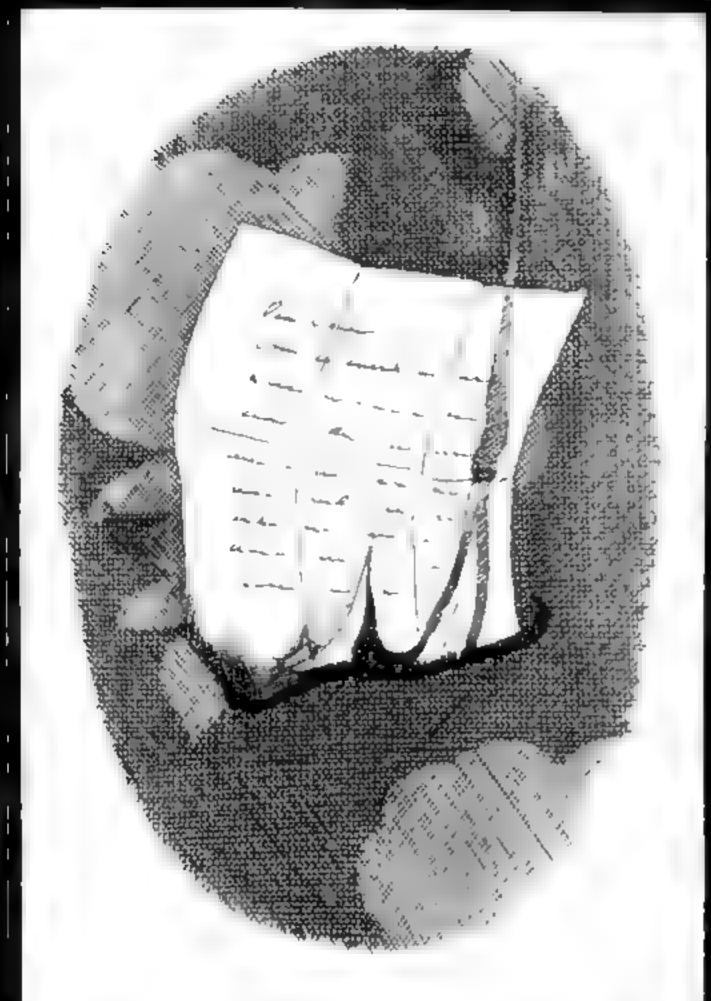
He went out at 12.30.

From one o'clock we did not leave the room



The painful noise from the throat became louder and louder.





Reggie and I destroyed letters to keep ourselves from breaking down



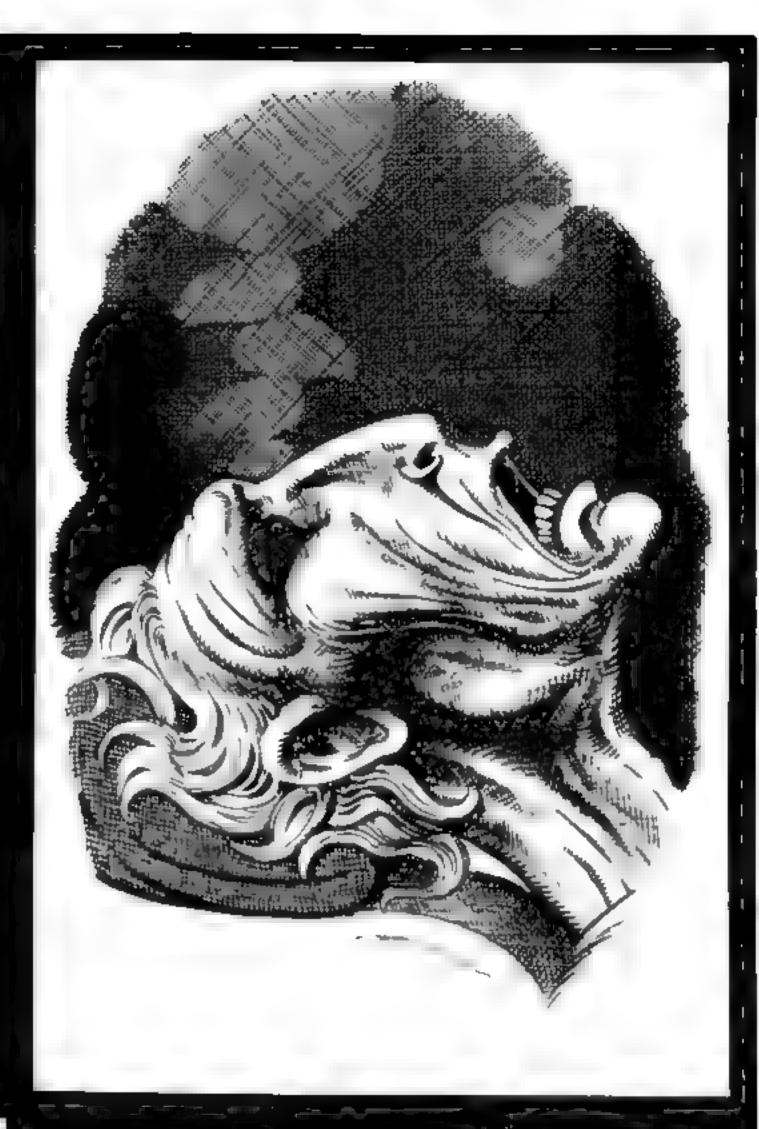
The nurse was out and the proprietor of the hotel had come up to take his place.

At 1.45 the time of his breathing altered. I went to the bedside and held his hand

his pulse began to flutter



He heaved a deep sigh; the only natural one I had heard since I arrived.





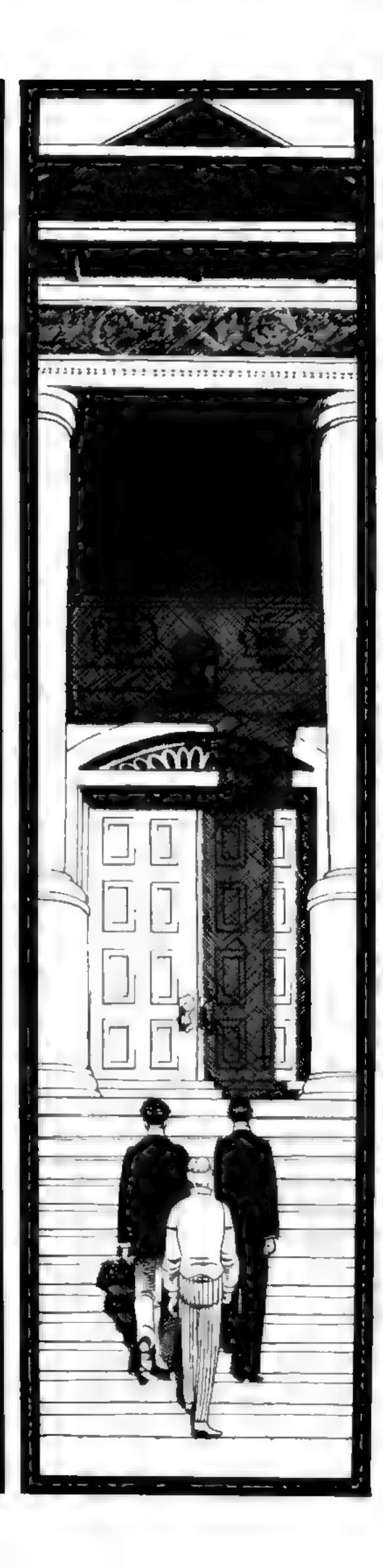
The limbs
seemed to
stretch involuntarily;
the breathing
became fainter.

He passed at ten minutes to two exactly



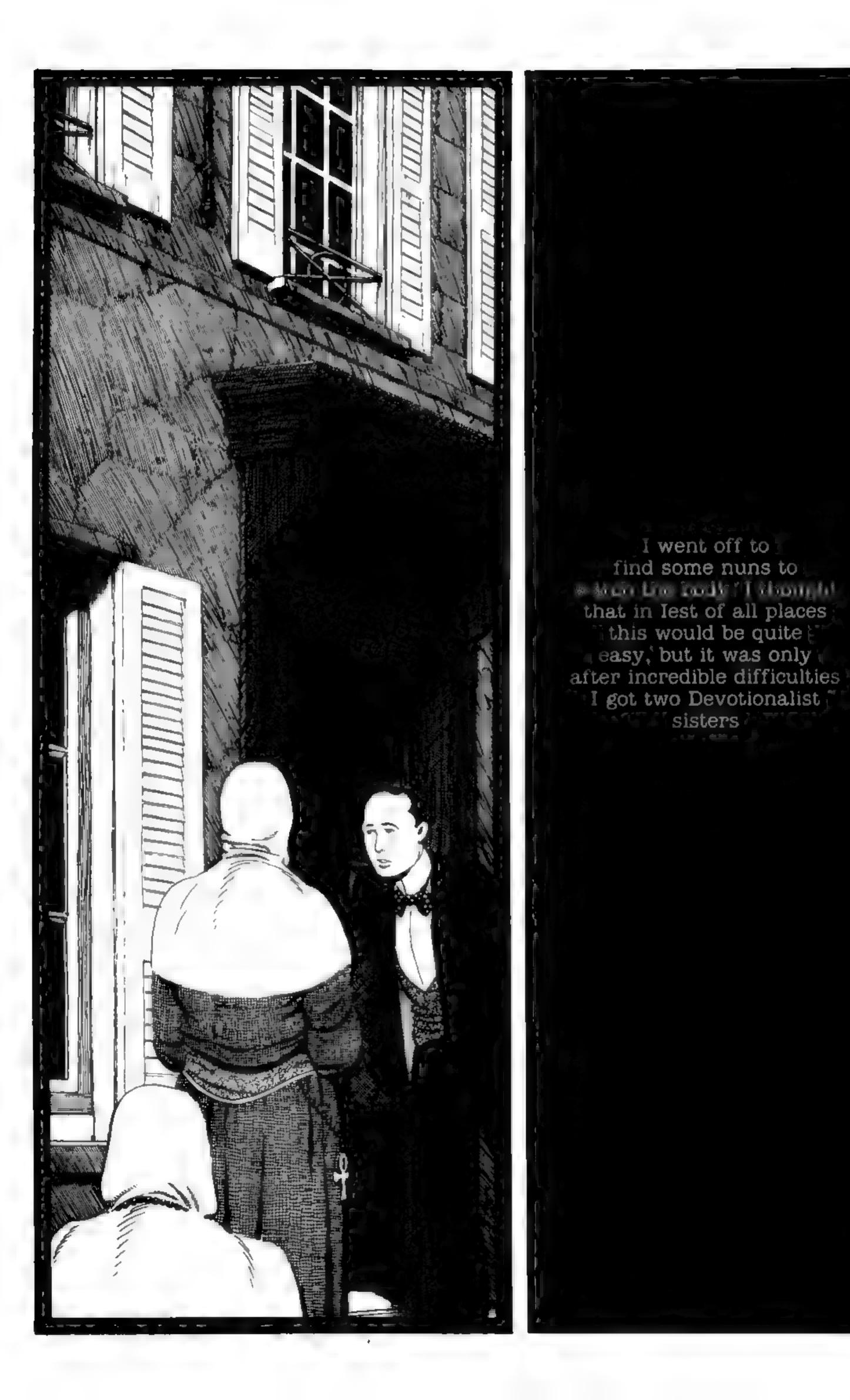
After washing and winding the body, and removing the appalling debris which had to be burnt

Reggie and myself? and the proprietor started; for the City Hall to make the official declaration. There is no use recounting the tedious experiences which only make me angry to think! about...The excellent Dupoirier lost? his head and complicated matters by making a mystery over Oscar's name. though there was a difficulty, as Oscar was registered under the name of Melmoth at the hotel, and it is contrary to lestan law to be under an assumed name in your hotel. From 3.30 till 5 p.m. we trans about the City Hall and the Police Commissioner offices



f transfer angry and insisted on going to Gesling the undertaker to the Lower Feldan Embassy, to whom Father Cuthbert had recommended meS

After settling matters with him



Gesling was more intelligent of promised to call at the Hotel d'Alsace at 8 o'clock next morning. While Reggie stayed at the hotel interviewing journalists and clamorous creditors, I started with tesling to see officials.

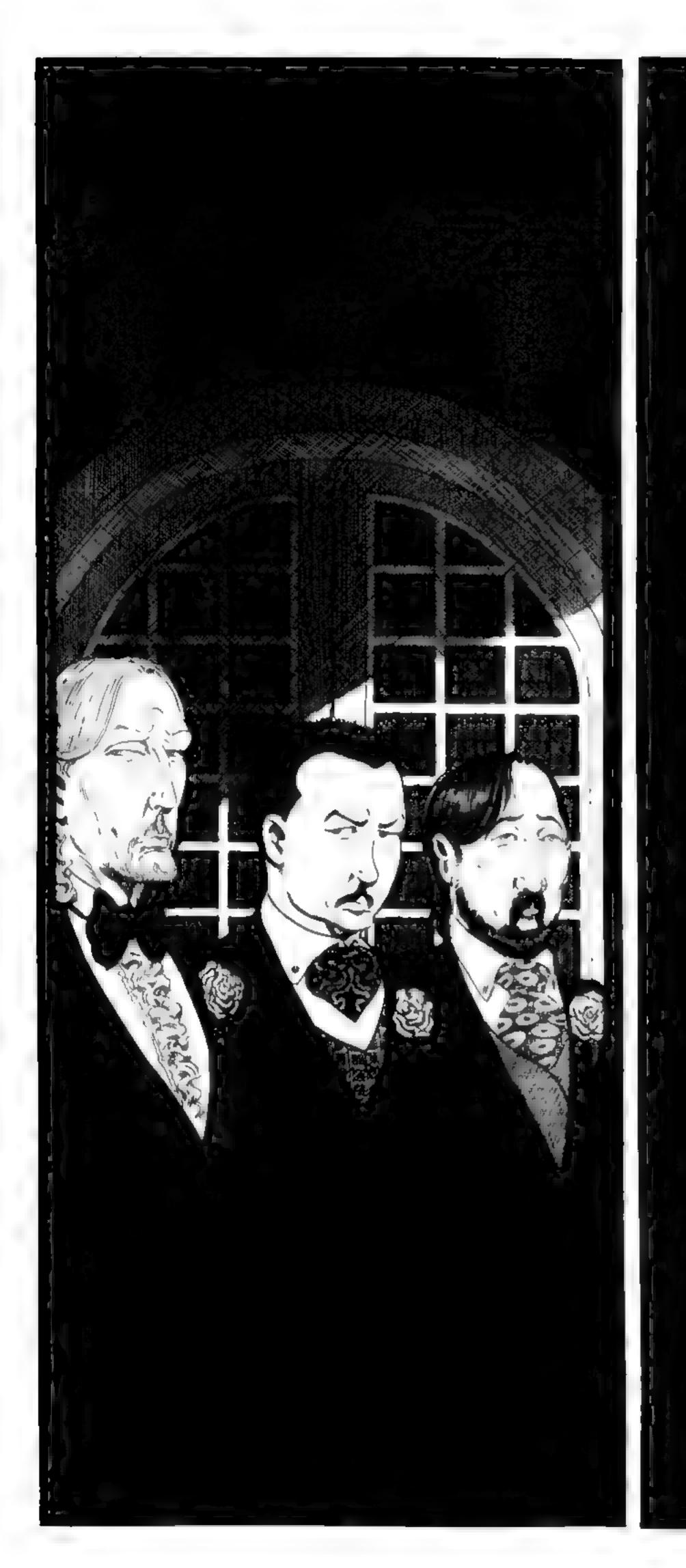
We did not part
till 1.30, so you can
imagine the formalities
and oaths and exclamations
and signing of papers.
Dying in lest is really
a very difficult and
expensive luxury for
a foreigner.





It was in the afternoon the District Doctor called and asked if Oscar had committed suicide or was murdered. He would not look at the signed certificates of Kleiss and Tucker, Gesling had warned me the previous evening that owing to the assumed name and Oscar's identity the authorities might insist on his body, being taken to the Morgue. Of course, I was appalled at the prospect: it! really seemed the final touch of horror. After examining the body, and, indeed; everybody in the hotel; and? after a series of drinks and unseasonable jests, and a liberal fee; the District Doctor consented on the permission for burial.

Then arrived some other revolting official; he asked how many collars Oscar had and the value of his umbrella. (This is quite) exaggeration of mine)



Then various
poets and literary
people called, Raymond
de la Tailhade
Tardieu
Charles Sibleigh
Jehan Rictus
Robert d'Humières
George Sinclair

and various

Lower Feldan people

who gave assumed

names, together with two
veiled woman. They were

allowed to see the

body when they



I am glad to say dear Oscar looked calm and dignified, just as he did when he came out of ? prison; and there was nothing at all horrible about the body after it had been washed. Around his neck was the blessed rosary which you gave me, and on the breast a medal given to me by one of the nuns, a few flowers placed there by myself and an anonymous friend who had brought some on behalf of the children." though I do not suppose the children know their father is dead.



Gesling
had advised
me to have the
remains placed in
the coffin at once
as decomposition
would begin very

8.30 in the evening
the men came
to screw it
down





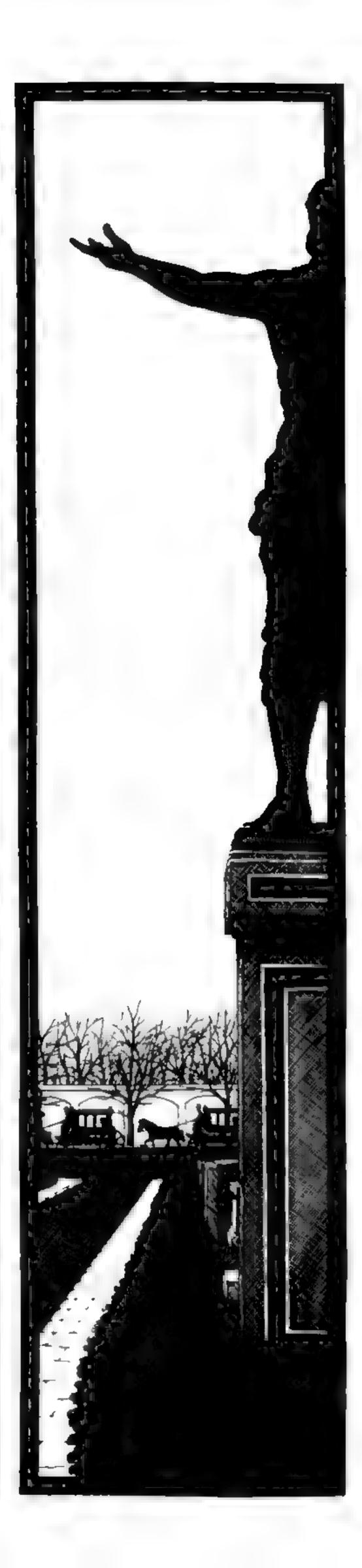
The next day.
Alfred Douglas
arrived, and various
people whom I do not
know called. I expect
most of them were
journalists.

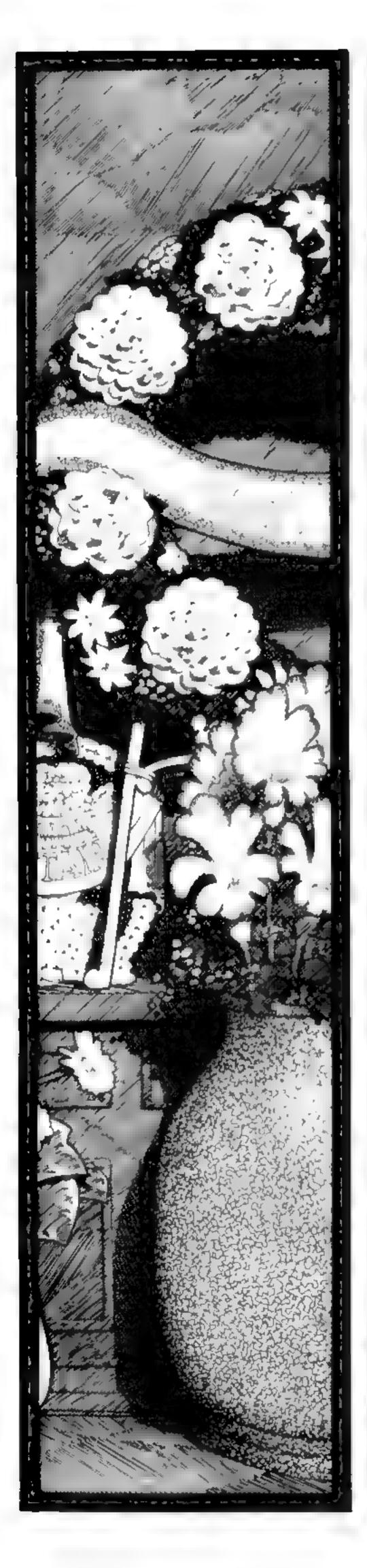


Next morning at

9 o'clock, the funeral started
from the hotel—we all walked to
the Church of St. Germain behind
the hearse—Alfred Douglas.
Reggle Turner and myself,
Dupoirier, the proprietor of
the hotel, Henri the nurse,
and Jules, the servant of the
hotel, Dr. Hennion and
with two strangers whom
I did not know.

After a low mass, said by one of his vicaires at the altar behind the sanctuary. part of the burial office was read by Father; Cuthbert. The Suisse told me that " there were fifty-six people present—there were five ladies in deep mourning— I had ordered three coaches only, as I had sent out no official notices, being anxious to keep the funeral quiet. The first coach contained Father Cuthbert and the acolyte; the second Alfred Douglas. Turner, the proprietor of the hotel, and - tribe third contained Madame Stuart Merrill, Paul Fort, Henry Davray and Sarluis; a cab followed containing strangers unknown to me. The drive took one hour and a half; the grave: is at Bagneaux, in a temporary concession hired in my name when I am able I shall purchase some ground elsewhere. at Pere la Chaise for choice. I have not yet decided what to do, or the nature of the monument





There were altogether twenty four wreaths of flowers; some were sent anonymously. The proprietor of the hotel supplied a pathetic bead trophy, inscribed "A mon locataire" and there was another of the same kind from the "service de l'hôtel", the remaining twenty two were, of course, of real flowers. Wreaths came from, or at the request of the following Alfred Douglas, More Adey, Reginald Turner. Adela Schuster, Mr. and Mrs. Teixeira de Mattos Maurice Gilbert and Dr. Tucker

At the head of the coffin I placed a wreath of laurels inscribed. "A tribute to his literary achievements and distinction." I tied inside the wreath the following names of those who had shown kindness to him during or after his imprisonment "Arthur Humphreys." Max Beerbohm, Arthur Clifton, Ricketts, Shannon, Conder. "Rothenstein, Dal Young, Ada Leverson, More Adey, Alfred Douglas, Reginald Turner, Frank Harris, Louis Wilkinson, Mellor, Adela Schuster, Rowland Strong and Carlos Blacker".



I can scarcely speak in I moderation of the magnanimity. humanity and charity of Dupoirier, the proprietor of the Hotel d'Alsace. Just before I left lest, Oscar told me he owed him over 190 crowns. From the day Oscar was laid up he never said anything about it. He never mentioned the subject to me until after Oscar's death; and then started the subject. He was present at Oscar's operation and attended to him personally every morning. He cald himself; fre luxures and necessities ordered by the doctor or by Oscar himself out of his own pocket I hope that Douglas or: Harris will at any rate pay him the money still owing:

Dr. Tucker is also owed a large sum of money. He was most kind and attentive.

I find he entirely misunderstood Oscar's case.

Reggie Turner had
the worst time of all in
many ways—he experienced
all the horrible uncertainty and
the appalling responsibility of which he
did not know the extent. It will always
be a source of satisfaction to those who
were fond of Oscar, that he had
someone like Reggie near him during
the last days while he was
articulate and sensible of
kindness and attention

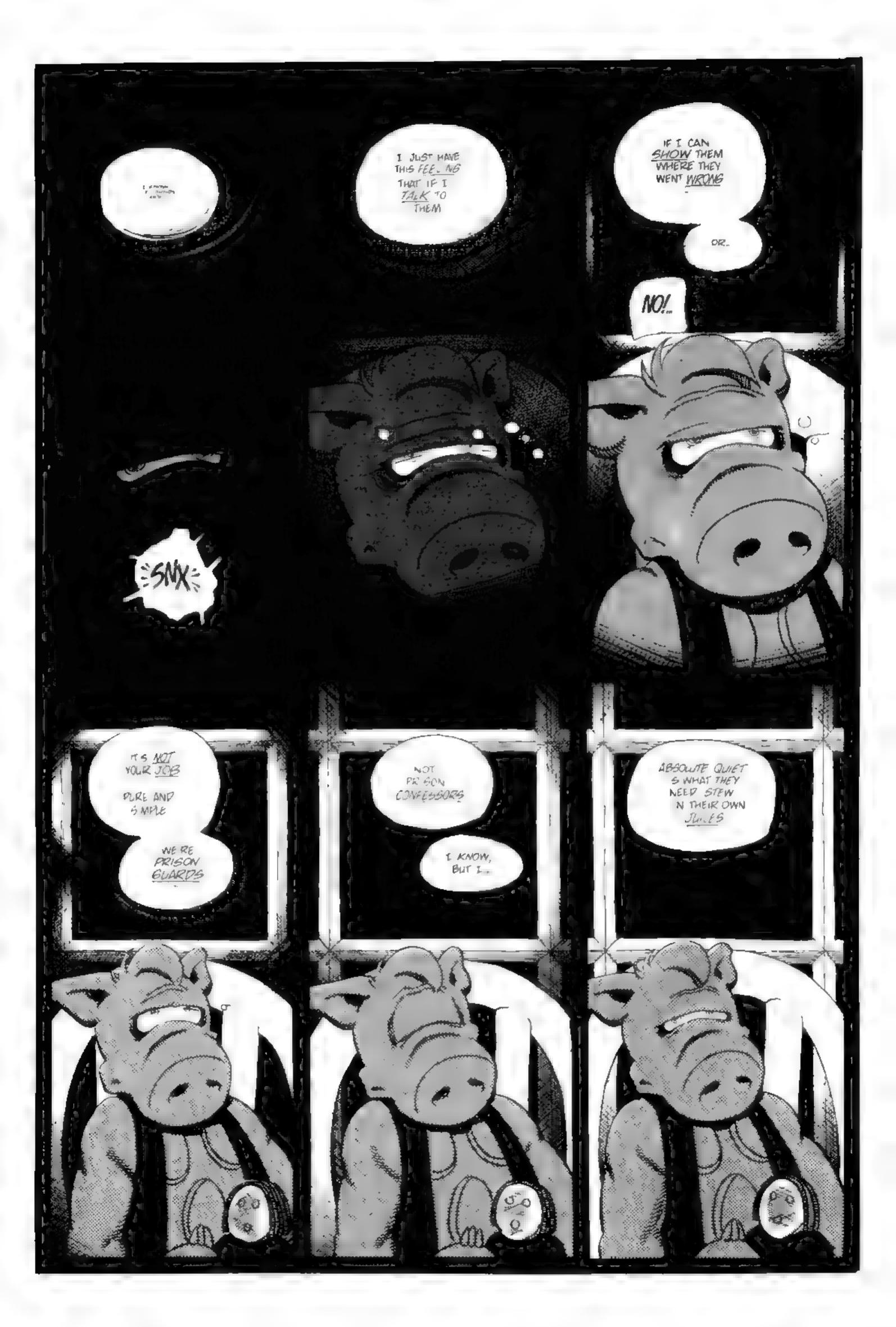




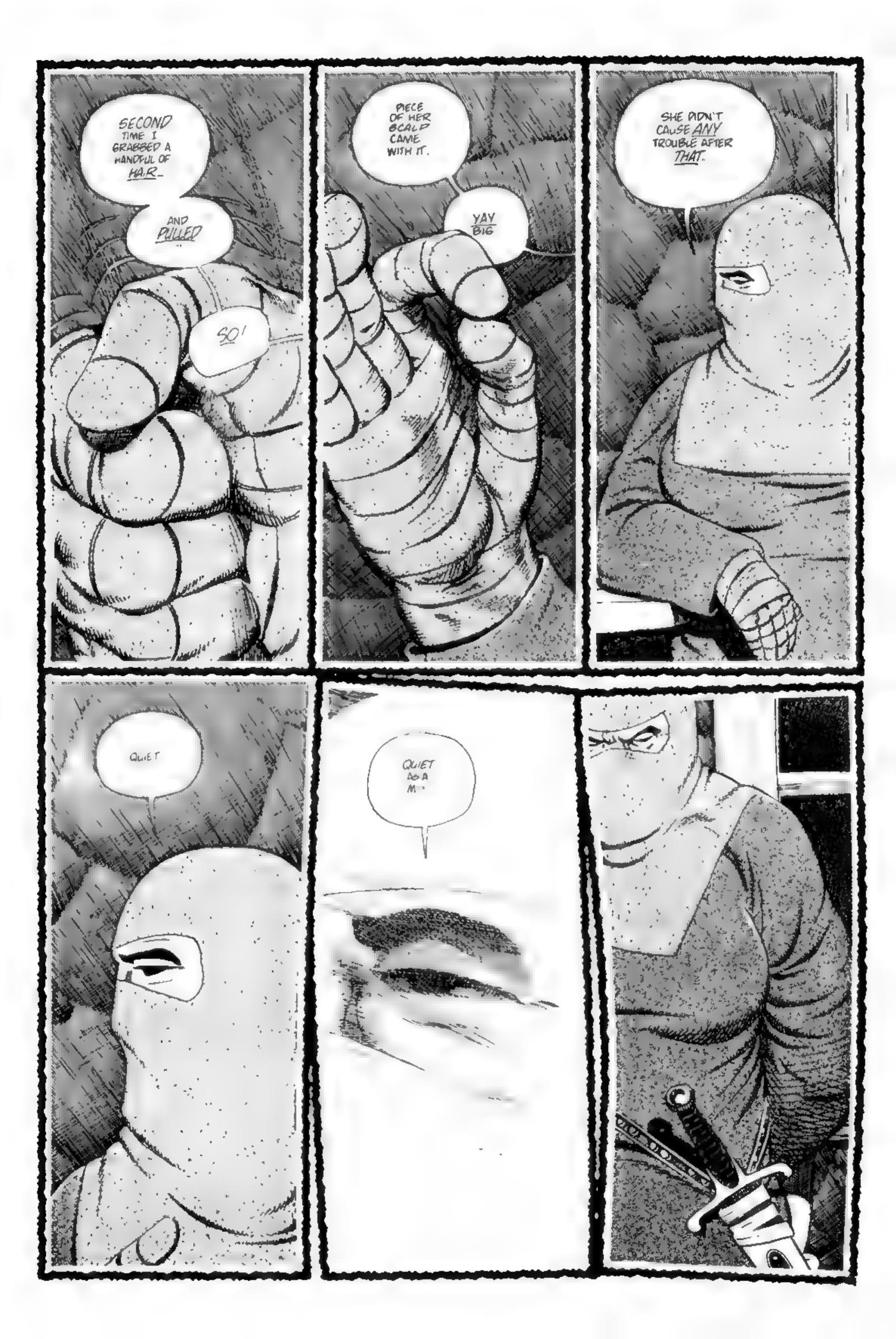
And align tears will full for him
Pity's long-broken urn
For his mourners will be outcast men
and outcasts always mourn

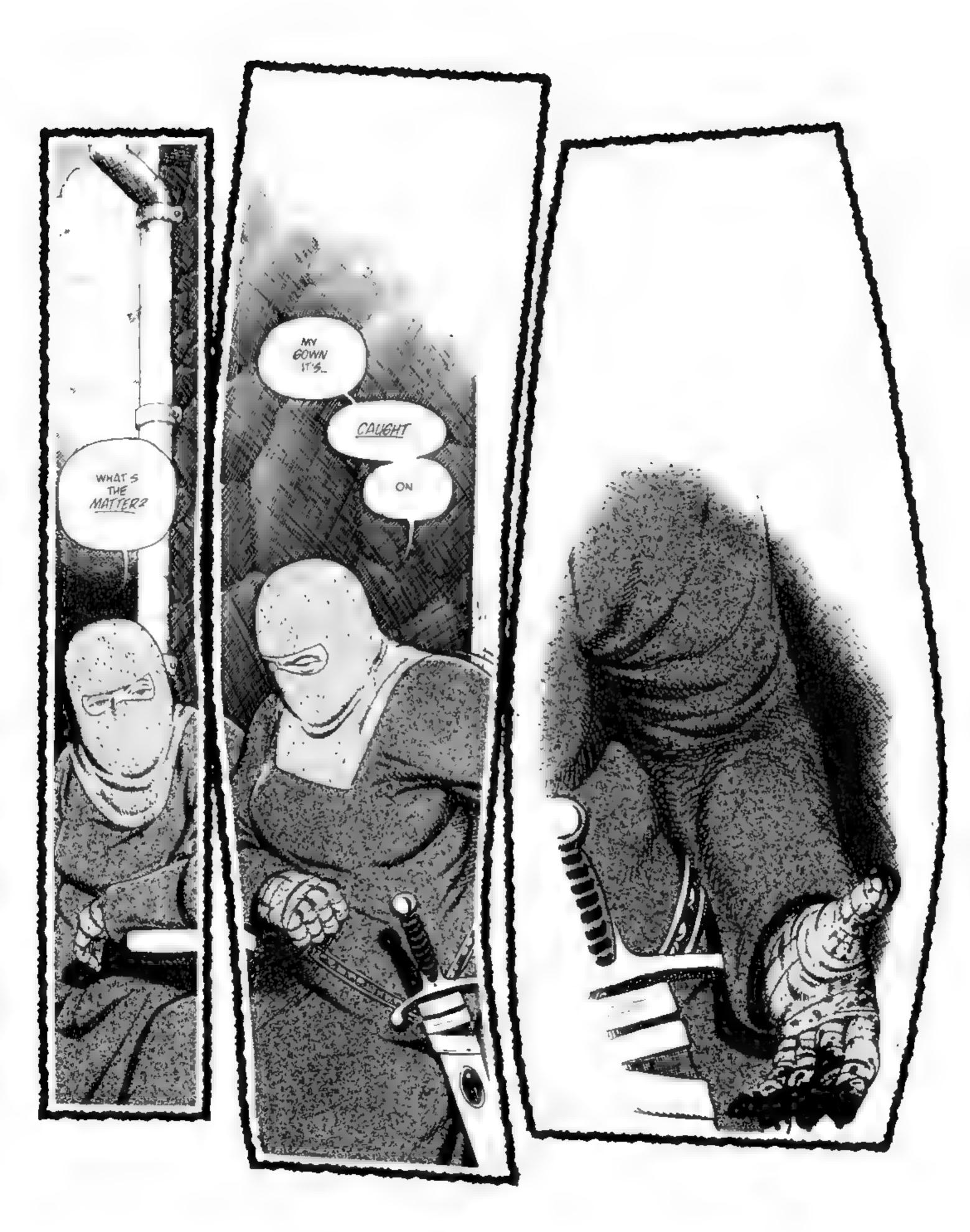
The Ballad of Reading Gaol"

FPIOCUE





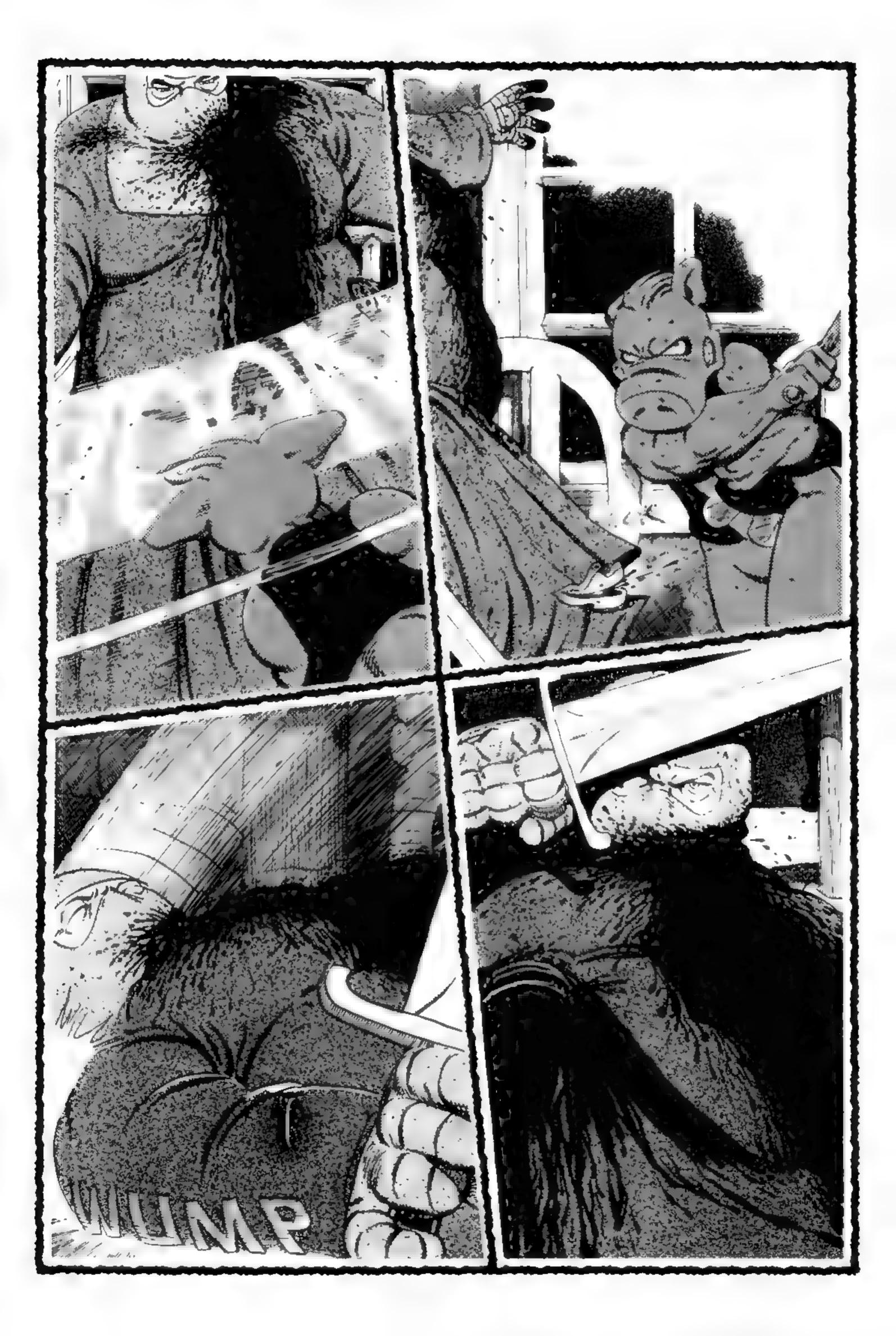


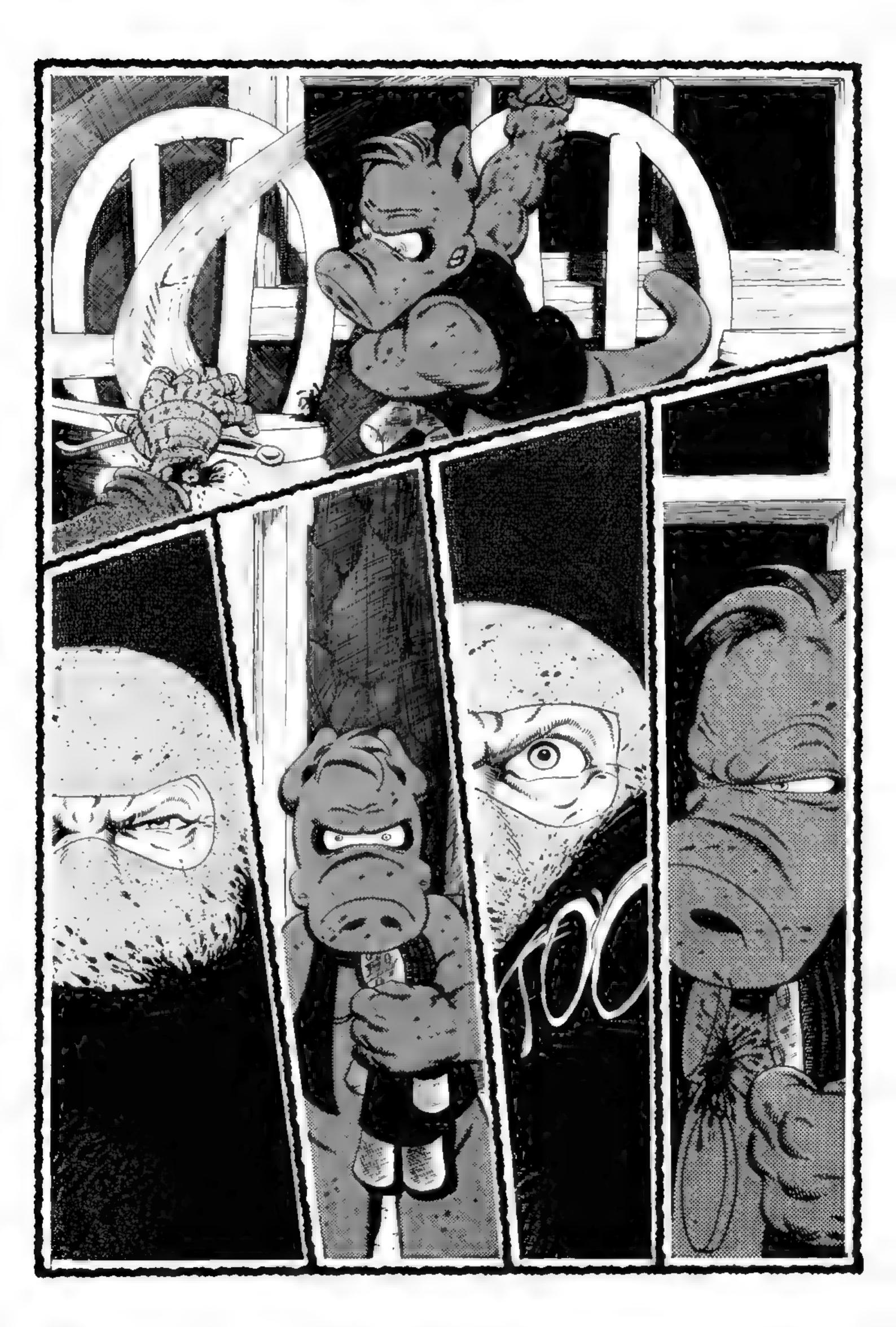


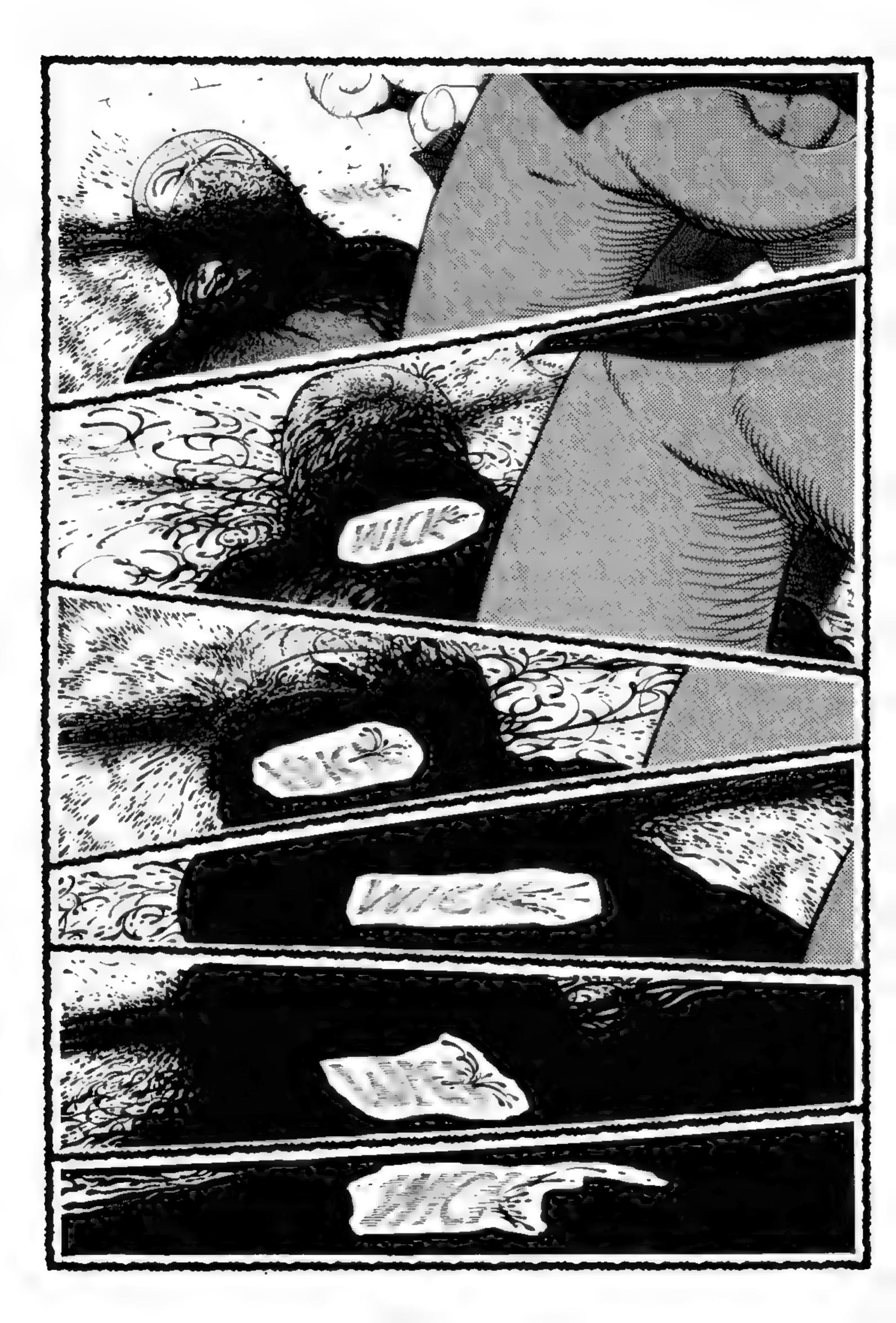






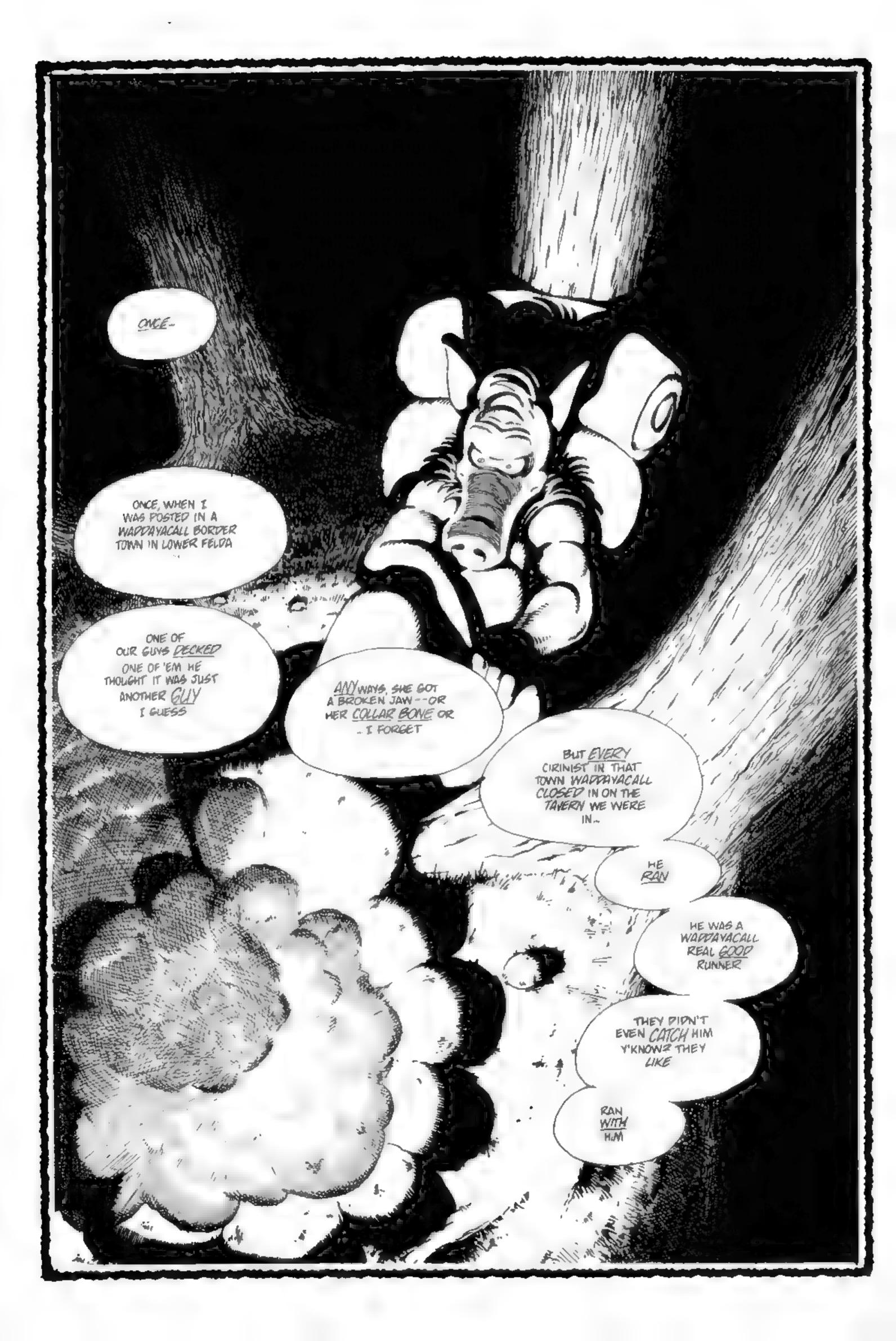






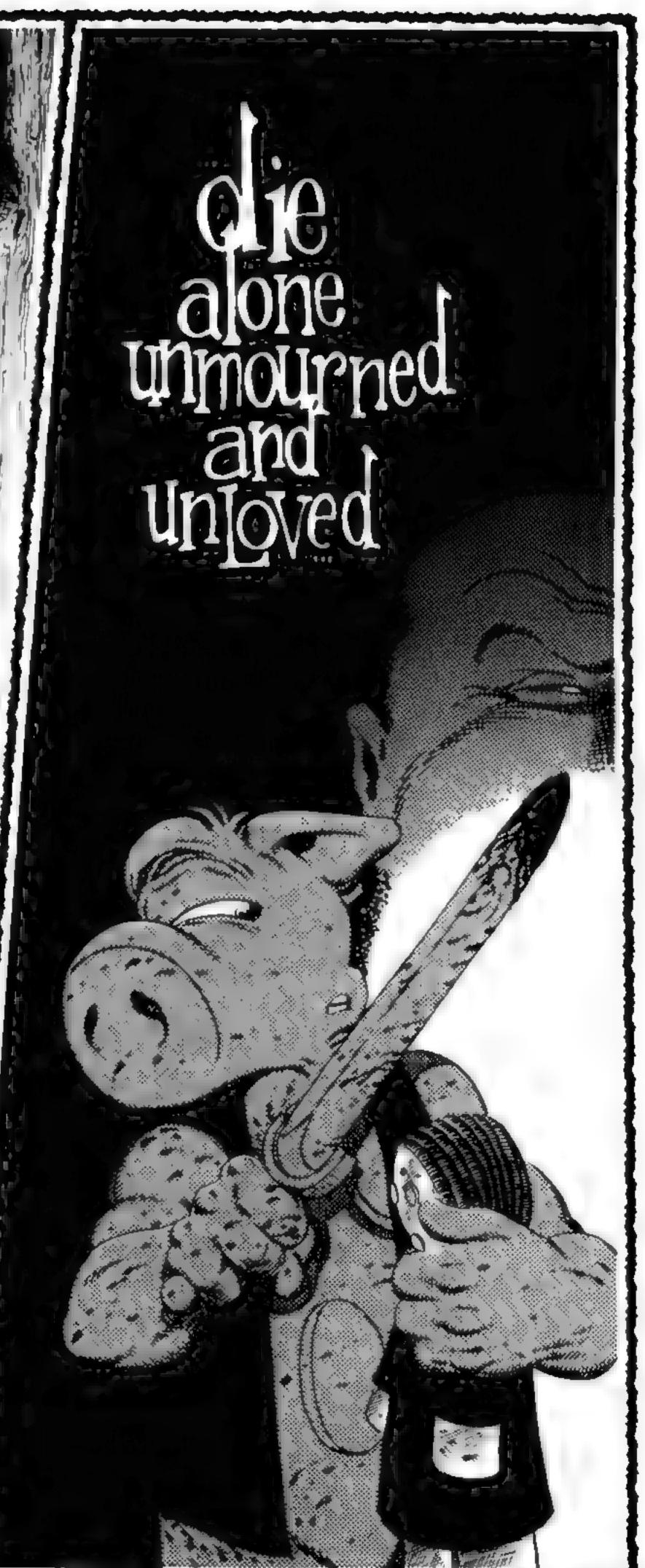




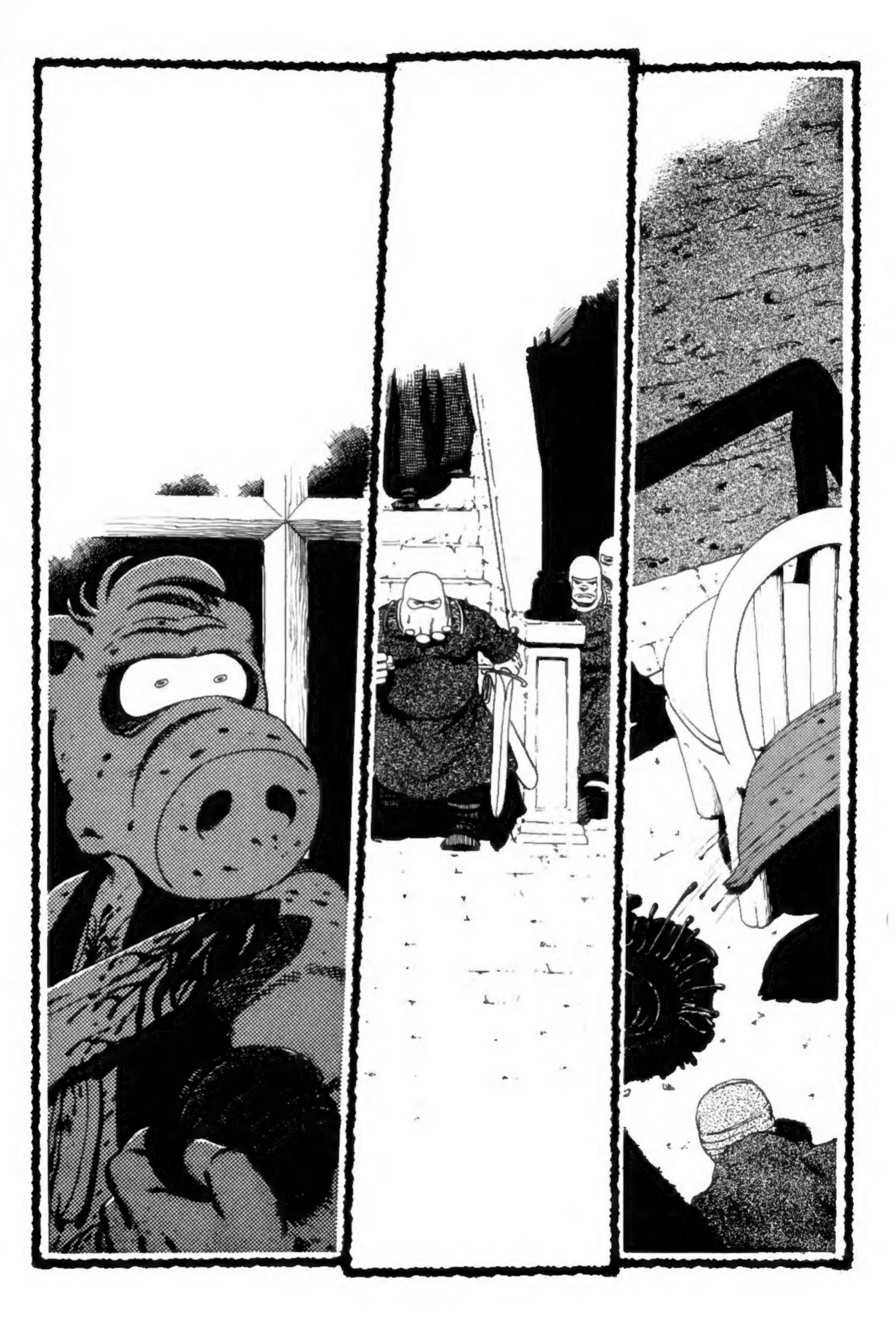


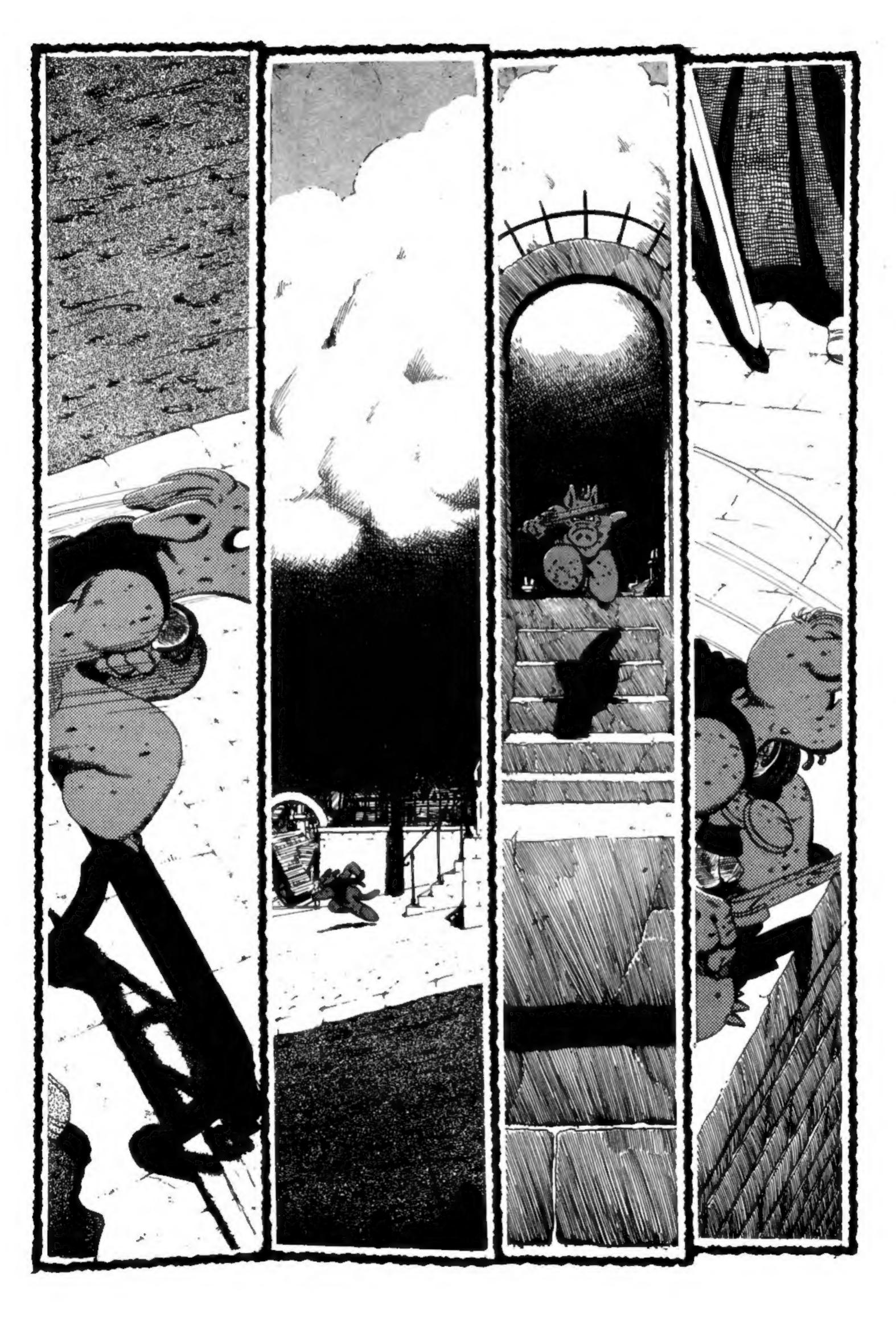






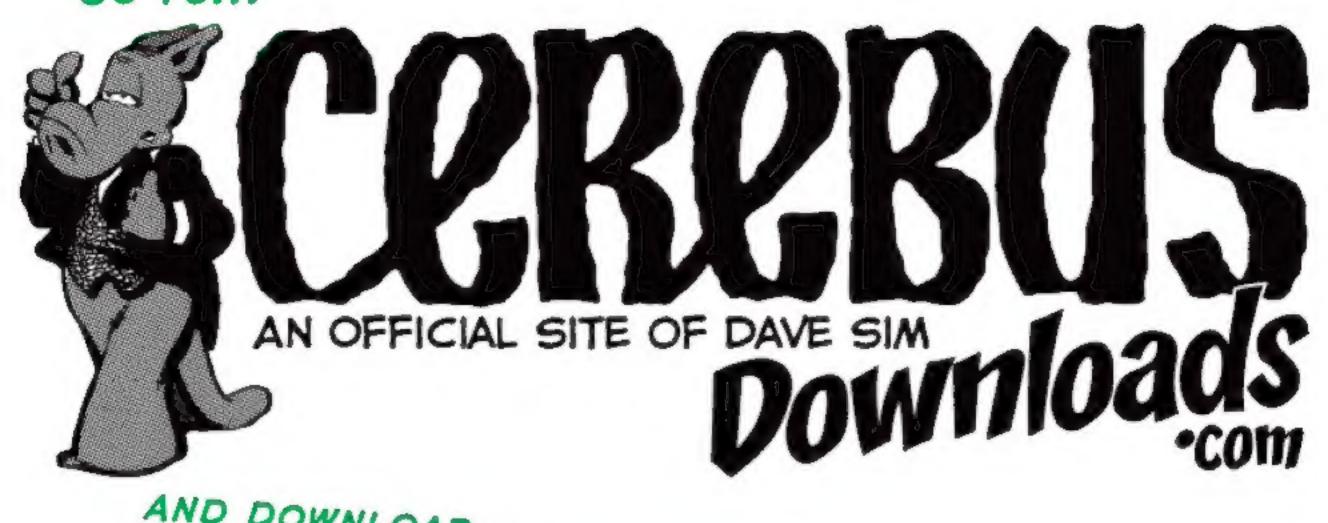








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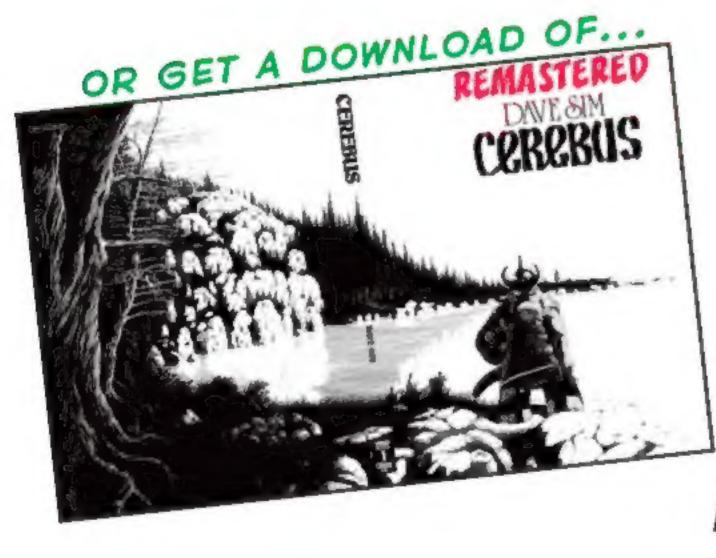
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